ORE COLOR • MORE NEWS • MORE BEAUTY • MORE FASHION

PHOTOPLAY

APRIL 20¢

Hollywood's BUSIEST PHONE NUMBERS

by HEDDA HOPPER

ster Williams

LA O. PARSONS

P 2-52 2Y R 132542 G
MRS C SLOSBERG
TELEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

That June Bride Complexion!

Win a softer, smoother skin with your First Cake of Camay!

This lovely, lovely Camay Bride is MRS. CHARLES A. MORROW, Jr., *the former Barbara Sommers of Califon, N. J.*

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair" is Barbara Morrow—with hazel eyes and a complexion any girl might envy. She won that softer, lovelier look with Camay. Yes, with her very *first cake!*

"My sister was a Camay Bride," says the beautiful Barbara. "And everyone raves about her complexion. So I tried regular Camay care myself. My skin was softer —clearer—with my *first cake* of Camay!"

You can wake the sleeping beauty of your skin, too, with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care...use mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin—and expect quick, new loveliness!

Display a lovelier skin!

Use Camay in your bath, too—give all your skin a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings to your arms and legs and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Bathe your way to new beauty with Camay!

There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

Camay

Camay's so mild and gentle! It gives such a rich, fragrant lather—and the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its best. Big, handy, economical—that's the size of it! More creamy lather —that's the beauty of this larger cake!

the Soap of Beautiful Women

When a COLD threatens to run through a family

...it's Listerine Antiseptic for Everybody!

A safe, direct way to fight infection

IF SOMEONE in your home has a cold don't let it become a "family epidemic".

Prompt and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle may keep the infection from spreading . . . protect the person who hasn't a cold from the one who has. It's a safe, direct way to help avoid infection.

Kills Secondary Invaders

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called Secondary Invaders.

They are the very germs that many authorities say cause much of the misery of colds when they invade the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion, attacks the germs before they can attack you.

Tests showed germ reduction up to 96.7% even 15 minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle; up to 80% even one hour after.

Whatever else you do

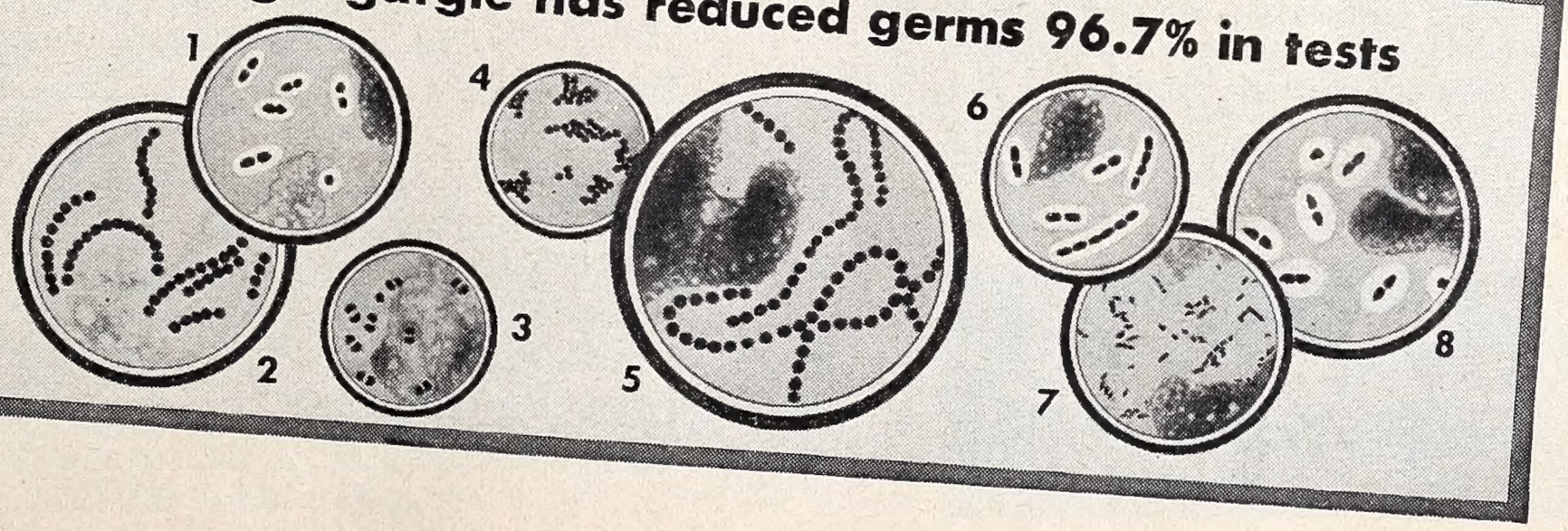
So, whatever else you do, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle. It's a safe, direct way to attack the invasion—no dangerous side-effects.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following:

(1) Pneumococcus Type IV, (2) Streptococcus viridans, (3) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (4) Staphylococcus aureus, (5) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (6) Friedlander's bacillus, (7) Bacillus influenzae, (8) Pneumococcus Type III.

A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests



You can be sure of Stopette. Each mist-fine spray envelops the entire underarm . . . destroys odor-producing bacteria, checks excess perspiration instantly. Does both with the lightness of a fine, fine cosmetic. And Stopette is easier than ever to use. You never touch Stopette, hardly know it touches you. Harmless to clothes. And the squeezable Stopette bottle is unbreakable . . . can't leak or spill. It's time you joined the millions of Stopette users! Buy it for the whole family—your man wants it, too! At all drug and cosmetic counters.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Family size: $1.25 plus tax
Travel size: .60 plus tax

Jules Montenier, Inc., Chicago

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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TO ITS GOLDEN STRING
OF MUSICAL SUCCESSES...

'EASTER PARADE'

'ANNIE GET YOUR GUN'

'SUMMER STOCK'

'THREE LITTLE WORDS'

M-G-M
NOW ADDS A NEW AND
GLITTERING TRIUMPH
IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR!

FRED **ASTAIRE** · JANE **POWELL**

as the brother-and-sister, song-and-dance team in

ROYAL WEDDING

CO-STARRING

PETER LAWFORD · SARAH CHURCHILL

KEENAN WYNN

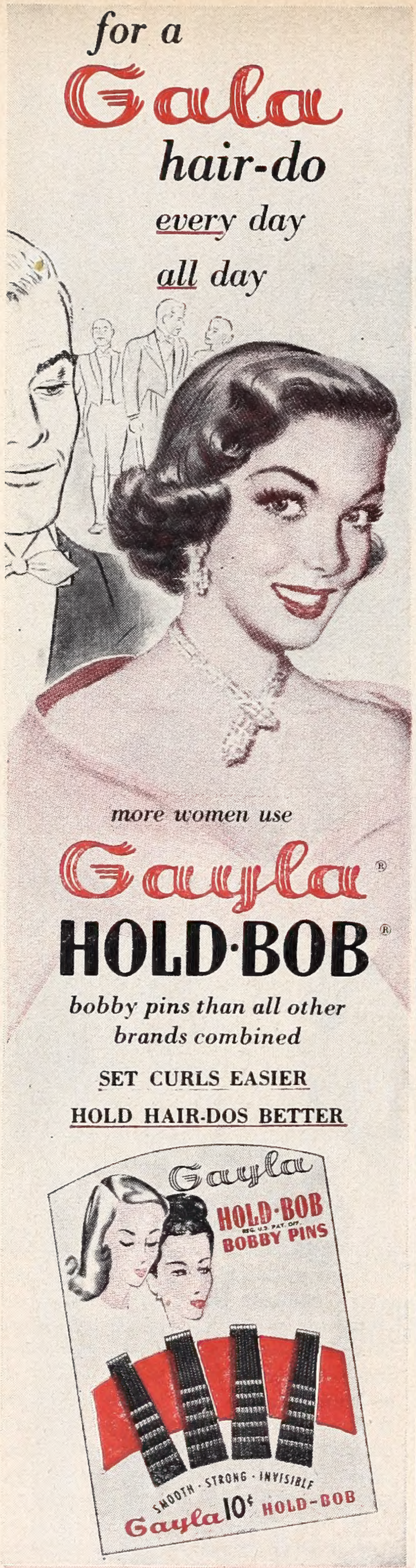
with

ALBERT SHARPE

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Musical

Story and Screen Play by Alan Jay Lerner • Music by Burton Lane • Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner • Directed by STANLEY DONEN • Produced by ARTHUR FREED

HEAR THE STARS SING THE HITS IN THE M-G-M RECORDS ALBUM! "How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Loved You When You Know I've Been A Liar All My Life" • "Happiest Day Of My Life" • "Too Late Now" • "You're All The World To Me" • "Open Your Eyes" • "Every Night At Seven" • "I Left My Hat in Haiti" • "Sunday Jumps"



WHAT SHOULD I DO? . . .

Claudette Colbert's next picture is "Bonaventure"

your problems answered by CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am a constant reader of your column and agree with you on most of your answers, but you slipped—and how—in your answer to a girl named Staffa J. when you told her that she shouldn't marry a soldier whom she had never met but with whom she had corresponded for eleven months.

I knew my husband for only one week before we were married. I had corresponded with him for fifteen months when he was stationed in Okinawa. When he returned on leave I went to his base and married him. We had a one-month honeymoon and then he was again shipped overseas. At present he is in Japan and I am proud to be the wife of a fighting man.

I do not consider our marriage a "legal adventure" as some people put it, but a serious relationship for the rest of our lives. I love my husband very much and will wait for him, even if he is gone five years. It isn't how long you have known a boy, but how much you love him that makes a marriage a success.

I am only seventeen years old and I can say truthfully that I don't miss any of the enjoyments of my life before marriage.

Bedelia W.

I am reminded of a wonderful story which aviation engineers like to tell: According to all laws of aero-dynamics, it is impossible for a bumblebee to fly; his body is too heavy for his wing span. However, the bumblebee has never heard this, so he goes ahead and flies anyhow. Occasionally a marriage is like this: it succeeds because it has never heard of the difficulties which might, normally, cause it to fail. I am certain that your marriage is going to be permanent because of your earnest young belief in it.

I would, indeed, be mistaken if I failed to realize that it is often possible for two articulate persons to become better acquainted by letter than they could within the narrow limits of what our society calls "dating." Yet letter writing is an occasional intellectual exchange, whereas marriage is a daily exchange of habit, mannerisms, personal tastes, dispositional behavior, emotional and ethical persuasion. A woman may be described as "married" if she has gone through a wedding ceremony, but she is not a wife in the specific sense unless she is living with her husband, sharing his life and assuming her half of the marital responsibilities.

The wonderful thing about this life we live is that it is different for everyone, and that the possibilities for happiness are as multiform as they are perennial.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have three sons who are now eighteen, sixteen, and thirteen.

I have done everything for these boys. Their father deserted me when the oldest boy was five, and I heard nothing from him until five years ago when he began to send the boys gifts and occasional spending money. He is a long distance away from us, but to the boys he is a glamorous figure. He writes about his work and his other activities and builds himself into quite a personality. Incidentally, he has been married twice and divorced twice since he left our home.

Probably because he has never had the responsibility of the boys and because I have been the disciplinarian, the boys think their father is great and they question every rule I make. I have had to work like a slave to give them a decent home and a good education, and I get precious little thanks.

Right now we are having trouble over the boys' earnings. All of them work from time to time and I have insisted that they give me twenty per cent of their money each payday so that I could put it aside for income tax. At the end of the year it turned out that the boys didn't have to report because they didn't quite take in five hundred dollars. Now they want their tax money back.

How can I explain to them that I am entitled to this tax money whether they report their income or not? My oldest boy says he thinks I should put his tax money in a separate account so that, when he is twenty-one, he can buy a car or get married, or perhaps take a trip to visit his father.

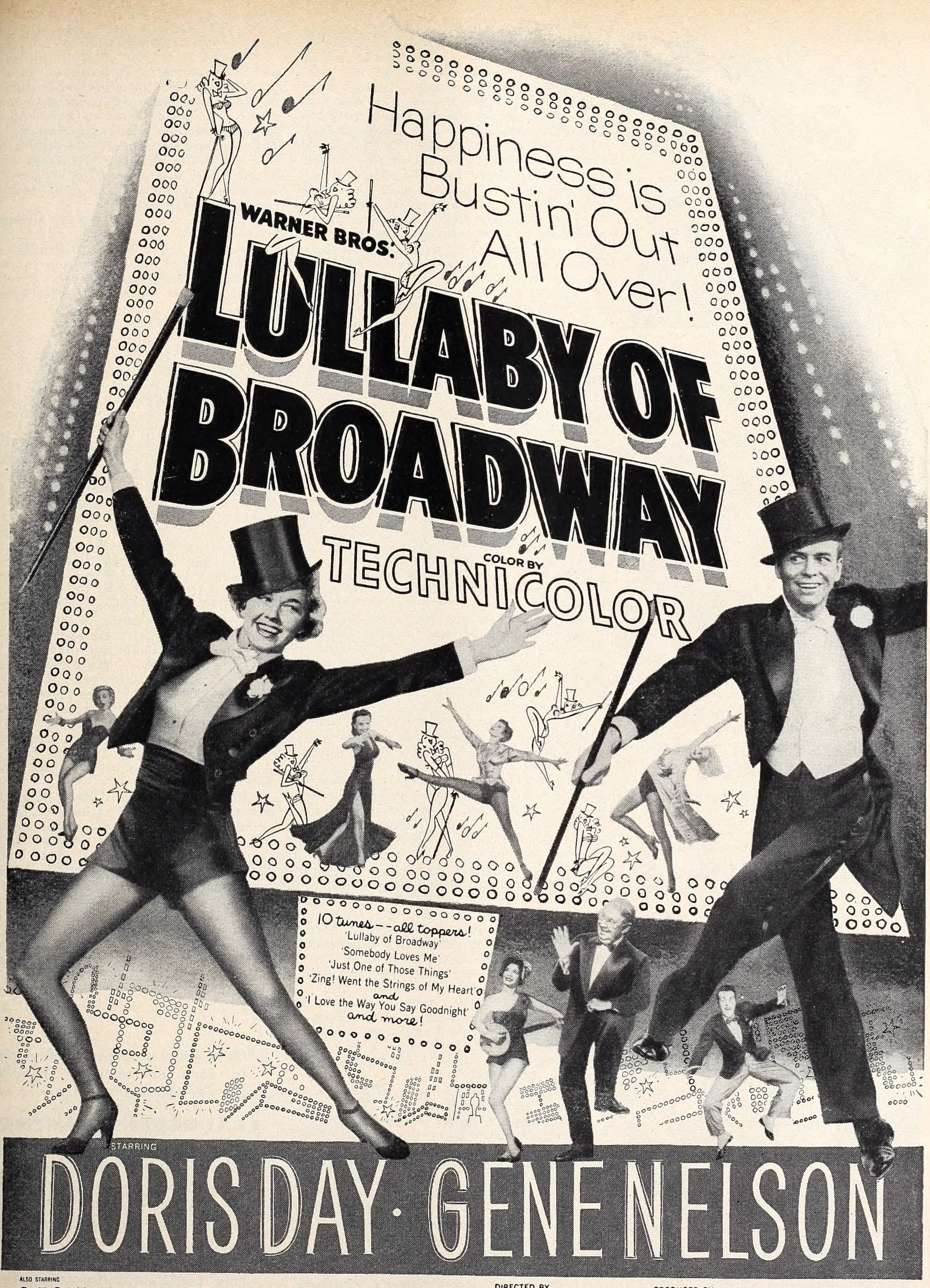
Sometimes I feel as if I will go to pieces out of exasperation.

Mrs. Martha J.

Your letter actually poses two problems: the small, immediate problem of the income-tax misunders anding, and the larger problem of your relationship with your sons.

As you live in a large city, you will be able to discuss your tax problems with a representative of the Collector of Internal Revenue. I'm not at all a tax expert, but I can tell you that someone must pay the tax on all income. As you are the head of the household and responsible for all taxes, and as you will naturally claim the boys as dependents (exemptions), their earnings must be regarded as part of your income, or at least as a deduction from the amount of exemption you may claim. Better take your boys with you when you talk to the Deputy Collector so that the boys will understand the law, also.

(Continued on page 6)


WARNER BROS.
Happiness is Bustin' Out All Over!
LULLABY OF BROADWAY
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
10 tunes--all toppers!
'Lullaby of Broadway'
'Somebody Loves Me'
'Just One of Those Things'
'Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart'
and
'I Love the Way You Say Goodnight'
and more!
STARRING
DORIS DAY · GENE NELSON
ALSO STARRING
S. Z. SAKALL · BILLY DE WOLFE · GLADYS GEORGE · DAVID BUTLER · WILLIAM JACOBS
DIRECTED BY
PRODUCED BY
Written by EARL BALDWIN
Musical Direction by Ray Heindorf

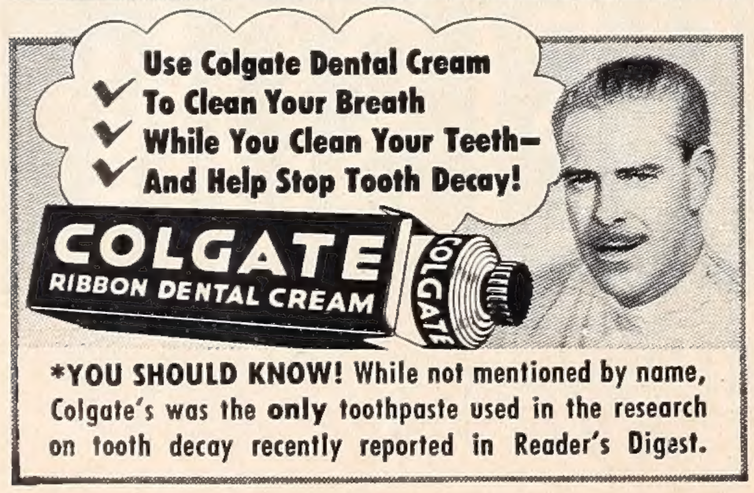
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

(Continued from page 4)

The really serious problem is your family relationship. There is an undertone of bitterness in your letter which worries me. You are entitled to sympathy, because your lot has, indeed, been a difficult one. But to harp on this fact will only bore your sons. Quiet fortitude is understood even by very young people, and it earns respect. Next, the real reason your boys reach out in imagination toward their father might be their need for expressed love, or their idea of expressed love. It goes without saying that your boys are your life, but in the midst of the problems of daily living, you may not have made this clear to them. Perhaps, if you would start at once to let them know in every possible way that you love them with all your heart and that your only concern is their welfare and happiness, they would turn to you naturally and gratefully and return your affection.

Self-pity, bitterness and criticism of an absent father will win nothing—but warmth, sweetness, and a determination to ignore the hurts of the past will draw your sons into a closely knit family circle.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

For six months I have been engaged to a widower. I knew him and his wife for ten years before she passed away and always liked both of them very much. My first husband was very friendly with this man, so you can see his association with my fiance is of long standing and we understand each other. He is forty-five and I am forty-one.

There is one serious problem. Zack has a daughter, fifteen, and she is difficult. She insists upon going with us whenever and wherever we go. If her father suggests that she go with friends of her own age, she throws herself on the floor and has a temper tantrum.

She doesn't appear to have any friends from school although she is exceptionally pretty and bright—but what a disposition! She insists on choosing the movie we are to see, and always ridicules my choice if I voice it. When we pass, on our Sunday drives, a restaurant which appeals to me, she says she isn't hungry, but insists on stopping at once if she sees a place she likes.

I told Zack frankly that I didn't think a marriage built on this spoiled girl's whims could succeed. He broke down and said he couldn't bear to lose me, that she would be in college in two more years, that we had our entire future together to plan, and that he needed me.

I live with my widowed sister and have a peaceful, contented, pleasant life. I don't want to marry unless I can make a success of it, and—much as I love Zack—I don't know whether I could put up with that girl.

Do you think this sort of thing can be worked out happily?

Willow R.

The happy solution of your problem depends entirely upon your own strength of character. It's true that, in your present living arrangements with your sister, you have an easy and comfortable life. It is also true that, if you married and assumed a mother's responsibility for this recalcitrant fifteen-year-old, the first few months—at least—of your new life might prove to be hectic.

This girl needs help. You know as well as I do that a fifteen-year-old who prefers the company of her father and his fiancee to that of her own buddies is not normal. I suspect that she is so dictatorial that her schoolmates can't stand her. If she persists in her present behavior, she is going to end as a miserable, lonely, poisonous woman.

Perhaps it is your destiny to save a girl from herself. It wouldn't be easy. Actually it might be unbearably difficult, and in the end your efforts might not succeed. You would have to have the full cooperation and understanding of the girl's father, of course. However, there is a possibility that the girl needs a balanced home, vast amounts of love and the assurance of security, patient training, guidance and prayer.

Claudette Colbert

Here is a letter from a Canadian girl who has solved her problem in a forthright and courageous manner. I believe it will interest readers of this column —C.C.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have just read the letter sent you by Mrs. Candace O. (November, 1950). Her story is almost identical to mine. At seventeen I married a man ten years my senior I am now twenty and have an adorable son two years old.

About a year ago I began to lose all interest in my husband. He was as good as gold to me, was thoughtful, considerate and generous, but I simply couldn't take much interest in our marriage. I had met a boy of twenty-two through my brother and I realized that I was deeply in love with him. Yet I also had to face the fact that my husband loved our son and would bring the baby up properly. Also, that this boy was unstable, selfish and without a profession, even though he was gay, eager to dance (I love to dance, but my husband isn't interested) and altogether was a delightful playmate.

This is what I did: I made arrangements for a neighbor to take care of my baby from seven until nine three nights a week for twelve weeks. (In exchange I cared for her little girl during the day.) I enrolled in night school to take dressmaking and designing. (My husband was also going to night school, so we were schoolmates together.)

I filled my life so full that I didn't have time for "mooning." I am now on the way to becoming a very successful designer and dressmaker, and I learned in my classes, from listening to older women, that a wedding takes place in about twenty minutes, but it takes years for a marriage to be built. I may never feel the one time "Prince Charming thrill" that I used to get from my husband, but we have so many other pleasures together: studying, building a future, rearing our son, being

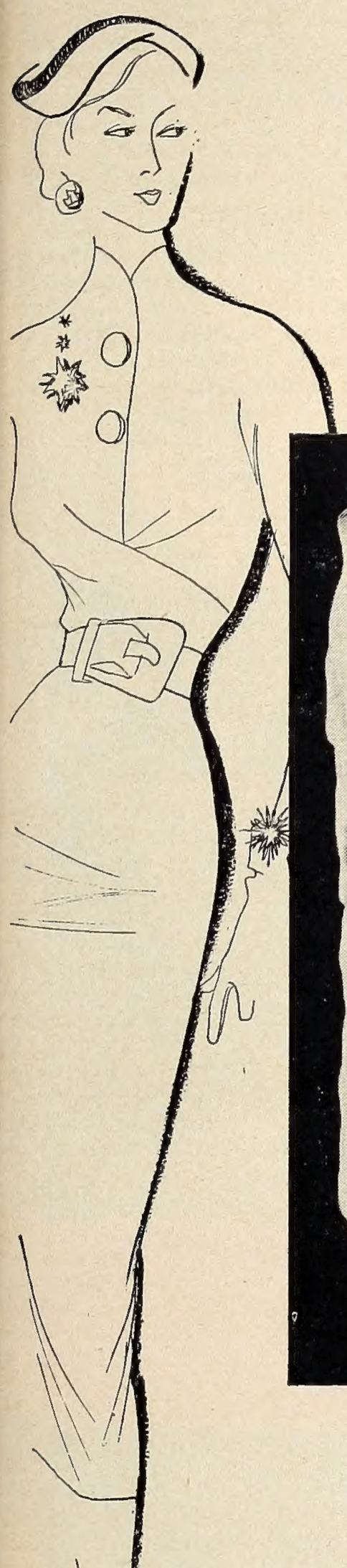
(Continued on page 81)

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

New "Poured-In" Silhouette Gives Designers 5 New Reasons to Recommend



INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Top designers say that you can have the new "Poured-in" Silhouette with a Playtex Girdle. It's one smooth line from waist to hips to thighs in newest fashions. Waistlines are slenderer. Hips are narrower. Skirts are straight—and really figure-moulding.

Made of smooth latex, without a seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE gives your clothes that *poured-in* look, gives *you* new slimness and freedom. And it's invisible under your slenderest sheath! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY new latex process, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE is light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you—dispels body heat. This sensational girdle fits and feels like a second skin, takes just ten seconds to suds, ten seconds to pat dry with a towel.

ON TELEVISION

PLAYTEX

Presents

Fashion Magic

Starring **ILKA CHASE**

Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network

(see local paper for time and channel)

Take a Fashion Tip from Top Designers

ANTHONY BLOTTA, great New York suit designer: "Playtex works such wonders with the figure! It slims and trims away inches—gives you a lithe, supple silhouette."

TONI OWEN, famous for her sports clothes separates: "It takes a wonderful girdle to give you this kind of a silhouette in complete comfort, but Playtex does it!"

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX, designer to royalty: "The woman who wants to wear the newest clothes successfully must have this lithe Playtex figure."

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES
$4.95 to **$5.95**

In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES
$3.95 to **$4.95**

In SLIM, golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES
—Fabric next to your skin—
$5.95 to **$6.95**

All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large.
Extra-large size slightly higher.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
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PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal, Canada

P

7

Cupid's Corner: Hollywood columnists lost their heads in reporting engagement plans for Joan Evans and Carleton Carpenter. They forgot to remember she's only sixteen and must have parental consent. Last, not least, Joanie and the "Carp" are merely devoted friends . . . Obviously Greg Bautzer cannot forget Joan Crawford. Pretty party dresses with a set of doll clothes to match are his latest gifts to Joan's tantalizing twins . . . There couldn't be that rumored romance between Jane Wyman and Mel Ferrer. Among other reasons, he happens to be a happily married man, and Janie happens to prefer the company of director Howard Hawks who happens to be unmarried and unattached . . . If Steve Cochran has his way, and he has a way of having his way, his next wife won't be actress Ann Robin, or any other actress—period!

Meet Mom: June Allyson says, and June should know, that she's ready already to have two more children! And little Ricky, full name Richard Kieth Powell, is such a spittin' image of his famous father, his mother just shakes her head in wonderment. When it was time for his beautiful bride to go to the hospital, *Dick* fell apart. With her suitcase in hand he waited nervously in the doorway, while June calmly put bows in her hair! The day after the baby was born, Dick presented June with a second wedding band, a duplicate of her first. When they brought Ricky home from the hospital, they "gave" him to Pamela. There's one nursery for both children and it's a rule in the Powell household that everyone must ask Pam's permission first, if they want to see *her* baby. How wise can parents be?

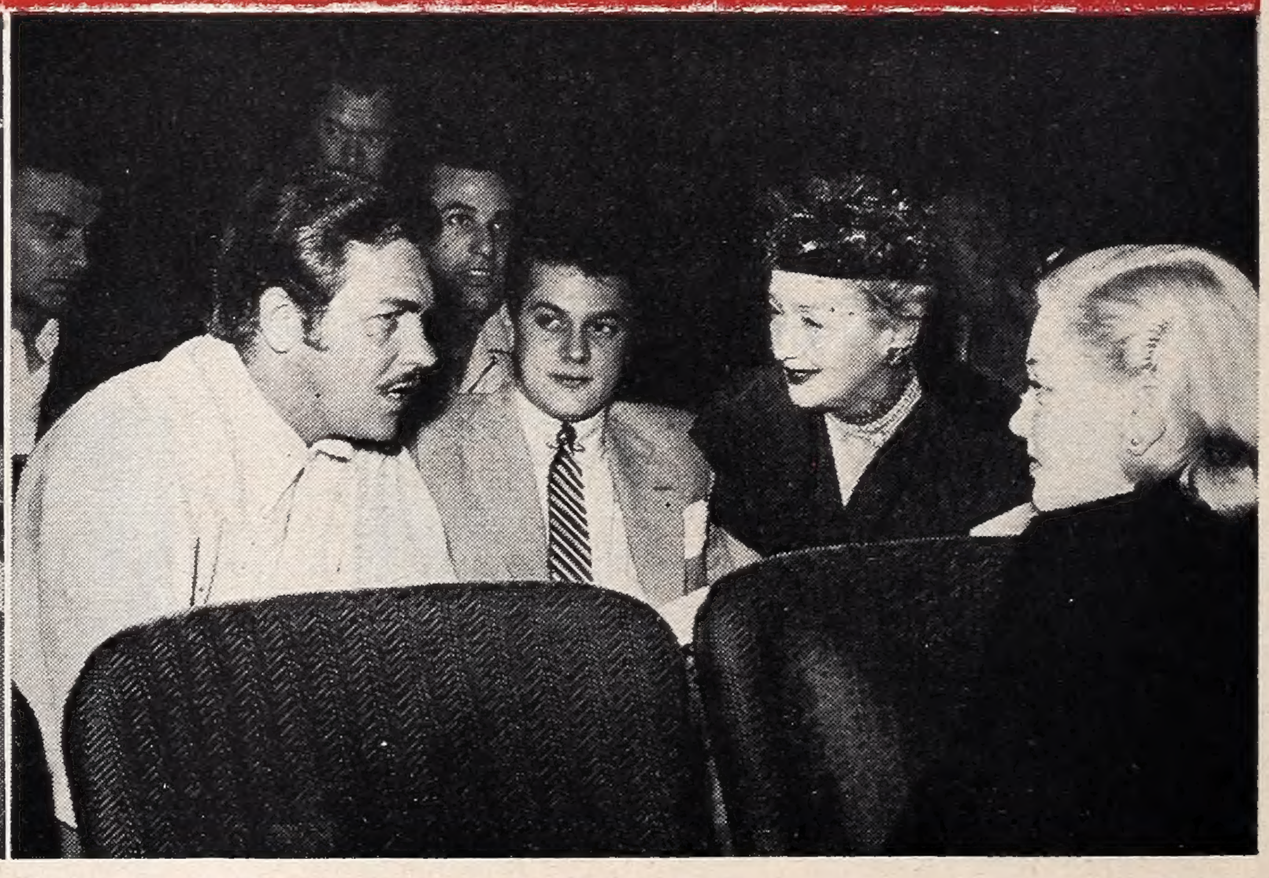
Prattle Tales: John Derek and his pretty Patti (how peasant can you dress?) carrying a huge copper caldron through the crowds at the Farmer's Market . . . John Lund, pleased because he no longer looks plump, dashing to New York for special dentistry . . . With every actress in Hollywood counting calories, Peggy Dow sobbing in her soup

"Sign here, Mister," a small voice said and John Agar, with Paula Raymond, delivered his autograph

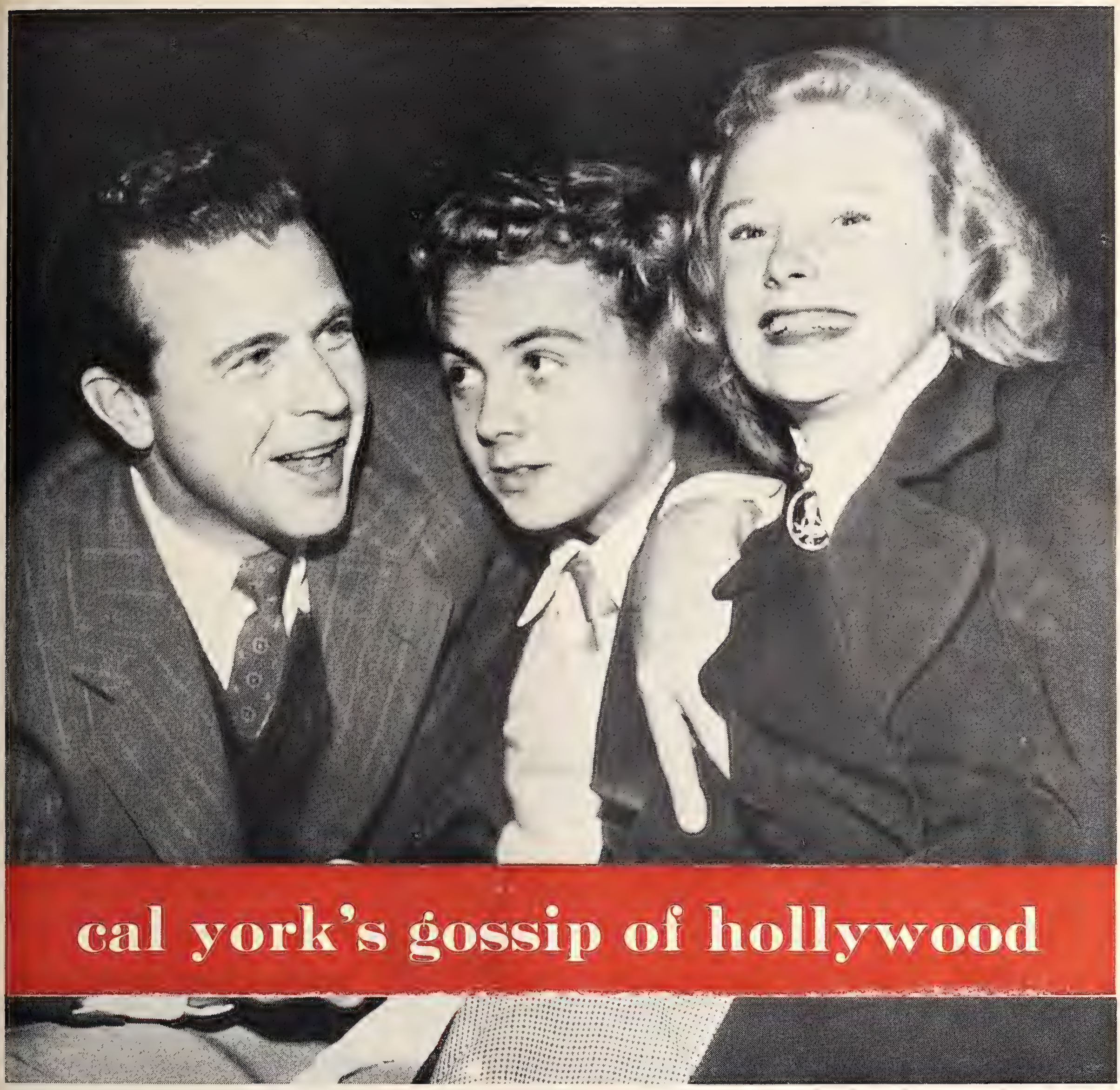
Greg Bautzer, Ginger Rogers, Ava Gardner, Pat De Cicco at Romanoff's. Ava went to North Carolina to visit her family.

INSIDE STUFF

Audie Murphy, who has role in John Huston's "Red Badge of Courage," won it through public's demand



Guests on Hedda Hopper's NBC broadcast recently were three promising people—Howard Keel, Tony Curtis and Jan Sterling



cal york's gossip of hollywood

When Norman Powell (Joan Blondell's son) visits dad Dick, the latter can count on June Allyson making it a gay occasion

because the home folks in Athens, Tennessee, entertained her so royally she lost eight pounds . . . Jane Powell being enchanted at the baby clothes in Gail Patrick's shop—"Enchanted Cottage" . . . Marta Toren wishing she could permanently kill the rumor that links her name with Dr. Peter Lindstrom. According to the smoldering Swede, she has never entertained or been entertained by Ingrid Bergman's ex-husband.

Rampant Rumor: It's items like this that make Cal wish he had studied to be a plumber. We're all-out for Lana Turner, but too frequent to be ignored any longer are those "inside" stories—stories of conflict inside the Turner-Topping household. Tall tales are told, some of them supposedly emanating from neighborhood servants who talked (too much) to reporters. Physicians have rushed to Lana's bedside on occasion but, despite the conjecture, we know she hasn't been a bit well since the recent sad loss of her baby. It's the general opinion of those who love Lana that, more than ever before, she is doing everything within her power to preserve this marriage. If it fails, even her severest critics will probably be prone to be sympathetic towards her.

Where There's Life: Cal, like everyone else who knows and appreciates Bob Hope, is delighted that he's signed another long term Paramount contract. Our visits to that lot for the past fourteen years were made memorable whenever we encountered the one and only—Mr. Ski-nose. Among his many great talents, is Bob's effortless gestures

that's HOLLYWOOD for you

Sidney Skolsky

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Turner

It doesn't pay to be a lady in Hollywood. Here are some of the screen's First Ladies: Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Norma Shearer—and where are they? Not on the screen. For that matter, it doesn't pay to be a gentleman, either. Remember when they billed him as "Mr. Paul Muni," dearie? . . . The only actor who has a statue in Hollywood is Rudolph Valentino. It's in DeLongpre Park, near the center of Hollywood, and very few people know it is there . . . You can always tell a tourist in movietown. He looks into the automobile next to his to see if there's a movie star in it . . . I really felt I was aging the other night when I heard a guy say, "Lana Turner's all right, if you like an older one" . . . When Mike Curtiz was shooting a scene in a ballroom on the boardwalk at Ocean Park, he shouted, "Stop the action! What is that noise!" His assistant replied, "It's the ocean, Mike." "Well, stop the ocean!" commanded Mike.

Jane Russell always looks so mean in those photographs. All right, so I'm peculiar—I look at the face! . . . Tough guys in pictures always try to give the impression that they are really gentle people. Off-screen Edward G. Robinson has his art collection, Alan Ladd tends to his horses personally and Richard Widmark, I believe, is a baby-sitter . . . Betty Hutton is beginning to act as if she's seen too many Betty Hutton movies . . . People don't really care if Movies Are Better Than Ever. All they want is a good movie . . . You ought to get a load of the Romanoff's stock company. At lunch almost any day when they're not working you can see Humphrey Bogart, Paul Douglas and Oscar Levant. They can recite the menu by heart . . . For your information, the address of the Fox Studio is 10201 West Pico Boulevard. This number reads the same backwards, so that when producers don't know if they're coming or going, they can still find the studio.

Andrews

I'd rather watch Garbo than any actress on the screen today . . . Ruth Roman is a pretty interesting character, off screen as well as on . . . I am of the opinion that if people are with each other long enough, they start to look alike. Look hard now and aren't Joanne Dru and John Ireland beginning to resemble each other? Same goes for Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse; Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington, Diana Lynn and John Lindsay . . . I'd rather watch a bad movie than a bad play . . . You must have noticed that everyone in the movies who writes a letter has an excellent handwriting . . . I would like to see a movie in which detective Dana Andrews turns to the audience and says, "I can't solve this case," and then turns in his badge.

I know that Tyrone Power is a handsome devil, but he has to shave three times a day. That puts Ty two up on me in the shave department . . . Wonder what would happen if Lex (Tarzan) Barker found himself in a jungle? He always looks more at home to me in Mocambo . . . I understand Marlon Brando's sex appeal because girls tell me about it. He's "basic," they say . . . However, regardless of what they tell me about John Derek, I can't understand it . . . It's about time that Maureen O'Hara got a good picture. instead of just good Technicolor . . . People who come to Hollywood are always amazed not to find movie stars at Hollywood and Vine.

Leigh

Jane Wyman flashes the cutest smile just after she says hello to you . . . Don't overlook Kathryn Grayson when you're making an All-American Well-Stacked Team. I got it straight from the wardrobe department that she'd be out in front . . . I never see Janet Leigh without recalling the day she was wearing a sweater for a scene in a picture and a prop man commented, "Well knit, isn't she?" . . . Susan Hayward sometimes sleeps in just a striped jersey shirt . . . I don't care what anyone says, I think Gloria Grahame can be one of the finest actresses on the screen . . . While walking along Schlep Row in Beverly Hills, I meet Marie Wilson, who's wearing a sweater with a dog embroidered on it. I comment on how well the dog looks there. Marie smiles and says, "It's there to watch things" . . . Marilyn Maxwell has been known to slip a mink coat over her nightie and go to market . . . I like that actress, recently divorced, who said: "I like my ex-husband more than ever. He's so kind. He let me get a divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty." Yes, that's Hollywood for you.

of friendship. Unlike Bing-boy whom we admire tremendously and who never remembers us—Bob never forgets a name or a face. Typical of his wonderful deprecating humor, when he put his name on the dotted line, hep Hope cracked: "Now I feel safe. Recently, when I asked a group of admiring fans if there was anything I could do for them, they exclaimed: 'There sure is! When you get back to Hollywood — send us Gordon MacRae!' "

Names in the News: Good news for Burt Lancaster, whose three-year-old son now recovering from polio will have a little sister or brother (Burt's fourth) next summer . . . Bad news for Dan Dailey, whose disturbance is deeprooted enough to create the possible necessity for a year's retirement . . . Puzzling news on the Sonny Tuftses, who finally announced their separation but continue to share each other's company with obvious enjoyment . . . Heart-warming news for Joan Leslie, who celebrated the new year by presenting twin daughters to her husband, Dr. Wm. Caldwell . . . Frustrating news for Henry Fonda, whose honeymoon with twenty-two-year-old Susan Blanchard was interrupted when his ten-year-old son, Peter, accidentally shot himself at target practice . . . Skeptical news that Shirley Temple's avowed retirement is of permanent duration . . . Las Vegas news on Marie Wilson and Allan Nixon, who divorced while orchestra leader Garwood Van smiled approvingly . . . Admirable news that Edward G. Robinson testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee "to settle once and for all" insinuations made against his loyalty . . . Great news that Helen Hayes will make a Paramount movie and end Hollywood's fourteen years of hoping to see her on the screen again.

Gallant Groom: It *can* happen here! Not only do we have Ruth Roman's word that she picked a perfect husband, but the deal included a perfect mother-in-law. For a wedding present, Mortimer Hall's mother gave his bride a diamond bracelet! "My husband gets up at six

Buccaneer and ballerina: Ricardo Montalban guides Sadler's Wells star Margot Fonteyn about sets for "Don Renegade"

STUFF

every morning when I'm working," beams Ruth. "He insists on it, even though his job allows him to sleep three hours longer." Typical of Ruth's warm generous heart, she's given the little hillside home she loves to her mother. The Halls are living in his rented place and hope to build later. Wait until you see Ruth as a blonde taxi-dancer in her new movie. The gal reeks with sex appeal!

It's True That: Farley Granger is getting a Hollywood reputation for being quite a rude young man . . . Ezio Pinza didn't create the expected sensation when they sneak-previewed "Mr. Imperium." Production went back for added scenes and retakes . . . Delightful Diana Lynn didn't re-sign with producer Hal Wallis but four studios in town offered her contracts . . . Due to Ethel Barrymore's illness, they finally had to close down production on "Kind Lady." But it was a great break for the actors whose salaries continue while they're waiting.

Big Boy: Cal, who knew John Wayne when he was just a glint in a B producer's eye, got a kick recently when he met up with "Mr. Box-Office." "Duke" was with his son Michael, whom we've also known since he wore three-cornered rompers. It was quite a day for the six-foot lad who was celebrating his sixteenth birthday. "Dad made the down payment on a new Chevrolet," he exclaimed proudly, "but I have to keep up the monthly payments." John grinned when we asked him how his son expected to accomplish this miracle. "I'm part owner of a hotel in Culver City," he said. "Michael goes there every day after school and washes the windows!"

Welcome Mat: Cal loves Hollywood parties. Cal wishes that Patti and Jerry Lewis would give one a week like their recent Pacific Palisades housewarming. The famous comedian greeted us at the door dressed like a newsreel cameraman and before anyone could say "I'll take mine with soda," we were whisked into the library where lights, camera and sound track waited to record comments on the new house. That Jerry! So serious about it all, yet. Not a single "boo-boo!" Later the Martin and Lewis television shows were projected. (Dean wasn't there as the boys belong to separate social sets.) As a special added attraction, there was a homemade housewarming movie photographed by Jerry and written by clever actor-writer Don Maguire. Tony Curtis appeared in it—playing two spoons! There were other special features of the evening—Janet Leigh's plunging neckline amongst them.

Redhead and governor: Susan Hayward plays hostess to Arizona's Howard Pyle on location of "David and Bathsheba"

Best Bette: As a woman, Bette Davis has found happiness at last with Gary Merrill. As an actress, too, she has her self-respect back again. Recently when she disposed of her Toluca Lake house, Bette did a very sweet thing. To each of those friends who have *always* been her friends, she gave one of her treasured possessions, picking the one thing each person had admired at some time. Speaking of Gary, and every Hollywood producer is these days, "Twelve O'Clock High" *wasn't* his first picture. During the war, he was one of the soldiers who played a soldier in "Winged Victory."

A Little from Lots: Cal finds it hard to believe that success has changed Kirk Douglas, who has always been a regular guy for our cold cash. However, one or two persons connected with "Along the Great Divide," insist Kirk was anything but his usual friendly, unself-centered self. When he wasn't taking over the direction of the picture (which happened frequently, they say), Kirk's behavior in scenes with Walter Brennan caused that good soul irritation and unhappiness. Whether there's a connection we wouldn't be knowing. But upon completion of this production, director Raoul Walsh severed his Warner contract.

Home Folks: Since her divorce, Barbara Stanwyck has stopped refusing all party invitations from her closest friends . . . The Jimmy Stewarts now own the former home of director Charles Vidor, which is handy when they want to run across the street to borrow a cup of sugar from Hedy Lamarr . . . Arthur Kennedy, so brilliant (which ain't news, chum), in "Lights Out" moves his family to Hollywood and starts his own legitimate theater . . . Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw's first guest at their new Canoga Park ranch—a rattlesnake!

A Rose by any Other Name: Mama June Allyson, in her new role, made her first social appearance at a party given by the Edgar Bergens. To prove she had retained that ridiculously small waistline, Dick Powell circled his adored wife's waist with his two hands. "Oh, I must tell you about the letter I received from my mother," June regaled us. "While I was carrying the baby, as a gag I always referred to him as 'Herman.' Well, after he was born, mother wrote to me at once. 'I'm glad you named the baby "Ricky," she said. 'I didn't want to hurt your feelings, dear—but I didn't think Herman Powell sounded very pretty.'"

WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN

Dean Stockwell's "Kim" was a hit but studio didn't renew his contract

Bob Taylor's secret weapon to duck people he doesn't want to see: His plane. Just hops in and takes off, as he did when he didn't care to see reporters at the time of his crack-up with Barbara Stanwyck . . . Hedy Lamarr aching to be a play producer on Broadway . . . The talent racketeers who promise you training and a good chance at becoming a star. The picture industry is trying to expose the phony ones. Check your exhibitor before you spend your dough. He can find out if the claims these people make are true or false . . . Greg Peck's shyness: His robes in "David and Bathsheba" looked so much like dresses, he switched to slacks when the company broke for lunch so his chums wouldn't chide him in the studio commissary.

The cosmetician in town who is suggesting lipstick for men—on the theory that it winds up there anyway! . . . The female "wolf pack" going daffy for Gene Evans, big hit of "The Steel Helmet," who is twenty-five, six feet tall and *unmarried* . . . The drop of Dean Stockwell from the M-G-M contract list after a series of wonderful pictures left the studio without a child star for the first time in years . . . The Bogarts' search for a larger home because they want a larger family.

The versatility of a gal trying to get ahead: Actress Marian Richman sent letters to talent scouts and columnists, mentioning the characters she plays (and dig this): "Lead, ingenue, neurotics, toughs, housewife, sophisticate, commercials—and the real, real friendly type" . . . The name stars here who go dateless as often as the seemingly popular ones in your own home town: One star confided that she spent two weekends in a row at home, washed her hair, bawled through practically both weekends because her phone didn't ring . . . The great courage of Susan Peters, trying a comeback via television, in which she plays a woman lawyer—an inspiration to our boys who were paralyzed in the service.

Stanley Donen as Liz Taylor's interest: This is the twenty-five-year-old director who was directing Liz in "Love Is Better Than Ever" and with whom she had dates for quiet dinners at her home after she split with Nicky Hilton. Donen was a former New York chorus boy with Gene Kelly. (During the same period, by the way, Ted Briskin, who had just broken with Betty Hutton, was trying anxiously to date Liz) . . . The opening scene of "Strictly Dishonorable" which will have Pinza in a bathtub—with bubbles, too (unless the censors snip it).

hollywood party line

BY EDITH GWYNN

While other gals are getting gasps on TV with their so-low-cut necklines, Esther Williams drew all eyes from another direction—at the Louis B. Mayers' dinner dance. Esther was demurely gowned from the front—it was her plunging backline that slew 'em. 'Way down to *there*! Hubby Ben Gage doesn't approve of Esther exposing her chest at all, at all. And he insists that she wear bras—why, we wouldn't be knowing. Deborah Kerr sported an up hair-do, more chic than becoming. Amazing how Deborah can "age" several years just with a certain coiffure. She looks like a teenager with her usual soft medium-length bob and, heaven knows, she's barely out of that category. Among those who danced to the always sensational music provided by Freddie Karger and his crew (the pet of Hollywood party-givers) were Mary Lee Fairbanks (wearing, believe it or not, a diamond tiara), Audrey Totter with producer Armand Deutsch (altar-headed, those two), the Jack Bennys, Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross, Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, Claudette Colbert (in shimmering black sequins from head to foot).

Betty Garrett's favorite accessories are a large bag made of Scotch plaid and pigskin and a little blue wool Scotch plaid cap, both of which she picked up on her trip to the British Isles. The man who sold Betty the cap was surprised a woman would want it. He explained that they're worn by Scots*men* only. Plaid accessories give solid color suits a bright look.

Betty Garrett

Louella Parsons and Dr. Harry Martin gave a big wing-ding that lasted from the cocktail hour till an almost unmentionable hour. An amusing thing happened just as columnist Harry Crocker (Hollywood's most-in-demand bachelor) drew up in front of the Martin manse. As he got out of his car, Joan Bennett, all done up in several shades of green, alighted from a brand new green convertible. She yelled at Harry, "I have a different car to go with every dress." She was kidding—natch! The subject of cars furnished most of the gab for Clark Gable and Humphrey Bogart, both of whom own those British-made Jaguars—the kind that are so easy to fall out of! They spent hours comparing notes. Gary Cooper and Bob Stack, who also have same, said they call all such possessors "The Senior Hot-rodders." Marion Davies, the Ezio Pinzas and, of course, animated Syl Gable were among the merrymakers. Sylvia drove to and from the party in her own closed car. She just lets Clark enjoy the breeze in his Jaguar anytime the mood is on him.

Jeanette MacDonald

The last time I saw Jeanette MacDonald she was wearing a ribbon about her neck and on it was pinned her favorite jewel from Gene Raymond. It's a brooch of pearls, diamonds, sapphires and rubies set in gold. Intertwined with the jeweled flower is the date of the wedding anniversary on which Jeanette got this beautiful bauble.

Anne Baxter and John Hodiak invited some fifty chums for an English dinner (complete with a huge roast and other Piccadilly dillies) for a double occasion. They were previewing their newly decorated house and house-guesting Anne's ma and pa visiting from San Francisco. The gals went wild for the handbag that attractive Mal Milland carried. Ray bought it for her in London and its handle is fashioned of a solid gold linked chain. She can make two bracelets out of the handle any time the bag wears out. Clifton Webb, the Sam Goldwyns, Mrs. Reg Gardiner (leaving to join her spouse who's all tied up with TV in New York), beauteous Paula Raymond, the David Waynes, the Ricardo Montalbans, the Darryl Zanucks, the Dennis O'Keefes were some who were hosted by Anne and John that eve. Denny O'Keefe had just gifted spouse Steffie Duna with a real pearl necklace. It and its charming antique and pearl clasp were strictly in the "admiration department."

Dinah Shore, Mrs. Edgar Bergen and Mrs. Justin Dart (whom you knew as Jane Bryan when she was a movie star) got together and gave a mighty purty luncheon baby shower for June Allyson at the Bergens' hilltop home. All the expectant mommas around here have completely tossed away the old "pink for girls, blue for boys" idea for their nurseries, baby clothes, etc. Junie chose yellow and white for her infant's wardrobe, bassinette, etc. Among the forty or more gals who helped unwrap the gifts were Roz Russell, Donna Reed, Connie Moore, Polly Firestone, Mrs. George Murphy, Ginger Rogers, Kay Spreckels. The Bergen abode is 'way up a Beverly Hills "mountain" so Frances had huge painted cardboard storks at various spots along the hill—all of 'em flying in the direction of the house. Johnny Green's wife Bunny (no amateur photographer, she) took flash-bulb pictures of the party all afternoon.

INSIDE

Bulletin: Watch for Dale Robertson! He's worked around Hollywood for years, but it took boss-man Darryl F. Zanuck to discover him. The young man from Oklahoma gets a long term contract and a big studio build-up for scoring so sensationally in "Take Care of My Little Girl" . . . Tony Curtis got a terrific kick out of inviting his relatives over to meet Janet Leigh. They all came to the dinner table with autograph books . . . Clark Gable on the "Golden Horde" set at U-I, which translated could mean that George Sherman will direct the "King's" first independently produced production . . . Martin and Lewis laughing (with tears in their eyes) over the script of "That's My Boy" . . . According to George Sanders: "I accepted the Pinza role in the London stage production of 'South Pacific' because it was the closest I could get to auditioning for Hollywood producers!"

Happy Talk: Cal wishes those scandal spreaders could have been along the day we lunched with Mrs. Errol Flynn. Patrice Wymore met us in the studio Green Room, her first day back following her European honeymoon. She was wearing those very necessary horn-rimmed glasses, a smart black tailored suit and she carried herself with becoming new poise and assurance.

"I'm starting a heavy dancing schedule immediately," she confided. "We had such a happy time, but I've put on a little weight."

We kidded her about those feuding rumors.

"All I can say," Pat laughed, "is, if a man enjoys my cooking, he *has* to be happy!"

Actually, Pat is a *good* cook. Her mother back in Kansas insisted on teaching her. "Someday," she warned her daughter, "you'll be glad that you know how!"

Pat is very glad indeed.

Arthur Kennedy, who considers role in "Lights Out" best he's ever done, rehearses with Peggy Dow between takes

STUFF

News, All Kinds: With no fanfare, which is so typical of Bette Davis, she and Gary Merrill adopted a baby sister for her little daughter Bee-Dee. They've named the lucky little lady "Margo" in honor of the brilliant character Bette plays in "All About Eve" . . . Seventy-three years young, Lionel Barrymore rallied from pneumonia like a schoolboy . . . They announced their engagement, he's legally free, so Hollywood is wondering why Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl keep postponing their wedding . . . A final curtain call for Jack Holt, the original Westerner who was a real movie star from 1913 . . . Hedy announced her retirement from making pictures, because she's tired, wants to lead a simple life and have fun. Hollywood skeptics believe there's one thing that could make her reverse her decision—money . . . Vera-Ellen won a contest at a Hollywood party. First prize was a course at Arthur Murray's, where she once worked as a dance teacher . . . June Haver appeared in various sick wards to show the Vets the thousands of feet of film she shot on her recent travels through Europe . . . For the third time, Robert and Mary Cummings enlarged their nursery. New arrival expected this summer . . . On her birthday, Richard Egan took Ann Sothern's daughter to the city pound to pick out her present. Little Tisha selected a mutt to end all mutts and named him "Rosebud."

Dear Hearts and Gentle People: The untold stories give Cal his biggest kick when we're lucky enough to discover them. Recently we heard about the Pacific Lodge, a home that houses fifty or more boys, many being wards of the court. There are countless supporters whose names are unfamiliar to Photoplay readers. But you do know Red Skelton and Fred MacMurray and, like us, we're sure you'd like to learn that these two generous guys have done much to help the boys become useful, respected citizens. The story goes that when Red presented them with a station wagon, with typical, touching humor he had painted on the back, "Drive carefully. These are my boys—Red Skelton."

In Case You Care: It's the last gasp for Hollywood glamour queens to wear rhinestone-decorated fingernails, to match jewelry that isn't rhinestone . . . Warner Bros. paid off and no longer have a commitment with Charlton Heston . . . Jane Russell's brother Jamie, who is starting his movie career, is the spittin' image of a young Cornel Wilde . . . Lana Turner and Bob Topping are anxious to find a ranch in Arizona and the sooner they occupy it the better . . . A wistful wolf tried to crash Piper Laurie's table at the Captain's Table, not knowing she was with Vic Damone, who was up in front giving a free solo for the cash customers . . . Paul Douglas, who bought a TV set from Victor Mature, tuned in for the first time and caught a showing of Vic's ancient "Shanghai Gesture." Cracked Paul: "Does this come with every set?"

La Vie En Rose: Maybe it's just as well that Ava Gardner can't look into a crystal ball. Life without Frank Sinatra undoubtedly would hold little interest. Life currently with Frankie is filled with highs and lows that keep the fabulous beauty in a state of emotional upheaval. When they aren't together, which is when he's East broadcasting and she's making a movie, Ava seems lost. One night she and Kathryn Grayson called on Lana

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY ALINE MOSBY

U. P. Hollywood Correspondent

Shelley Winters

Slambang Shelley Winters, tabbed "temperamental as a bombshell," is the first gal to put zing in the plaster city since Lana stopped filling sweaters.

Recently the tattle-talers have had their claws out for Shelley again, accusing her of temperament on the set of "He Ran All the Way."

Temperamental stars are "good copy." Everybody knows a great deal about what other people say about Shelley. High time she spoke for herself.

"They say," we faced Shelley, "you were mad because you couldn't manage things on the 'He Ran All the Way' set, the way you do at your own studio."

"That's not true," Shelley screamed quietly. "I went to a lot of trouble to do this movie, see! I didn't even know Bob Roberts, the producer. But I heard he ate at Lucey's. So I went there and had him paged. When he answered the page, I asked him for the part. Then I had to get Universal to let me do it. They wanted me to stay home and make 'Little Egypt.' They've been awfully nice to me—let me keep all the money I've made on my radio show and stuff.

"When I signed to do 'He Ran All the Way' there was a big scene at the end where I kill Garfield. I'm in love with him, but I kill him. But when we get to this scene it's been changed. It's all Garfield's. I can't blame him. It was his own company . . .

"Well, we finally compromised. I still kill him, but the scene's his."

(The compromise was negotiated after Shelley arrived on the set two hours late one morning with a battery of lawyers in tow.)

"This temperamental business isn't good for me," she sighed. "My studio says I can't even talk about temperament. But all people have to do is look at my shooting schedule. One producer was afraid of me because of all the talk about temperament—until Universal showed him my shooting schedules and he saw I'd never held up any picture."

(There was a time, however, when Universal admitted to inquiring reporters that Shelley had stomped off a set and an hour had passed before she had come back.)

"Everything I do I get sat on for," wails Shelley. "Farley Granger and I wanted to go to Europe together, chaperoned of course. But my studio wouldn't let me go. They said it wouldn't look right!"

The old days, she sighs, when movie stars could be movie stars, have faded out.

Mickey Rooney, back on M-G-M lot for "The Strip," visits expectant mother Jane Powell on "Rich, Young and Pretty" set. Janie, who collapsed several times during the shooting, insisted upon finishing the picture on schedule

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In a gay whirl at Mocambo are Vic Damone and pretty partner, Piper Laurie

Turner. Another night in the Zerape Cafe, Ava sat listening to the Mexican music. At closing time she invited everyone home for coffee, which could indicate that her solitude is unbearable. Frank's gifts of gold and emeralds would thrill the hearts of most fair maidens. Ava just prefers—Frank. The rumor that he's going to make an all-out effort to divorce Nancy Sinatra intrigues Hollywood. In face of odds that appear to be unsurmountable, Ava's future happiness hangs in the balance.

Day Dreams: Unless their plans change again, by the time you read this, Doris Day should be Mrs. Marty Melcher and honeymooning in Louisiana. Cal ran into his singing friend who was trousseau-shopping in Beverly Hills. With great amusement she confided there might eventually be a second agent in the family. It's her son Terry, who has quite an eagle eye for business. Because she can't read a note, Doris has been threatening to take piano lessons. Finally she hired a teacher. "I think it would be a good idea if you took lessons at the same time," she explained to her son. Terry looked thoughtful. "Look, Do-Do," he reasoned. "Why should you pay twice? Let me take the lessons and then—I can teach you to play for practically nothing!"

Woof-Woof: Steve Cochran and his dog "Tchaikowsky" are rapidly becoming famous in Hollywood. The animal literally worships his tall, dark and supersexy master. Not only does he walk like Steve and affect that attractive air of indifference but, when a pretty girl passes, the canny canine looks at her with

(*Continued on page* 16)

so many

women...

so little

time...

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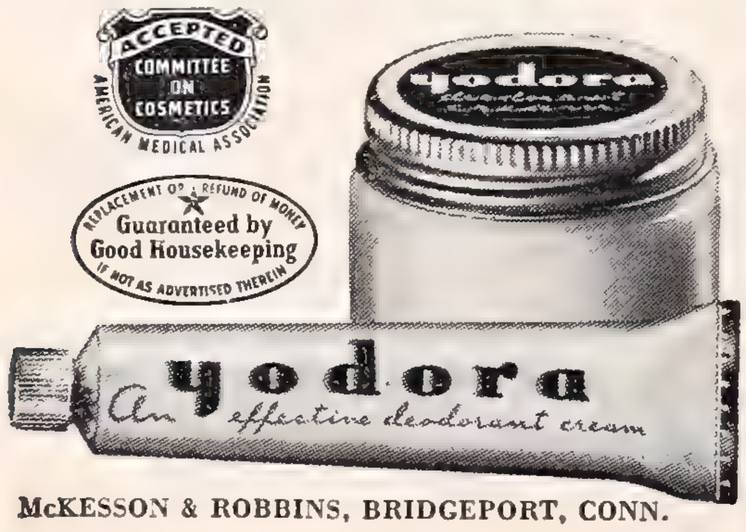

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LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station.)

JACK BENNY'S trans-Atlantic plane stopped at a small town in Iceland because of motor trouble. The passengers were told to check into a hotel for a ten-hour wait. Benny looked worried.

"It's all right," grinned the pilot, "the hotel rooms are free. The airline pays for them."

* * *

Tallulah Bankhead was asked if she'd like to do: "The Life of Bette Davis." "Yes," she purred, "all nine of them, darling."

* * *

Director Vincent Sherman on Eve Arden's ad libbing talents: "Every time she opens her mouth she says a mirthful."

* * *

A studio king's wife, according to the story, was visiting the wife of an underling making only $25,000 a year and was called to the telephone. When she returned she remarked, "How chic, a black telephone!"

* * *

The girl friend of a Hollywood playboy was fuming. One of his checks had bounced with the inscription: "Insufficient Fun."

* * *

Adolphe Menjou was cast as a frontier settler in a movie. Mike Connolly says he can see it now—the buckskin shirt with French cuffs, the squirrel cap with snap brim.

* * *

Talking about a Hollywood starlet, Frank Fontaine said: "She has the kind of legs that let her walk all over men."

* * *

Director Raoul Walsh, blowing his top over the way a movie extra mounted a horse, cracked: "You look like my mother-in-law trying to get into an upper berth."

* * *

Danny Arnold, trying to explain salami to a backwoods G.I. in "Breakthrough," says: "It's a Brooklyn corn pone."

* * *

As Hal Peary sees it: "By the time a man is making enough money to get married, he usually has been for years."

* * *

Years before Jose Ferrer became a star, he was taken to playwright Russell Crouse by his agent. "What's the name?" asked Crouse.

"Ferrer, Ferrer, pronounced 'Fur-Air'," said the agent.

"Ferrer," mused Crouse, "Hmmm, I once met your brother—'Come Up Ferrer.'"

* * *

A tourist walked into a Hollywood cafe, spotted Dan Dailey at a table and began to stare. Dailey nodded hello. The tourist turned to his wife and said, "Gee, I've seen him in so many pictures he thinks he knows me."

* * *

A movie laid an egg at the preview. In the lobby wake, the star groaned to Kirk Douglas: "How would you have played the part?"

"Under an assumed name," snapped Kirk.

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 14)

smoldering eyes! On the set of "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison" Dorothy Hart was in her dressing room changing her clothes. Suddenly she let out a piercing scream. "I was never so startled in my life," she laughs. "I happened to turn around and there was Tchaikowsky peering through the door. Honestly, for a second I thought it was Steve!"

Paging Pinkerton: Cal couldn't have been more amused the night he drove up in front of the "Bantam Cock" at dinner time. On the air a celebrated columnist had just announced: "Lynn Bari has hired process servers who are *searching* for her recently divorced husband, Sid Luft." Sid, who hits the columns daily as Judy Garland's No. 1 escort, was back in alimony payments—or so the story went. In less time than it takes to tell, we saw Sid and Judy right inside the restaurant. A process server with a seeing-eye dog couldn't have missed them! Judy, we're sorry to say, seemed strangely remote and is changing from pleasingly plump—to almost a fat girl.

Human Dynamo: Cal opened his front door to find Tony Curtis ready to explode with excitement. "I just had to stop by and tell you what's happened," he exclaimed. "They sneaked 'The Prince Who Was a Thief' and when I came on the screen, the fans shrieked like I was Sinatra—yet! Then the studio allowed me to invite my friends to see the picture in the projection room. My mother baked cookies all day, I bought some beer and we served—refreshments. Gee, my father got such a kick out of it!" Did his father *really* think he was such a terrific actor, we asked. Tony's eyes twinkled with amusement. "I dunno," he grinned. "When I introduced him to Danny Kaye, he was so thrilled—that's *all* he's been talking about ever since!"

Cal-culations: Cal is: Delighted over the great reviews Olivia de Havilland has received during the pre-Broadway run of "Romeo and Juliet" and hopes her New York debut will meet with equal success. Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier were unmercifully panned when they starred in this Shakespearean classic ten years ago . . . Disappointed that Marilyn Max-

(*Continued on page* 21)

Cuddlesome couple are Joan Fontaine of "Something to Live For" and her Debbie

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Medium ☐ Ruddy . . ☐
Sallow ☐ Freckled ☐
Olive . . ☐ Dp. Olive ☐

SKIN Normal . . . ☐
Dry. . . . ☐ Oily. . . . ☐

EYES
Blue. . . ☐ Hazel . . ☐
Gray. . . ☐ Brown . . ☐
Green. . ☐ Black . . ☐

LASHES [*Color*]
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HAIR
BLONDE
Light . . ☐ Dark . . . ☐
BRUNETTE
Light . . ☐ Dark . . . ☐
BROWNETTE
Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
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Light . . ☐ Dark . . . ☐
GRAY HAIR
Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above

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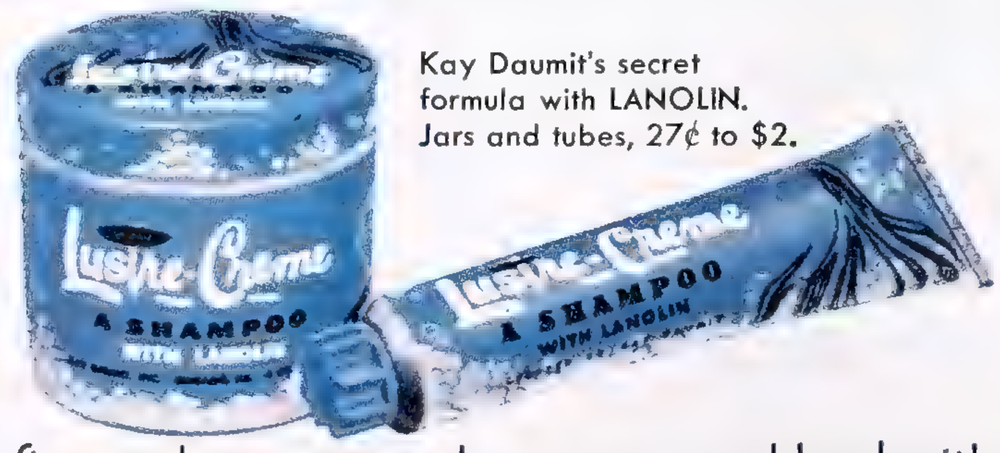

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Grannie Get Your Gun:

"King Solomon's Mines" has affected people in many strange ways. For instance, my mother works for a rather eccentric old lady of seventy-two. This woman is in good health and looks very young for her age. After she saw "King Solomon's Mines" she decided to go on a safari to the heart of the Dark Continent. This woman is very adept with a rifle. How young and lucky can you get?

HELGA SCHWAB
Waterloo, Ia.

Readers' Pets:

I read the article "Lonely Joe" in the January issue about Audie Murphy and I would like to say that I certainly wish I could do something about his loneliness.

KATHERINE PERKINS
Lake Charles, La.

I don't see why everyone is so against John Barrymore Jr. Maybe he isn't as good an actor as his famous relatives but everyone has to learn. People expect him to be a great actor in his first picture just on account of his name.

VALERIE JOHNSON
Niles, Mich.

Cheers and Jeers:

The next time Hollywood decides to produce a picture about the roller derby, I wish they'd make it a little more true to life. "The Fireball" presented the derby as an uncontrolled madhouse with no semblance of sportsmanship. It is a clean sport and should not be burlesqued.

MARYLYN SALTER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Can't Photoplay have just one good picture on the cover every month without crowding in dogs, babies and married couples?

KSHEMENDRA LALL
Georgetown, British Guiana

Have just heard Dick Powell sing on Bing Crosby's program. He's as "dreamy" as ever! Why can't we have some movies of him again . . . "killing" us gals with a song instead of a "gat"?

MRS. MIKE WILSON JR.
Tulsa, Okla.

I am tired of hearing about Elizabeth Taylor and how beautiful she is. Jean Simmons is much prettier. Jean can act, too, something I have yet to see Liz do.

ANN CLARK
Lansing, Mich.

All the raves about Ruth Roman being the sexiest gal in Hollywood is overdoing it a bit. What about Pat Neal? To my notion, this gal is loaded with sex appeal.

KATHLEEN LEWIS
St. Louis, Mo.

What is Janet Leigh trying to do, give an anatomy lesson to every man she dates? Nearly all of the upper half of her figure is on display in her publicity pictures. I'm no prude but I think she has surpassed the appealing stage.

M. FLYNN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Casting:

How about a change of pace for Steve Cochran? He's a good gangster ("Highway 301," "The Damned Don't Cry"). I'd like to see him wind up with the girl —and his good health—just once.

VEL PICKETT
Lima, O.

Why doesn't Hollywood team Richard Widmark and Mercedes McCambridge in a movie? Both spent years in radio before they were tapped for pictures. With their dramatic ability and dynamic personalities, to state they would be a sensation is being modest.

JOHN F. MCNAMARA JR.
Freeport, Tex.

Question Box:

Would you please give me some information about Lee MacGregor? I saw him in January Photoplay and I have taken some interest in him.

DORIE DELARAY
Downers Grove, Ill.

(Lee MacGregor was born in Hollywood 10/19/24. He has blue eyes, light brown hair, is 6', 175 lbs. He is divorced. He got his start as an office boy at Twentieth Century-Fox, is now with RKO making "Best of the Badmen.")

Could you please give me the address where you send away for a book that gives all the movie stars' birthdays, studios, color of hair and eyes, etc.?

CAROL T.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Send fifty cents to Photoplay Annual 1951, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., for the Photoplay Annual which includes this information on about 800 stars as well as other interesting features and full-page illustrations in color.)

A friend of mine insists that Mario Lanza, who starred in "The Toast of New Orleans," actually made the chandelier in the opera house shake with his powerful voice. I am trying to convince her that the movement of the chandelier was not done through Mr. Lanza's voice. I wish you could prove her wrong.

A. MEDO
SYLVIA BATTISTA
Philadelphia, Pa.

(She is wrong. The M-G-M wind machine made the chandelier move.)

Who is that dream dish who played Charles Bickford's *real* son in "Branded"?

FRANCES SCOTT
New Orleans, La.

(That was Peter Hanson. Born in Oakland, Cal., Dec. 5, he has blue eyes, brown hair, is 5' 11", 170 lbs. He is married to Betty Moe, has two children. Under contract to Paramount, he is also in "Molly.")

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

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INSIDE STUFF

Junior goings-on: Alana and David Ladd make a pensive pair as they greet Dot Lamour's son John Ridgely Howard at the latter's fifth birthday party

(*Continued from page* 16)

well and Andy McIntyre finally have called quits to their marriage of just one year . . . Bored by the news that Marlon Brando is sporting a "Hamlet" haircut . . . Pleased that Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman were chosen most popular actor and actress of the year by the Foreign Press Club Association. Jane has plenty of awards but it's time Greg started piling up a few. He deserves them . . . Wondering whether Nicky Hilton will fade out of the Hollywood picture now that Liz Taylor has faded out of his life . . . Unable to understand why Arthur Kennedy doesn't get more public recognition than he does. He never gives a bad performance . . . applauding Ann Miller, Sally Forrest, Debbie Reynolds for their good work at nearby Army camps.

Story of the Month: It concerns the growing daughter of a glamorous star, who recently consulted a psychoanalyst because her child was becoming so precocious.

"What does she do?" he asked.

The star looked thoughtful. "Well, for one thing," she replied seriously, "my little girl is always calling Louella Parsons on the telephone and giving her scoops!"

Hollywood in Shorts: According to writer producer Cy Howard (who usually romances "canaries") currently the Number One man in Paulette Goddard's life: "With *her* dough, we can dub in the voice!" . . . What makes a comedian laugh? Bob Hope was convulsed on the "My Favorite Spy" set over a gossip column item that read: "If Lawrence Tierney turns over a new leaf and really remains a good boy, as a reward he'll get the lead in 'The Hoodlum'" . . . Jimmy Stewart tells it on his wife. When their lawyers sent some important papers for her signature, they came back signed Gloria McLean—her *first* husband's name!

Wrong Rumor: Van Johnson's sojourn at Sun Valley without Evie raised those usual questioning eyebrows. Take it from Cal, things couldn't be running smoother for them.

"The minute I'm not working, I get so restless," Van told us. "It's difficult for a man to hang around the house in the daytime. Evie understands this. She had so many household duties she couldn't get away, so she urged me to go by myself. Even so, it still wasn't any fun without her."

Speaking of Van, and we can't speak too highly, his loyalty always astounds us. When he bought that expensive Santa Monica home, M-G-M loaned him the money. It proved to be too big and costly. When Van couldn't unload it, the studio came to his rescue and took the house off his hands. Van is so grateful for their help, he chokes up when he talks about it.

Summer Wedding: They haven't made a formal announcement yet, but by summer (after his option's renewed), Rock Hudson will marry Vera-Ellen. Cal came across them recently out shopping for a house. "As long as there's a big yard for the Irish terrier Vera gave me," grinned Rock, "that's all I ask. Vera can have her way about everything else." For awhile it looked like they were heading in opposite directions. However, absence worked its little miracle. While she was making a picture in England, the handsome U-I actor discovered he had no desire to date the unattached belles of the town. She came back and Rock's strong arms were open and waiting. Vera was happy to find herself weak and very willing. Take it from Cal, it won't be long now!

Chit Chat: Most painters may stand before their easels when they work but not that young "old master" Claudette Colbert. "Me and Winston Churchill,"

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NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

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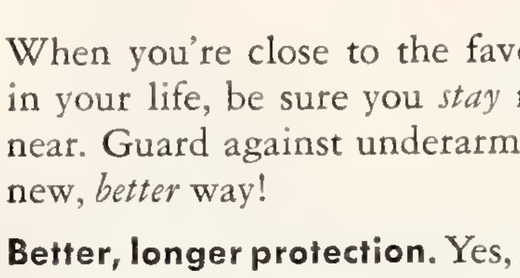

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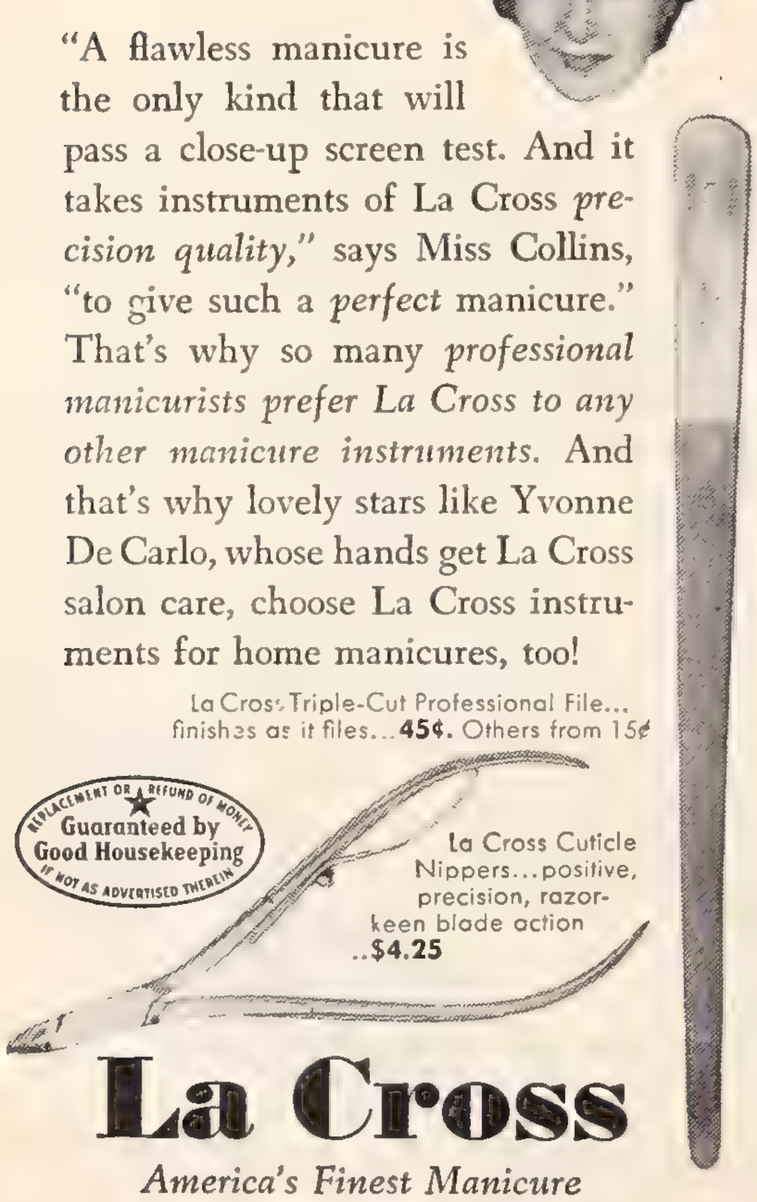

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INSIDE STUFF

Linda Darnell's daughter Lola shyly greets her guests at third birthday party. Keeping an eye on sons Paul and Michael, is lovely Jeanne Crain

she grins, "we sit." Incidentally, Claudette's been having a wonderful time at Sun Valley. An expert skier, Claudette has won the slalom race at this famous resort. And last year, bedded with a back injury as she prepared for her annual skiing trip, she could only torture herself with memories of the beautiful white slopes. This year she stayed at Sun Valley a month to make up for lost time . . . Barbara Payton, who gets around with Franchot Tone, startling the natives by getting around in sheer black stockings worn with white shoes . . . Thelma Ritter, who only gets featured billing in "The Mating Season," stealing all the applause from stars Gene Tierney and John Lund at the preview . . . Richard Clayton back to Hollywood from the New York theater and back with beautiful Ann Blyth at the "Mudlark" premiere and the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund dinner . . . Joan Evans and Jerry Paris are co-authoring an original screen play which, by some strange coincidence, would be just perfect for their acting talents.

Behind the Scenes: It's the untold stories that give Cal his biggest boot out of Hollywood. Steve Cochran had one for us when we met up with him at a small cocktail party given by the Mortimer Halls (Ruth Roman).

"A few years ago when I was broke," confided Steve, "I had a chance to do a play in San Francisco. As I walked down Hollywood Boulevard, trying to figure things out, in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, I saw a girl trying to fit her shoe into those famous footprints. It was Ruth Roman whom I had known in New York and this was her first day in Hollywood! Ruth didn't have much money but she loaned me enough to get to San Francisco. That was the turning point in my life. I've been working ever since."

Did he pay back the money? "I wouldn't be here drinking Ruth's good liquor if I hadn't," laughed Steve.

Waistline Wanted: Cal will always be grateful to his good friends the Mark Stevenses. It was cook's night out, so Vic Damone took over their home on the kitchen range department.

"Vic shopped for the ingredients all morning," Mark announced. "Then he cooked all afternoon."

We've never tasted anything like that *lasagna.* Translation: The best Italian food this side of Italy!

Among the guests was Tony Martin, who is Vic's singing idol. Cal couldn't help eavesdropping while they talked over a third helping.

"I was so thrilled when you sang 'September Song' on your program Sunday night," enthused Vic with all the warmth and sincerity that marks this twenty-two-year-old lad, as the truly humble person he is.

Later on Vic confided to us admiringly. "Look at that suit Tony's wearing. I wish mine would look that good on me."

The evening ended with Vic pouring his heart into words that were written to an old Hebrew folk song called, "Where Can I Go?"

Cal can't sing, but for Vic Damone, our theme song remains, "Stay As Sweet As You Are."

Sights and Sounds: Irene Dunne's face still sore and sensitive from those endless months of wearing that rubber mask for her role of Queen Victoria in "The Mudlark" . . . Gordon MacRae wearing a plaid dinner jacket, driving with the top down and singing a solo on his way to a Hollywood party . . . Scott Brady dancing with a doll at Ciro's and not worrying a snit because Universal-International failed to renew their option . . . Charlton Heston spiking rift rumors when he drove out from the East with his wife, the former Lydia Clarke, rising young New York stage actress.

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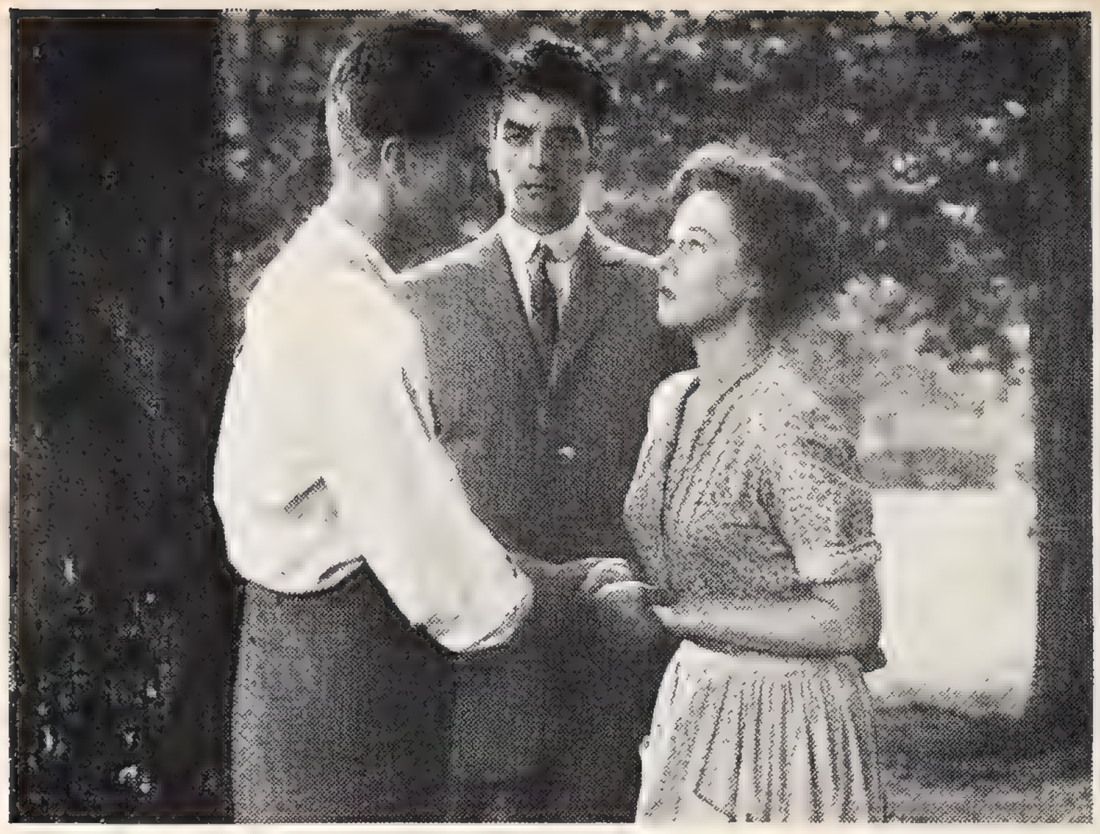

Southern spiritual: William Lundigan, Rory Calhoun, Susan Hayward in story of a circuit-riding minister

In the clouds: Van Johnson, Bonnie Kay Eddy, Jane Wyman in the amusing adventures of an airline hostess

✓✓½ (F) I'd Climb the Highest Mountain (20th Century-Fox)

SUSAN HAYWARD and William Lundigan are the stars of this heart-warming Technicolor drama which was filmed in the North Georgia hills. Based on Corra Harris's novel, the picture tells a gentle but gripping story of the adventures of a young and eager Methodist minister and his city-bred bride, among the proud Southern folk of North Georgia. There are many interesting characterizations, among them: Gene Lockhart as a greedy storekeeper; Ruth Donnelly as a kindly neighbor; Alexander Knox as an agnostic and recluse; and Lynn Bari as a fashionable lady from Atlanta who takes a great interest in the Bible *after* meeting the preacher. Barbara Bates and Rory Calhoun look after the romance department.

Your Reviewer Says: Wholesome, warm and delightful.

Program Notes: *Georgians will get a fine case of nostalgia when they see the red clay roads, the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the Chattahoochee River. Filmed mostly in and around Demorest, Georgia, director Henry King used five hundred natives, a dozen or more of them in speaking parts . . . This is Susan Hayward's twenty-fifth picture. She has come a long way since David Selznick discovered her on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post and brought her to Hollywood to test for* Scarlett O'Hara. *Her twin boys are now five years old . . . After ten years in B pictures Bill Lundigan, a very excellent actor, has been rediscovered all over again (this time by Darryl Zanuck) and is rapidly becoming one of the top male stars in Hollywood. And it couldn't happen to a better guy. The Lundigans live in a small house in the un-chic section of Beverly Hills, and share one car. It's Rena Lundigan's theory that Hollywood divorces are caused by too many cars . . . Rory Calhoun, a former forest-fire fighter and logger, was born in Hollywood. He's six-feet-three, has blue-green eyes and dark brown hair.*

✓✓½ (F) Three Guys Named Mike (M-G-M)

WHAT a popular gal Jane Wyman is in this entertaining comedy which glorifies the airline stewardess! She has Van Johnson, Howard Keel and Barry Sullivan, all guys named *Mike,* just pleading with her to marry them. Jane's training and adventures as a stewardess with American Airlines are the real McCoy, according to honest-to-goodness stewardess Pug Wells. Van is an enthusiastic young scientist Jane meets in the clouds. Howard, in his first non-musical Hollywood film (doesn't sing a note, alas) is a pilot. Barry is a young advertising executive who helps her put over a soap campaign. For the finale Jane gets into a sarong and the boys get into a free for all. Guess who wins? Right.

Your Reviewer Says: There'll be a run on airline hostess jobs.

Program Notes: *A postcard measuring 3 x 5 feet was delivered to Howard Keel on the set, from his home town of Gillespie, Illinois. Every inch of space was covered by messages of good luck from friends and acquaintances. Howard hung it on the wall of his studio dressing room. Howard's baby girl, who has the fancy name of Kiaya Liane Keel, is taking swimming lessons from Esther Williams, who co-starred with Daddy in "Pagan Love Song" . . . The Van Johnsons have put in an order for two canes. On Van's only day off from the picture he and Evie spent the entire day moving into their new house, and heaved furniture about like a couple of stevedores. Result: A couple of strained backs. Van's career as an artist will serve as a birthday present for his tiny daughter, Schuyler, when she reaches eighteen. Van has made, and is still making, a series of small paintings which will be bound in a book and dedicated to Schuyler. It traces Van's career as an artist from the time he was a kid . . . Pug Wells, the technical adviser on this film, is the American Airlines stewardess who inspired this story. Pug and Jane Wyman became great pals. Jane, incognito, in stewardess uniform, made a regulation flight to Phoenix with Pug.*

shadow

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 88. For Best Pictures of the Month and

Crime Inc.: Zero Mostel is key witness when Roy Roberts, Humphrey Bogart seek to convict a dealer in death

Bringing up baby: Ronald Reagan, Diana Lynn face unusual parental problems when they adopt a chimp

✓✓½ (A) The Enforcer (Warners)

HUMPHREY BOGART does a swell job as a hard-punching, hard-working assistant district attorney in charge of homicide in a crime-infested city. After four years he feels he has an airtight case against gangster Everett Sloane, who sells murder. (His gang is so thorough it has its own undertaker.) Then Ted de Corsia, hatchet man of the killers, is killed, and Bogie's murder rap against Sloane has collapsed. Methodically he reviews the records. There must be a clue he has overlooked. In flashback a starkly realistic story of murder is told. It's grim, but so full of suspense your hair will stand on end. Excellent in the supporting cast are Zero Mostel, Lawrence Tolan and Roy Roberts.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for grown-up crime fans.

Program Notes: *Remember "Murder, Inc." in the New York headlines of a few years ago? Writers Martin Rackin and Philip Yordan took much of their gruesome material right out of the criminal court cases . . . Lawrence Tolan was attending Stanford U. when a talent scout saw him in a college production and straightway had him tested for the part of* Duke Malloy. *Tolan's uncle was a detective sergeant in the homicide squad of the Detroit police force for twenty years and he gladly taught his nephew how the young punks of the Purple Gang used to talk, walk and kill . . . Zero Mostel* (Big Babe) *is known to night club patrons all over the country as a leading comedian. Zero was last seen in "Panic in the Streets" . . . Susan Cabot, who plays one of the victims, worked in New York in radio and television . . . Robert Steele* (Herman) *first came to notice of the critics when he played with Bogart in "The Big Sleep" . . . Bogart, who rose to fame with a cold blue steel automatic in his hand, admits that he doesn't even keep a BB gun in his house. Says Bogie, "If any burglars ever try to get into my house I'll pick up the telephone and call the police." Which is exactly what Lauren Bacall did recently when a crazy man tried to break in.*

✓✓ (F) Bedtime for Bonzo (U-I)

BONZO the Chimp is an utter charmer and the biggest scene stealer since W. C. Fields. Ronald Reagan, a psychology professor whose father was a thief, is determined to prove that a person's character and personality are the product of environment rather than heredity. To prove his theory he borrows *Bonzo* from zoology professor Walter Slezak, brings him into his home to live as a child under normal conditions. He hires Diana Lynn to be a "mother" and baby sitter to *Bonzo*. But *Bonzo* is fascinated by jewelry and proceeds to lift a fancy necklace from a jewelry shop. Professor Ronnie suddenly finds himself up to his ears in cops. Lucille Barkley is the Dean's daughter engaged to Ronnie, and Herbert Heyes is the Dean who stands pat on heredity.

Your Reviewer Says: Everybody will love *Bonzo*.

Program Notes: *Although he has been in pictures for two and a half years (his last was "My Friend Irma Goes West") this is* Bonzo's *first starring part. The five-year-old chimp was generally well behaved but on occasions reverted to type and took to the sound stage rafters in short bursts of temperament. Diana Lynn was particularly successful with him during his fits of temperament. She played the piano on the stage to calm him down before his scenes. Diana found, however, that when* Bonzo *heard the fiery, passionate "Polonaise" he went into a silent contented reverie; but on the first notes of the dulcet "Claire de Lune" he beat himself on the head and jumped up and down on the piano stool . . . Producer of this film, Michel Kraike, gave Diana her first movie break in a* Henry Aldrich *picture. At that time she was playing piano with a symphony orchestra . . . Ronnie Reagan, who has been dating Nancy Davis, told visitors to the set that he was quite resigned to the fact that audiences wouldn't even know he was in the picture. "When I went to the rushes all I looked at was* Bonzo *in spite of myself" . . . Auburn-haired Lucille Barkley has been kept under wraps at Universal.*

stage

BY LIZA WILSON

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Best Performances See Page 32. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 33.

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✓✓✓ (F) Royal Wedding (M-G-M)

USING as its background England's famous royal wedding (Elizabeth and Philip) this Technicolor musical is as sparkling as Tiffany's showcase. Fred Astaire and Jane Powell play a famous American brother-and-sister song-and-dance team (just like Freddie and sister Adele used to be) who are signed for a London engagement during the Big Event. Janie is picked up on shipboard by a romantically inclined young Lord (Peter Lawford) and Fred falls for an English girl (Sarah Churchill). Stand-out performance is given by Keenan Wynn who plays twin brothers, one very dese and dose, and one very pip pip. As always, Fred's dancing is sensational, as is Jane's singing.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine fun for everybody.

Program Notes: *This is the picture that Judy Garland was supposed to do but when she became temperamental again she was removed, and Jane Powell given the part. Janie, more at home in the singing department than the dancing department, worked like a slave and Fred rehearsed her day and night. She may not be another Adele Astaire but she does all right . . . Sarah Churchill is England's Winston Churchill's daughter. This is her first American film. The Metro brass saw her in Los Angeles when she was appearing in a road company of "The Philadelphia Story." She is married to Tony Beauchamp, an English photographer, who was recently tested at Metro.*

✓✓✓ (F) Call Me Mister (20th Century-Fox)

BETTY GRABLE, more glamorous than ever, and Dan Dailey head this Technicolor musical, supported by a large excellent cast including Danny Thomas, who practically steals the show. Betty Grable and Benay Venuta are entertainers attached to the Army in Japan. They put on a musical, drawing the remainder of their large cast from the Army base. Sgt. Dan Dailey inveigles himself into the show in order to help and be near wife Betty Grable, from whom he is separated. He meets stiff opposition in Capt. Dale Robertson. Scintillating Betty and Dan dance their way through some intricate numbers. Seven lively hit tunes and the amusing Army background make this one of the outstanding musicals of the year.

Your Reviewer Says: Gather all ye Grable fans.

Program Notes: *Cast Betty Grable in anything except a musical and there is an instant howl of anguish from her fans. This is right up the Grable alley. Betty's husband, bandleader Harry James, was on tour in the East during this production and Betty spent her off moments refurnishing her house. Only twice was she able to drive down to Del Mar to see her horses run. Betty's favorite topic of conversation during filming was horses, and this subject being close to Dan Dailey's heart, they had much to talk about. Betty had five thoroughbreds at Del Mar and Dan had shipped three prize jumpers to Texas for the Olympic Trials. There were two red letter days on the set when Betty's* Kab *came in first . . . During production Dan's parents paid their first visit to the Coast, spent much time on the set and with their grandson, Dan III, age three. It was after this film, made last summer, that Dan collapsed and was sent to a sanatorium . . . This is New York comedian Danny Thomas's best spot to date in a movie. Danny, the son of a Syrian candy maker, was a child radio actor and is a master teller of funny tales. He refused to have his nose bobbed for pictures.*

✓ (F) The Groom Wore Spurs (U-I)

HERE'S a light farce which pokes fun at Hollywood. It tells the story of a Western film hero who can't ride, shoot or sing, and the lady lawyer he employs to keep him out of trouble. Ginger Rogers as the female attorney has her hands full keeping playboy-cowboy Jack Carson from being taken on a one-way ride by gambler Stanley Ridges. The stars receive top comedy support from wise cracking Joan Davis. Jim Brown plays Jack's plane pilot.

Your Reviewer Says: Escapist film fare.

Program Notes: *As soon as this film was completed Ginger Rogers flew to New York to play in the Celebrity tennis tournament at Forest Hills. The Fort Worth girl, who has been making a living for herself steadily since the age of thirteen, is something of a human dynamo. Though Ginger looks fragile she's probably the movie colony's most rugged feminine star. She weighs a mere 105 pounds, but she plays tennis like a man, better than most of her Hollywood male opponents. Exception: Greg Bautzer . . . Joan insists that what the country needs right now are more Joan Davises. "The woods are full of dramatic actresses," says Joan, "but just try to find a good comedienne." Joan was seven years old when she made her first public appearance at an amateur contest. She made like Sarah Bernhardt and delivered a long dramatic recitation. The audience howled. Says Joan, "I caught on quick."*

✓✓ (F) Gene Autry and the Mounties (Autry-Columbia)

GENE AUTRY this time switches his exciting activities to western Canada where as a U. S. Marshal he has trailed Carleton Young, suspected of having robbed several Montana banks. From the Mounties Gene learns that Carleton is also wanted by them as the leader of a revolt against the government. The robber-revolutionist and his gang use as a spy youthful Jim Frasher who considers Carleton a hero, despite the adverse opinion of his sister, Elena Verdugo. Gene shows Jim the error of his ways, and with the help of comic Pat Buttram and the Mounties, brings Carleton and his gang to justice.

Your Reviewer Says: Action for Autry fans.

Program Notes: *Elena Verdugo, who sprang into the national spotlight three years ago when she became the first woman to kiss Gene Autry in a movie, only to have the scene deleted because of the protests of Autry fans, is a direct descendant of the Spanish conquistadores. Her ancestor, Jose Maria Verdugo, once owned, by grant of the King of Spain, the San Raphael* rancho, *on the lands which now house Universal-International studio . . . A prominent heavy in the picture is House Peters Jr., whose father was a famous star of silent movies.*

✓✓ (A) Cause for Alarm (M-G-M)

LORETTA YOUNG is the star of this outstanding suspense story which will keep you glued to your seats right to the surprise twist ending. And no fair telling. Loretta plays the wife of Barry Sullivan, bed-ridden by a heart condition which is intensified by his diseased mind. He believes that his wife and his physician (Bruce Cowling) are in love and planning to murder him. Barry writes a letter to the District Attorney informing him of their plan and substantiates his statements by carefully concocted proof. Barry's death, followed by Loretta's efforts to re-

(Continued on page 28)

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(*Continued from page 26*)

trieve the already mailed letter, will certainly keep you in suspense. Famous stage actress Margalo Gillmore plays Barry's fussy aunt. Little Bradley Mora has a few delightful moments as a neighborhood kid.

Your Reviewer Says: Goose pimples.

Program Notes: *Loretta Young and her husband, Tom Lewis, celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary during the filming. This, by the way, is Tom's first crack at being a producer. As a beginner he's better than many of the old-timers . . . Although he has been under contract to Metro for three years Bruce Cowling gets his first romantic lead in this picture. Bruce is a Coweta, Oklahoma, boy, who attended the Eufaula High School, and graduated from the University of Arkansas, where he starred on the football team. A chance meal in a Hollywood restaurant led to his film contract. Cameraman Charles Rosher noticed him attacking a steak and brought him to the attention of director Clarence Brown.*

✓✓ (A) The 13th Letter (20th Century-Fox)

PRODUCED almost entirely in the French-Canadian section of eastern Quebec, this adult mystery drama has both suspense and authentic, colorful backgrounds. It also has some of the best acting seen on celluloid recently. The story tells what happens in a provincial village when someone starts writing poison pen letters. Michael Rennie, a young doctor new to the town, is the first target, and eventually traps the villain. Charles Boyer gives a fine characterization of a man of sixty married to a pretty young wife, Constance Smith. Linda Darnell plays a crippled girl in love with the new doctor. Brilliant in character parts are Francoise Rosay, Judith Evelyn and June Hedin.

Your Reviewer Says: Off-beat mystery.

Program Notes: *As an aging doctor in this film Charles Boyer wears a heavy beard and walks with a shuffle. In order to condition audiences to the "new Boyer" he deliberately stayed off the screen for two years after his last romantic role. His French accent is right at home in this story laid in French Canada . . . As the crippled* Denise *Linda Darnell gives another of her non-glamorous performances. "Playing serious meaty parts," she says, "is like learning to act all over again." Linda has been a star*

A poison pen involves Linda Darnell and Michael Rennie in a small town mystery drama in "The 13th Letter"

for Mr. Zanuck since she was fourteen and had a crush on Ty Power . . . Twenty-one-year-old Irish beauty Constance Smith was discovered by Mr. Zanuck in "The Mudlark" and brought to Hollywood on a seven-year contract. In England she modeled clothes for a famous photographer and won an acting contract from J. Arthur Rank because she looked like Hedy Lamarr. She was fired by Rank when she blew her top because he criticized her Irish accent . . . Michael Rennie is a native of Yorkshire, England, and didn't decide to be an actor until he was twenty-six. As a member of the Royal Air Force he trained fliers at Macon, Georgia, during the war . . . Francoise Rosay, a famous French star, is best known in America for her pianist role in "Quartet" . . . Judith Evelyn, top ranking Broadway star, makes her screen debut as the jealous nurse.

✓✓ (F) Only the Valiant (Warners)

IT'S 1867 and the Apaches are making trouble for Uncle Sam's soldiers in the New Mexico desert. Gregory Peck is a young captain admired as a soldier but hated as a strict disciplinarian. He's in love with Barbara Payton, who lives with her father at *Fort Invincible,* and misunderstands a friendly kiss she gives Gig Young, a lieutenant at the post. When Gig is given a dangerous detail, and tortured to death by the Apaches, Greg is blamed by Barbara and his fellow officers. The Indians in this picture are a savage lot, under the leadership of famed *Tucsos* (Michael Ansara) and the battles are bloody and barbarous. In the cast are such hearty Indian fighters as Ward Bond, Lon Chaney, Terry Kilburn, Steve Brodie, Warner Anderson and Jeff Corey.

Your Reviewer Says: Fine action.

Program Notes: *William Cagney (Jimmy's brother) produced this picture. It was made on location in New Mexico, not far from Gallup—a spot famous for its pink sandstone cliffs, once the stronghold of the Apaches . . . The Indians used in the picture, however, are Navajos . . . This is Greg Peck's fifteenth film since he came to Hollywood, fresh from the Broadway stage, in July, 1943. Greg flew in from location to attend a gigantic birthday party held at his home for his three sons, Jonathan, six, Stephen, four, and Carey, one. Their birthdays are so close together that Mr. and Mrs. Peck decided to celebrate with one big party . . . After Barbara Payton's rave reviews in "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" the Cagney Brothers put her under personal contract. Barbara and Franchot Tone are a hot romance . . . Lon Chaney, son of the late silent star of many faces, is an ardent fisherman. He treated the cast one day to a fish dinner—a 15-pound trout he caught in Canada and had deep-frozen . . . When the sun refused to shine one day, director Gordon Douglas had the Navajo Indians do a traditional sun dance. Sure enough, that afternoon the sun came out. But later he discovered that the braves had put on a rain dance instead—ever mindful of their picture careers, and salary checks; they were quite annoyed when the sun came out.*

✓½ (A) Quebec (LeMay-Templeton-Paramount)

JOHN BARRYMORE Jr., Corinne Calvet and Patric Knowles are the stars of this episode in Canadian history which dips heavily into blood and melodramatics. It's 1837, and the settlers in Quebec province are eager to establish their own government, in spite of both French and British control. A fiery rebellion follows. Corinne plays the beautiful and mysterious *Lafleur,* brains behind the uprising, and Junior is

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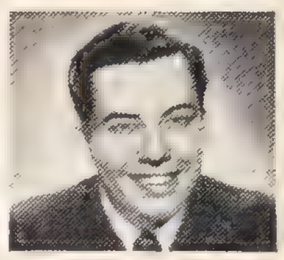

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her illegitimate son, raised in the wilderness by his rebel leader father, Patric Knowles. Loyalist John Hoyt, in the service of the British, orders Pat's death, and young John takes over the revolt. Barbara Rush plays Corinne's young ward, and Nikki Duval plays a young revolutionist, both in love with John. Photographed right on the spot in old Quebec, the scenery is authentic and exciting.

Your Reviewer Says: Melodrama.

Program Notes: *The film was photographed in Quebec last July and the old, old buildings, the winding streets, and the great arched granite gates of North America's only walled city will thrill and delight you . . . Officers and men of the 22nd Regiment, quartered at the Citadel, fought the battle scenes for the movie. Really fought them too, for the men were in a period of intensive active training for combat service as paratroopers . . . This is John Barrymore Jr's third picture. He's a very agreeable, affable young man, eager to affect the mannerisms of his famous father . . . Marriage changes few stars as much as it did Corinne Calvet. When the French beauty first came to Hollywood she was the gayest of the gay, night clubbing every night until dawn with some member of the wolf pack. But since she married John Bromfield she has become the quietest of the quiet. All she can talk about these days is her new house, her first, in Hollywood . . . Barbara Rush and Nikki Duval are complete screen newcomers, both under contract to Paramount. Barbara is from a prominent Santa Barbara family, majored in English in college, and trained in dramatics at the Pasadena Playhouse, where she was discovered. Nikki, with reddish hair and green eyes, was a photographer's model, and then a television favorite in New York. When she gave John Jr. his first kiss in their love scenes she literally swept him off his feet. Standing on the edge of a stream, he lost his balance and stepped knee-deep in the water.*

✓✓½ (F) Rawhide (20th Century-Fox)

HERE'S the best part Tyrone Power has had in many a day. And our boy Ty digs right into this stirring episode of Americana. The time is 1880, and the place is the adobe desert station of *Rawhide*, one of the stops on the stagecoach run from San Francisco to St. Louis. Edgar Buchanan and Ty, in charge of the station, have been advised that three desperate criminals, Dean Jagger, Jack Elam and George Tobias, under the leadership of murderer Hugh Marlowe have broken jail. Susan Hayward, a cynical entertainer from the Gold Coast, and her baby niece are detained by law at the station. The desperadoes swoop down, hell-bent on robbing the California stage, and there follows a night and morning of sheer terror. Really gives you the creeps.

Your Reviewer Says: Tiptop suspense.

Program Notes: *This original screen play, authored by writer Dudley Nichols, was shot at Lone Pine, California, four hours' drive from Hollywood. The snow-capped mountain in the background is Mt. Whitney. Those coyote howls are the real thing . . . This is Ty's first movie to be made in the United States in nearly three years. "And thank heaven," he said, "there were no camels. Camels and I just didn't get along in Africa when I was making 'The Black Rose.' They bit me at every chance." Following the completion of this picture Ty left Hollywood immediately to join his wife, Linda Christian, in London, where he has been starring ever since in "Mr. Roberts" . . . Susan Hayward was roughed up*

considerably by the bad boys in "Rawhide" and to save her as many black and blue spots as possible the studio padded her like a football player . . . The baby girl, Callie, *is played by twins, Jody and Judy Dunn. Because of California's strict child welfare laws, studios are always eager to find identical twins. Saves time and money.*

✓½ (A) Lightning Strikes Twice (Warners)

RUTH ROMAN, Richard Todd and Mercedes McCambridge are the bright and shining stars of this mystery melodrama that takes much too long in the telling. When Ruth, an Eastern actress, arrives in Arizona to spend a month at a dude ranch, she gets lost in a raging storm and is befriended by a surly suspicious character (Richard Todd) who is hiding out after his murder acquittal. At the *Tumble Moon Ranch* she meets the owner (Mercedes), a strange girl who is responsible for Todd's acquittal, and her neurotic, crippled brother (Darryl Hickman). Before the real murderer is trapped many things happen, involving wealthy ranch owners, Frank Conroy and Kathryn Givney; parish priest Rhys Williams; and loquacious playboy Zachary Scott—who is too good an actor for a walk-on part such as this.

Your Reviewer Says: Pedestrian.

Program Notes: *This picture was made in February 1950, at Victorville, California . . . At that time Ruth was dating Ronnie Reagan, and had not even met Mortimer Hall (son of a newspaper tycooness) whom she married in December. Ruth celebrated her first year at Warners during the production of this picture and as an anniversary gift Jack Warner elevated her to full stardom . . . But the big excitement of the location was when Mercedes McCambridge eloped to near-by Las Vegas to marry film and radio producer, Fletcher Markle. She flew back to the location the next day. Mercedes has a theory that nothing is more dangerous than "money in the bank." So she spends all her money on travel. John Lawrence, her son, has traveled so much with her that he speaks French and Italian even better than English . . . This is Richard Todd's first American-made picture. He was nominated for an Academy Award for his Scotsman in "The Hasty Heart" . . . Darryl Hickman, former child star, is now nineteen, and playing neurotic roles. A far cry from the roles he used to play as a child in Shirley Temple pictures.*

✓✓½ (A) Target Unknown (U-I)

SUSPENSE, good goose-pimply kind, is the keynote of this fast moving, semi-documentary picture based on the methods used by German Intelligence to extract information from captured American flyers during World War II. Mark Stevens plays the role of a young flight captain who outwits the German High Command; Robert Douglas plays a Nazi colonel; Gig Young a Nazi officer. Alex Nicol is a Yankee sergeant and Don Taylor a lieutenant on Mark's bomber shot down in German occupied France. The picture was made with the full cooperation of the Air Force and reveals a phase of military intelligence hitherto not shown on the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: Exciting film fare.

Program Notes: *A military training film turned out by the Air Force titled "Enemy Interrogation" gave U-I the idea, locale and factual materials for this picture . . . This is Mark Stevens's first film under his new U-I contract. He was formerly under contract to Twentieth. Mark started in show business*

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at the age of sixteen, and began his picture career in 1943 . . . Robert Douglas, a veteran of the London stage, has played Nazi military officers in his last two films. Douglas served in the Fleet Air Arm of the British Navy for more than six years . . . Alex Nicol was playing in "Mr. Roberts" on Broadway when the studio discovered him. You saw him in "The Sleeping City" and "Tomahawk" . . . Don Taylor served in the Air Force during the war, and played a lead in the Air Force stage play, "Winged Victory." His last big success was in "Father of the Bride" . . . Gig Young, soon after this film was finished, married Sophie Rosenstein, studio dramatic coach.

✓✓ (F) Vengeance Valley (M-G-M)

A GOOD off-beat Western filmed in Technicolor showing the Rocky Mountains in all their splendor. Burt Lancaster and Robert Walker are foster brothers, sons of Ray Collins, ranch owner. Burt and Bob return from the long winter guarding the cattle on the range to find that Sally Forrest has an illegitimate child. Burt covers for Bob (it is his child) and in doing so Sally's gunmen brothers believe he is the father. Burt and Bob go on spring round-up and Bob has seen to it that Sally's brothers, John Ireland and Hugh O'Brian, are along. He plans for them to kill Burt. The action climaxes in a blaze of gunfire. Joanne Dru plays Bob's wife. Carleton Carpenter is excellent as one of the ranch hands.

Your Reviewer Says: Well-cast Western.

Program Notes: *As his first picture for M-G-M Burt Lancaster chose this, his first Western, which was made near Canon City, Colorado. He has always wanted to play a two-fisted guy in a bigtime oater. London Palladium's Val Parnell phoned Burt and tried to set a date for him to appear at the famous British show spot. Burt hopes to make it in 1951, but ever since Mark Hellinger starred him in "The Killers" Burt has been up to his ears in pictures. He says he hasn't had a vacation in four years . . . Bob Walker usually plays a romantic young man in his pictures, so he was delighted to have a crack at a real villainous part. Bob's two sons, Bob Jr. and Mike, were staying with him during this production. (Mamma Jennifer Jones Selznick was in Europe.) When he came home one evening he had two squirts from water pistols hit him in the eye. "How are you ever going to beat Burt Lancaster to the draw when you can't even beat us?" asked his youngest . . . Sally Forrest has only a small part in this picture, but Metro is grooming her for big glamour parts. Sally, once dropped by Metro, made a big hit in Ida Lupino's "Not Wanted," and promptly Metro wanted her again. This time, they promise, things will be different . . . Joanne Dru and John Ireland, husband and wife, are crazy about acting. When not making pictures they play in little theaters.*

Best Pictures of the Month

I'd Climb the Highest Mountain
Rawhide
Target Unknown
Call Me Mister
Three Guys Named Mike
Royal Wedding

Best Performances of the Month

William Lundigan in
"I'd Climb the Highest Mountain"
Tyrone Power in "Rawhide"
Betty Grable in "Call Me Mister"

Brief Reviews

✓✓ (F) *AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES*—20th Century-Fox: This World War II adventure in Technicolor has Tyrone Power shipwrecked on an island populated by vicious Japs and French widow Micheline Prelle. With Tom Ewell, Bob Patten. (Feb.)

✓✓✓ (A) *BORN YESTERDAY*—Columbia: Hilarious screen version of smash Broadway play highlighting Judy Holliday as the dumb blonde who's interested only in Brod Crawford and minks—until Bill Holden comes along and teaches her about democracy and love. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *BRANDED*—Paramount: Alan Ladd is a renegade who passes himself off as the kidnapped son of rich Arizona rancher Charles Bickford—until he falls for his "sister" Mona Freeman. Peter Hanson makes an impressive debut as real son in this intriguing Technicolor melodrama. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *BREAKTHROUGH*—Warners: A dramatic World War II epic—centering around the invasion of Normandy and the experiences of a group of men involved in the final push to victory. With David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *COMPANY SHE KEEPS, THE*—RKO: A story in which parole officer Liz Scott tries to reform ex-convict Jane Greer. With Dennis O'Keefe. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *CRY DANGER*—Olympic-RKO: Dick Powell stalks the men that framed him into serving a five-year term at San Quentin. With Rhonda Fleming, Dick Erdman. (Jan.)

✓✓✓ (F) *CYRANO DE BERGERAC*—Kramer-UA: Faithful screen version of classic 17th Century romance with Jose Ferrer as the poet with the protruding proboscis, Mala Powers as the girl he loves and woos—for William Prince. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *DALLAS*—Warners: Rowdy tongue-in-cheek Western starring Gary Cooper as an ex-Confederate colonel who goes to Texas to take care of some unfinished business with villainous Yankees Steve Cochran, Raymond Massey, Zon Murray. Ruth Roman's the gal in the case. (Feb.)

✓½ (F) *DOUBLE CROSSBONES*—U-I: Donald O'Connor's songs and dance routines save this nonsensical comedy about 18th Century pirates. With Helena Carter. (Feb.)

(F) *EMERGENCY WEDDING*—Columbia: A trivial comedy about the complications that arise when millionaire playboy Larry Parks weds hard-working doctor Barbara Hale. With Eduard Franz. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *FLYING MISSILE, THE*—Columbia: Fictional story based on the actual building and launching of guided missiles. Played against authentic Naval base background by Glenn Ford, Viveca Lindfors. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE*—20th Century-Fox: Angels Clifton Webb and Edmund Gwenn come down to earth to settle marital difficulties between Joan Bennett and Robert Cummings so that Gigi Perreau can be born. A sentimental comedy-fantasy. With Joan Blondell. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *FRENCHIE*—U-I: Sheriff Joel McCrea finds it impossible to keep law, order and a state of bachelorhood when Shelley Winters hits the western town of *Bottleneck* to avenge her father's murder. Fun—and Technicolor too. With Elsa Lanchester, Paul Kelly, John Russell. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *GOLDBERGS, THE* (Molly)—Paramount: Heart-warming screen version of popular TV show with Gertrude Berg, Philip Loeb, Arlene McQuade, Larry Robinson in their original roles—and Eduard Franz, Barbara Rush, Peter Hanson as a triangle *Mrs. Goldberg* helps square. Also Eli Mintz as *Uncle David.* (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE*—M-G-M—Zany comedy, with music, about Kathryn Grayson's efforts to win ex-husband Van Johnson away from Paula Raymond. With Barry Sullivan. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *HALLS OF MONTEZUMA*—20th Century-Fox: Factual adventure of a marine platoon's struggle to capture a Jap-infested island in the Pacific. With Richard Widmark, Dick Hylton, Walter Palance and Reginald Gardiner. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *HARVEY*—U-I: Whimsical screen version of the famous play, in which Jimmy Stewart and a 6' tall invisible rabbit cause a lot of confusion for Josephine Hull, Peggy Dow, Cecil Kellaway. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *HIGHWAY 301*—Warners: Fast action gangster yarn based on the robberies and killings of the real life Tri-State Gang. With Steve Cochran, Robert Webber, Wally Cassell, Virginia Grey, Gaby Andre, Aline Towne. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *KANSAS RAIDERS*—U-I: Technicolor story of Civil War days and the early careers of the West's most fabulous bad men—played by Audie Murphy, Richard Long, Tony Curtis, Brian Donlevy. With Scott Brady, Marguerite Chapman. (Feb.)

✓✓✓ (F) *LIGHTS OUT*—U.I.: Arthur Kennedy gives a magnificent performance in this powerful story of a blind veteran who, with the help of friends John Hudson and James Edwards and USO worker Peggy Dow, is finally rehabilitated. (Mar.)

✓✓✓ (F) *MATING SEASON, THE*—Paramount: Thelma Ritter's the real star of this hilarious comedy about the complications that develop with socialite in-laws Gene Tierney and Miriam Hopkins when Thelma takes a job as cook in son John Lund's household. With Larry Keating. (Mar.)

✓ (F) *MINIVER STORY, THE*—M-G-M: Disappointing sequel to "Mrs. Miniver" concerned with the post-war problems of Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon. With Cathy O'Donnell, John Hodiak. (Jan.)

✓✓½ (F) *MUDLARK, THE*—20th Century-Fox: The appealing legend of a British waif who goes to Windsor Castle to see the secluded Queen. Irene Dunne is *Victoria,* Alec Guinness is impressive as *Disraeli,* but Anthony Ray steals the show as the little

Now! Easier, surer protection for your marriage hygiene problem

1. *DEODORANT (Protection from odor)*

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) unpleasant or embarrassing odors, and yet they have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

A Norwich Product

2. *ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)*

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FREE informative Norforms booklet

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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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She thought her face was clean...

Until she took the "tissue test"!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Dorothy Lamour that *there is a difference* in cleansing creams. She's co-star of the Cecil B. DeMille Production "The Greatest Show on Earth", Color by Technicolor.

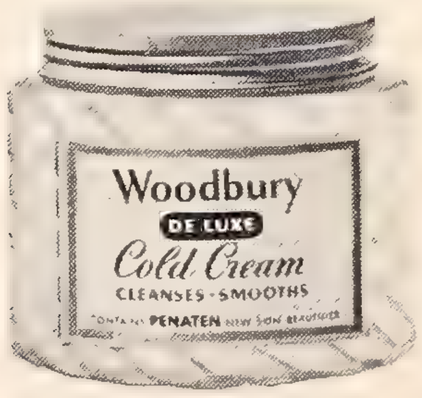
We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pores... lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

mudlark who stirs up a national incident. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *NEVER A DULL MOMENT*—RKO: When sophisticate songwriter Irene Dunne marries cowhand Fred MacMurray and is taken to his ranch to take care of chores and his kids Gigi Perreau, Natalie Wood, the fun begins. (Jan.)

✓✓½ (F) *OPERATION PACIFIC* — Warners: John Wayne and Pat Neal star in action-packed story of U.S. submarine operations during World War No. 2. With Scott Forbes, Ward Bond. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *PAGAN LOVE SONG* — M-G-M: There's very little plot in this romantic Technicolor idyl but there's Howard Keel's voice, Esther Williams's aquatics and gorgeous Hawaiian scenery. (Mar.)

✓✓ (A) *SCARF, THE*—Gloria-U.A.: Suspenseful story of insane asylum escapee John Ireland's attempt to discover whether he committed a brutal murder. Mercedes McCambridge, James Barton befriend him. With Emlyn Williams. (Jan.)

✓½ (A) *SEPTEMBER AFFAIR*—Paramount: Reported dead when the plane they missed crashes in Italy, Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten decide to start anew together—and discover love isn't always all. With Jessica Tandy, Francoise Rosay. (Jan.)

✓✓ (A) *SOUND OF FURY, THE*—Stillman-U.A.: A hard hitting drama of mob violence with Frank Lovejoy as an ex-G.I. who teams up with Lloyd Bridges and becomes involved in kidnapping and murder. With Richard Carlson. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *STAGE TO TUCSON*—Columbia: Plenty of shootin', ridin' and fightin' in this Technicolor Western featuring Wayne Morris and Rod Cameron as trouble shooters hired by the government to investigate the disappearance of Union Army stage coaches. With Kay Buckley. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *STATE SECRET* (The Great Manhunt)—Columbia: First rate thriller in which Douglas Fairbanks, invited to a mid-European country to receive a scientific award, finds himself forced to flee for his life. With Glynis Johns, Jack Hawkins, Herbert Lom. (Jan.)

✓✓ (A) *STORM WARNING*—Warners: Ginger Rogers paying an overnight visit to Doris Day and Steve Cochran accidentally witnesses a murder by the Ku Klux Klan in this controversial and suspenseful drama. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *SUGARFOOT*—Warners: Another routine Technicolor Western concerning the efforts of ex-confederate officer Randy Scott to make a home and a fortune in Arizona. With Adele Jergens. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *TOMAHAWK*—U.I.: Van Heflin and Yvonne De Carlo star in an exciting account of a skirmish between the Indians and the army, in the West of 1866. Alex Nicol, Preston Foster, Rock Hudson also look good in Technicolor. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *TWO FLAGS WEST*—20th Century-Fox; A Civil War era Western with Joseph Cotten, a Confederate prisoner-of-war freed to help Union officers Cornel Wilde and Jeff Chandler fight off Indian attacks. Linda Darnell's the girl they love. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE*—M-G-M: A gay nostalgic musical with Jane Powell a seventeen-year-old romantic who yearns for a corset and Ricardo Montalban while sister Debbie Reynolds just yearns for Carleton Carpenter. With Phyllis Kirk, Ann Harding, Louis Calhern. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *UNDERCOVER GIRL* — U-I: A fast moving drama with Alexis Smith as a policewoman who becomes involved with narcotics peddlers in order to solve her father's murder. With Scott Brady. (Feb.)

✓½ (A) *UNDER THE GUN*—U.I.: Ordinary gangster melodrama with Richard Conte as a racketeer with a happy trigger finger and Audrey Totter as the gal who causes his downfall. With Sheppard Strudwick, Sam Jaffe. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER*—RKO: A romantic melodrama in which Joseph Cotten, a small-time crook, tries to reform for the love of Alida Valli. With Paul Stewart, Spring Byington. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *WEST POINT STORY, THE*—Warners: The famed military academy provides the setting for this lilting musical with James Cagney, Gene Nelson and Virginia Mayo doing some fast stepping; Doris Day, Gordon MacRae ably handle vocals. (Feb.)

Take Your Charm Cue from

joan crawford

—the star who made glamour a movie by-word.

Beginning, on page 86, a new exciting series that will answer your personality problems

---

our new price

WHEN you purchased this copy of Photoplay you paid a five-cent higher price than you have had to pay since the year 1942.

The editors think you should know something of the facts underlying this.

For a matter of several years, during which almost every item in your daily lives from the morning paper to the pound of beef at dinner has doubled and tripled in price, Photoplay's publishers have been absorbing the same rising costs.

In the past year alone the cost of producing Photoplay has risen twelve per cent. Beyond the higher prices paid for paper and printing, engraving and binding, the people who produce all these things as well as those who work on the magazine (the editors, writers, artists and photographers) have had to have higher wages so that they, in turn, could meet the higher prices they must pay for every item in their daily lives.

Thus, during the past few months, it became imperative that the price of Photoplay be increased *or the quality of the magazine be materially reduced.*

Since its inception forty years ago, Photoplay has carried the banner of better publishing—better story material, the best in photography, the finest printing, the richest of color. Now to reduce the quality would be to abandon Photoplay's basic principle. Neither to the editors nor to the readers who come to Photoplay for the best would such quality reduction be a welcome solution.

The publishers of Photoplay chose the alternative, to raise the newsstand price by five cents, and agree that in doing this the magazine shall if possible become more beautiful and exciting than ever before.

Beginning, therefore, with this issue, Photoplay will offer you every month ten full color pages instead of the eight it has previously featured. These pages will be devoted to color portraits of the stars by the finest Hollywood photographers, handsome spreads of pictures, exciting Photoplay Pin Up Girls, beauty and fashion layouts and rich photographs of the stars' homes.

Nor is that all. Turn to Inside Stuff starting on page 8. Here the editors modestly believe you will find the most comprehensive news coverage of Hollywood available to movie-goers. Added to the complete reports of Cal York are new special columns exclusively prepared for Photoplay by star reporters Sidney Skolsky, Edith Gwynn and Erskine Johnson; United Press (Hollywood) correspondent Aline Mosby; and Herb Stein, columnist for the Hollywood Reporter.

The bylines on feature stories will continue to be names of authority. In this issue your attention is called to Elsa Maxwell's analysis of Hollywood's marriage break-ups . . . Louella O. Parsons's understanding story of Esther Williams . . . Hedda Hopper's gay inside line on Hollywood's busiest phone numbers . . . Sheilah Graham's honest barbs in "Big-Head Aches."

The editors of Photoplay who have had the privilege of creating this new magazine for you humbly hope you will receive it with the same enthusiasm with which they put it together.

Fred Hamm

P

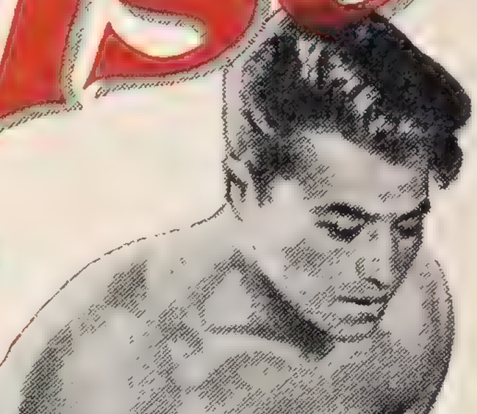
VOLCANIC!

The story of Polynesian love in the South Pacific!

Filmed in the exotic paradise of the South Seas—a rare and exciting love story of "The Islands" ...of the man from the West who won and loved Kalua!

Bird of Paradise

Technicolor



"All I will ever know of love and beauty ...and rare adventure..."

starring
LOUIS JOURDAN DEBRA PAGET JEFF CHANDLER

EVERETT SLOANE · MAURICE SCHWARTZ · JACK ELAM · PRINCE LEI LANI · OTTO WALDIS · ALFRED ZEISLER

Written and Directed by DELMER DAVES · Associate Producer HARMON JONES

20th CENTURY-FOX

THE BREAKING POINT

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Elsa puts her finger on the trouble spots that put these Hollywood marriages in the headlines

ALL marriages have a breaking point. But many marriages are so strongly rooted that they never come to the degree of strain and stress that would be their particular ruination. It all depends, of course, upon the man and woman involved.

Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton came to their breaking point before their marriage really began; just as soon as either of them was required to think first of the other. The failure of this marriage—if six months of life on luxurious ships and trains and hotels can be called a marriage—must be blamed, I think, not upon Liz and Nicky, but upon their parents who first spoiled them; then sanctioned their marriage after a courtship so short and public that they were little more than strangers.

Elizabeth's attitude toward marriage was, at best, unrealistic and romantic. Perhaps with a similarly unsophisti- (*Continued on page* 96)

Above left, Rocky and Gary Cooper, Nick Hilton and Liz Taylor. Above right, Ted Briskin and Betty Hutton, Bob and Betty Montgomery, Linda Darnell and Pev Marley, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor

HEDDA HOPPER REVEALS

Hollywood's BUSIEST

Shelley Winters could use a private switchboard to handle the nearly thirty calls she gets each day

Engstead

When Frank Sinatra croons to Ava Gardner over long distance—a voice out of the past haunts her too

Engstead

Howard Duff's phone keeps ringing but the girl he'd like to hear from never calls

Estabrook

HOLLYWOOD telephones work overtime. So do many of their dialers. There's a great turnover in both. The busiest numbers, of course, belong to the most popular girls and boys. Girls and boys are popular in Hollywood for the same reasons that they are popular in any town or city in any part of the country. The girls are beautiful and the boys are handsome. Which is exciting anywhere. They're young and filled with the joy of living. Which also is exciting anywhere. Besides, they know the secret of subtle flattery. And last, but by no means least, they have that thing called sex appeal.

If you have sex appeal, sweetheart, you're in. You can be thirtyish, plain and as self centered as *Snow White's* stepmother.

Unfortunately, in Hollywood there is another reason for popularity. There is fame. Young men want to be seen with important and glamorous stars no matter how much some of those bird-brain dolls might bore them. And the same goes for young women. (*Continued on page* 83)

PHONE NUMBERS

Jones

Cupid and the grocer vie for Scott Brady's number

Those three a.m. telephone calls are the reason Bob Stack's mother has insomnia

Fink and Smith

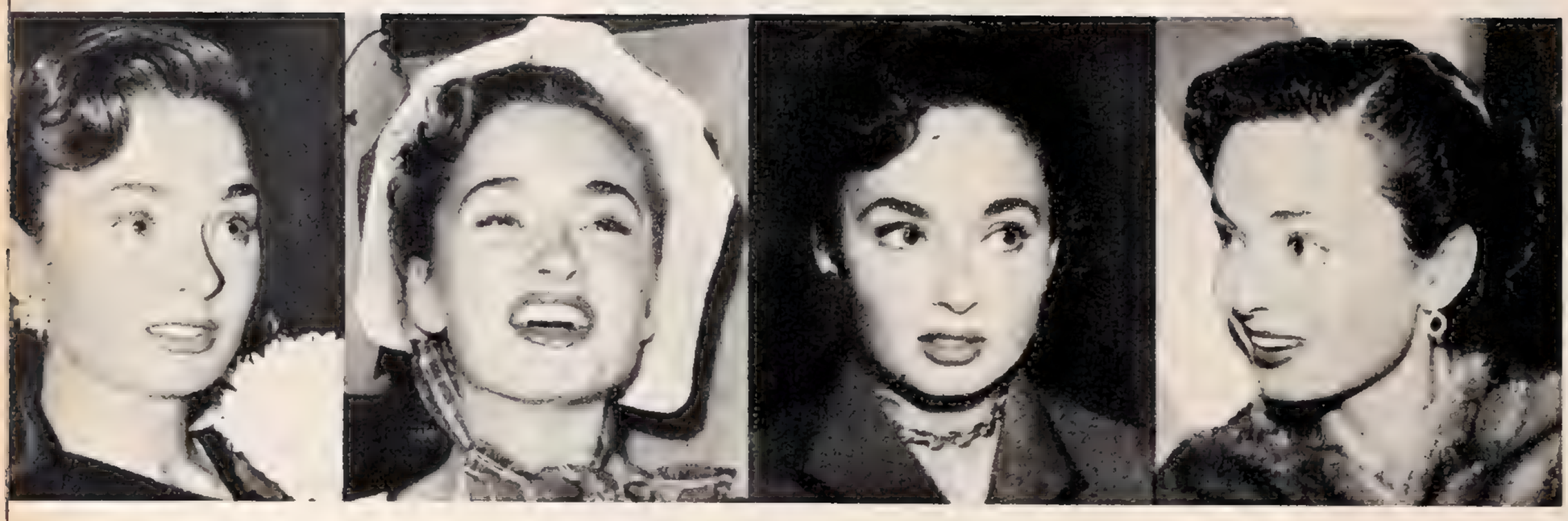
That long distance beau doesn't have to dial Information to find out what Janet Leigh is doing. Hedda knows!

Engstead

Ask the girl at the switchboard,

says Hedda, if you want to know the

most romantic numbers in Hollywood



by Maxine Arnold

Angel face

She's a sexy Eve, a beguiling brat, a sweet Victorian.

She's Ann Blyth, Hollywood's most intriguing young paradox

WHEN Ann Blyth swaggered into the Press Photographers' Ball dressed as *Sadie Thompson,* cameras clicked, bulbs flashed. Ann wore a tight black dress, red shoes, a blonde wig and black beret. She dangled a cigarette and leaned on Scott Brady, who was attired and illuminated as a lamppost.

Some of her best friends, finding her vaguely familiar, gave a casual "Hello," then a surprised double-take. "So *this* is your suppressed desire." In the true spirit of *Sadie,* Ann later torched through "My Man," torrid yearning in her blue eyes.

Before the ball she had asked her Uncle (*Continued on page 82*)

Changeable as April: Ann Blyth, next in "Bonaventure"

Color photograph by Engstead

The second time they met, Stewart Granger sent fifteen-year-old Jean Simmons into the giggles

It was New Year's Eve. Arm in arm they explored their new house, dreamed over the moonlit pool and plunged into the most hilarious honeymoon any couple ever had

WHEN Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons married they realized, suddenly—having up until now thought of nothing but marriage—that New Year's Eve was only eleven days away.

Being stars, they have a fine instinct for drama. Being newlyweds, they are still in that lovely state where two is company and anyone else a bore. The house Stewart had bought in Bel-Air, while not new in itself, was new and strange and beautiful to them. So—even if it meant moving heaven and Hollywood—Stewart insisted they had to be in residence by December 31st. And they were!

They dined elegantly, just the two of them, black tie for Stewart, a filmy evening gown for Jean. At ten they dismissed the one servant and, arms entwined, walked through their first home together. They gazed at each one of the twelve rooms, inspected the several bathrooms, then visited the kitchen—a paradise of gadgets, with dishwasher, washing machine, garbage (*Continued on page* 89)

When Jean asks him if he'd love her if she weren't an actress, Stewart laughingly tells her "no!"

BY RUTH WATERBURY

PHOTOPLAY

PIN UP

#3

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK POWOLNY

betty grable

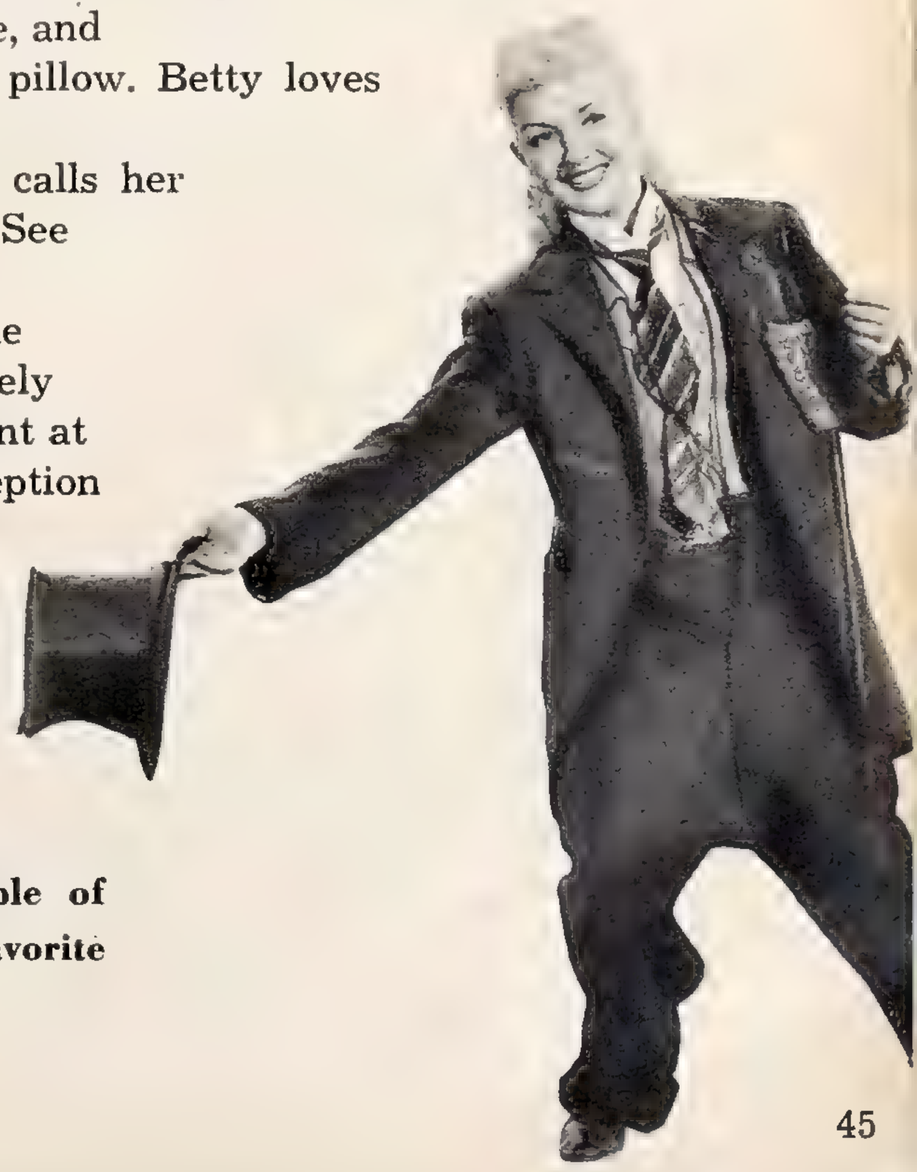
Betty Grable's measurements have changed since she was World War II's No. 1 Pin Up Girl—but to even more exciting proportions. Where she used to measure 33″ bust, 23″ waist and 33″ hips, she is now 35″ bust, 23½″ waist and 35″ hips. The current fashions, featuring more hip and more you-know-what, might have something to do with that. Her height, 5′4″—and her weight, 116 pounds, haven't changed. Her legs still are unchallenged as the world's finest.

Betty's idea of heaven is a large gooey dessert loaded with whipped cream. She won't eat liver. Before she married Harry James, eight years ago come July, she hated hard liquor so the very smell of it made her sick. Now, because Harry enjoys it, she joins him in a before-dinner cocktail.

She wears blue, like her eyes, or gray—and never buys evening clothes because night clubs and parties bore her. She never wears make-up at home. She's perfume happy, having approximately a quart of every known brand, using it lavishly. She sleeps in a seven-foot-wide bed, in long-sleeved, sheer, pink pleated chiffon nightgowns, which Harry has made to order for her and which barely reach to the middle of her perfect thighs. Her poodle, Pumpkin, sleeps alongside in his bed. That is, when Harry is in town. When Harry is on the road with his band, the glamorous Grable snuggles down into a blue flannelette nightie, and Pumpkin curls up on Harry's pillow. Betty loves going to bed at nine, rising at six.

Her only nickname is Honey. Harry calls her that. Her nickname for Harry is Honey. (See how this gets the Jameses in a rut.)

When she drops out of the "top ten" at the box office, she declares she will quit. Approximately 9,741 other actresses have made this statement at some time, but Betty will undoubtedly be the exception who will live up to it.



Repeat performance: Betty Grable of "Call Me Mister" is again a G.I. favorite

My Guiding Star

He was a lowbrow . . . she was a highbrow.

He went in for people . . . she went in for Art.

But he had all the answers she needed

BY SHEILA MacRAE

Sheila and Gordon MacRae

Meredith Lynn, right, was born during a MacRae depression but Heather ushered in a fleeting prosperity—and a Park Avenue apartment

THE first time I ever saw Gordon MacRae, he was just nineteen and I was a year and a half younger. The place was Roslyn, Long Island, New York, the year was 1939. He stood before me, absolutely bouncing with good nature. In one fast glance I considered him as crass and insensitive a fellow as it had ever been my bad luck to meet.

Today, ten and a half years later, I look back at that moment and thank my guardian angel for Gordon's tolerance, understanding and wonderful sense of humor.

Gordon has taught me how to live. Behind his constant laughter there is the kindest heart in the world. Behind his charm there is a sensible, always working intelligence.

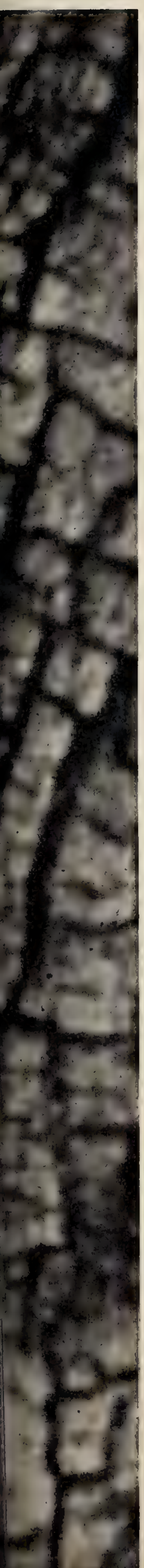
Those of us who live in Hollywood see more clearly than anyone can see anywhere else on earth that wealth and fame have little to do with happiness. In other places where (*Continued on page* 98)

Singing heart: Gordon MacRae, star of "On Moonlight Bay"

Fink & Smith

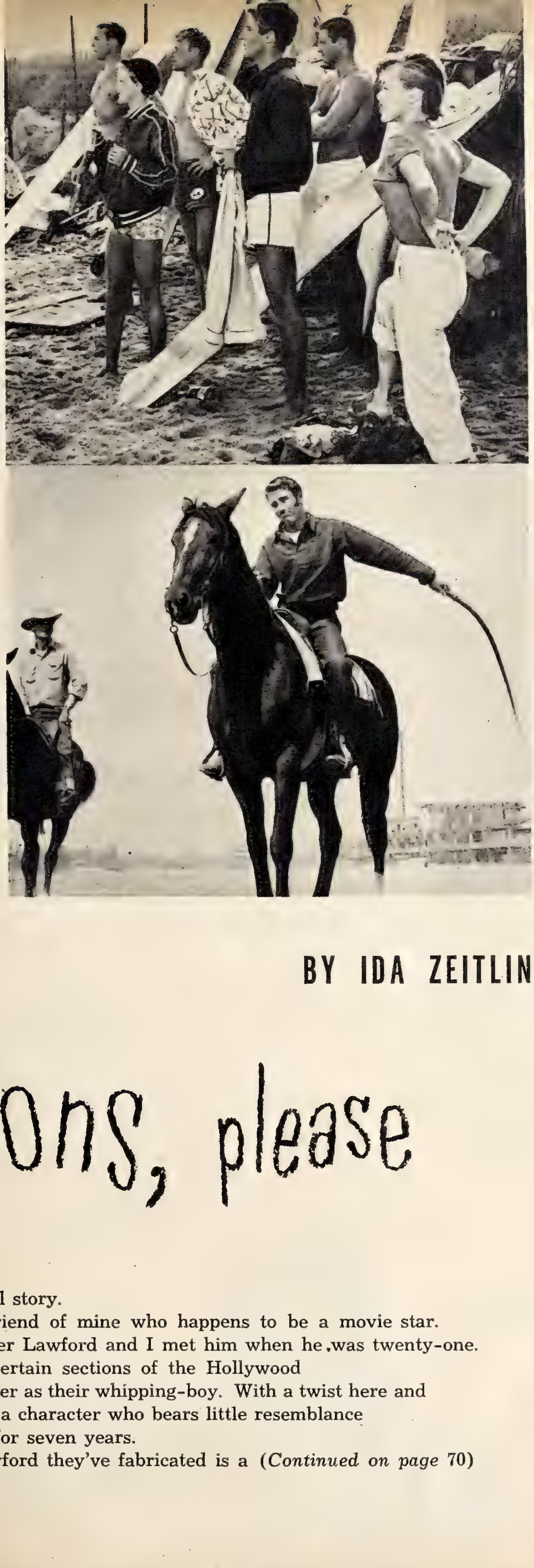
Take him out of a night club and he wilts. He's stingy, a social climber, a playboy.

That's what some reporters say about Pete



They don't make newspaper columns—but the kids he surfboards with have a different brand of stories about Peter Lawford

Before he left for Australia, where "Kangaroo" is being filmed, Pete spent strenuous hours learning to use a bull whip. He grew sideburns, mustache, for role



BY IDA ZEITLIN

Corrections, please

THIS is a personal story.

It's about a friend of mine who happens to be a movie star. His name is Peter Lawford and I met him when he was twenty-one. For reasons of their own, certain sections of the Hollywood press have latched on to Peter as their whipping-boy. With a twist here and a gouge there, they've created a character who bears little resemblance to the one I've known for seven years.

The Lawford they've fabricated is a (*Continued on page* 70)

Portrait of Pete
Valeska

Cover Girl

Without Ben, the babies and that cookbook,

she's a fish out of water

ESTHER WILLIAMS, the glamorous swimming queen whose popularity year after year clicks merrily at the box office, is more old-fashioned than you would believe possible.

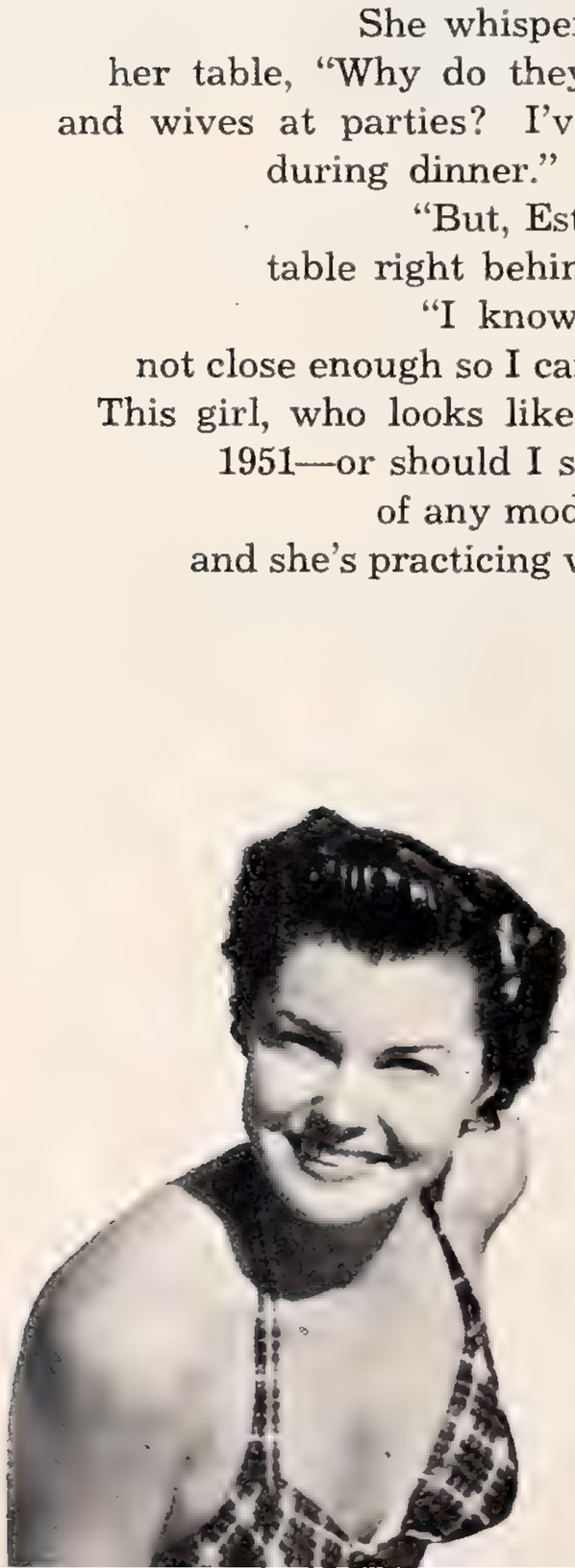
At a big formal party given by her boss, Louis B. Mayer, and his beautiful wife, Esther walked in with her new figure (her baby was then about six weeks old) looking like a Harper's Bazaar magazine cover in a very decollete gown, close fitting, showing off that beautiful mermaid form like white silk scales. She later told me she was so happy all her bosses were there so they could see she had put on no weight.

She whispered forlornly as I passed by her table, "Why do they always separate husbands and wives at parties? I've missed Ben so much all during dinner."

"But, Esther," I laughed, "he's at the table right behind you."

"I know," she conceded. "But he's not close enough so I can touch his knee with mine!"

This girl, who looks like the personification of Miss 1951—or should I say Mrs. 1951—wants no part of any modern "doodads" of matrimony and she's practicing what (*Continued on page* 101)



No shut-up nurseries for Esther Williams—in her home, the cradle is the center of the living room

make hers

old-fashioned

by Louella O. Parsons

Movie masquerade

BY KAY MULVEY

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen

No one could say a word until the others had guessed the title of the movie they rep-

Paula Raymond, Michael Rennie, Mona Freeman, Rod Cameron, Adele Mara, Pat Nerney. Mona stumped them until Rod came to the rescue

Rod's buffet supper made a tempting table

A gay party that kept the guests guessing and gave Rod Cameron's new wife a novel introduction to the movie set

resented. But the puzzles were solved in time to end the party in singing style. Left to right, Rod, Michael, Paula, Adele, K. T. Stevens and husband Hugh Marlowe, who dropped his clue

Rod helps wife Angela get the right tilt to her "hat." Angela, a non-professional, used a pan lid to suggest the title of a picture

WHEN the Rod Camerons returned from their honeymoon, Rod wanted his bride, Angela Alvez-Lico, to meet a few of his picture friends.

His invitations read as if Angela was his guest of honor—which indeed she was. On informal beige paper, Rod wrote:

Would you like to come to a supper honoring Angela Alvez-Lico, my new leading lady. By the way, this is permanent casting. Since this will be Angela's first venture into the theatrical world, the party is to have a theme. So come dressed as a title of a motion picture. Festivities will start at 8:30, supper at 11:00. Hope you can make it. Let me know.

So there would be no awkward moments for Angela or his guests, Rod stood beside his wife at the living-room doorway (*Continued on page* 107)

Tony Curtis came from the New York tenements.

But the simple old-world charm he gets from his

parents makes him Hollywood's new dreamboat

bronx express

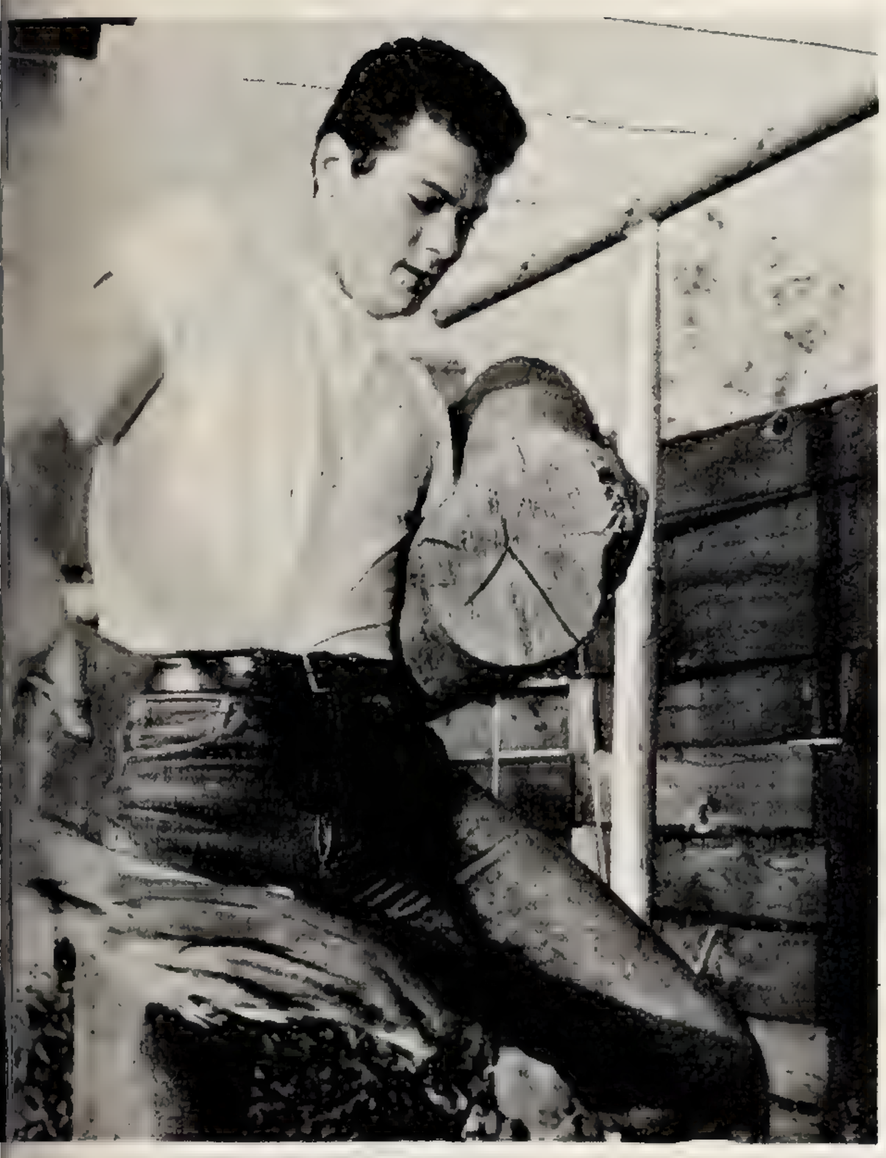
First caller for the day is Tony Curtis's kid brother. Eight-year-old Bobby has the same drive and restless energy as Tony, whom he adores

He never misses his daily workout with trainer Frankie Van at the studio gym. Good-natured and enthusiastic, Tony is rated a "good guy" by those who work with him

At drugstore on studio lot, Tony stops for a soda and quick look at the magazines. There may be a story about him!

photoplay feature attraction

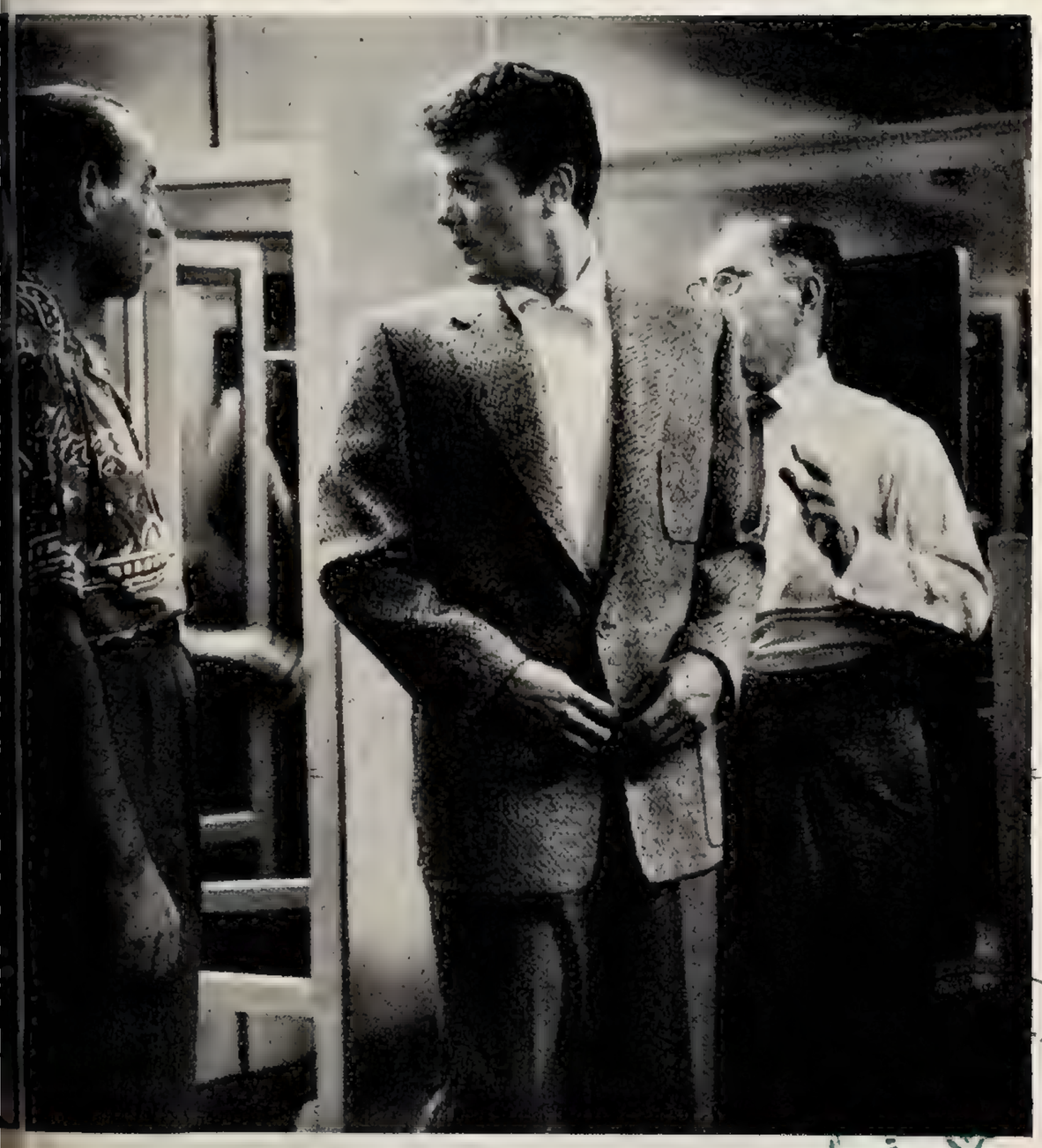
Photographs by Sterling Smith



Tony's daily chore—chopping wood for Mama. The family lives in a tiny apartment near Universal-International studios

His career is important to his family—and especially to Tony, who loves it and wants to make good more than anything else. He picks up his fan mail first thing, beams when he's told, "It's growing, kid!"

e studies the fit of new sports jacket at Sy Devore's ollywood Shop. "Big date tonight," he tells Sy and Barett Wainman, who assure him the shoulders are perfect



The Schwartz family (Tony Curtis is the name Hollywood gave Bernie Schwartz) live the same life they used to live in the Bronx. Mama Helen Schwartz rules the roost. She keeps, for instance, a whole mantel full of pictures of Tony, which embarrasses him—but if she wants it, that's the way it's going to be. Tony and his mother have been especially close since a younger brother, Julius, was killed in a New York traffic accident fourteen years ago. Manuel Schwartz, too, is Tony's balance wheel. Recently, when relatives came to visit, Tony had to move out of the family apartment and bunk in with his agent and Marlon Brando. He says of both, as he says of so many, "He's a sweet people."

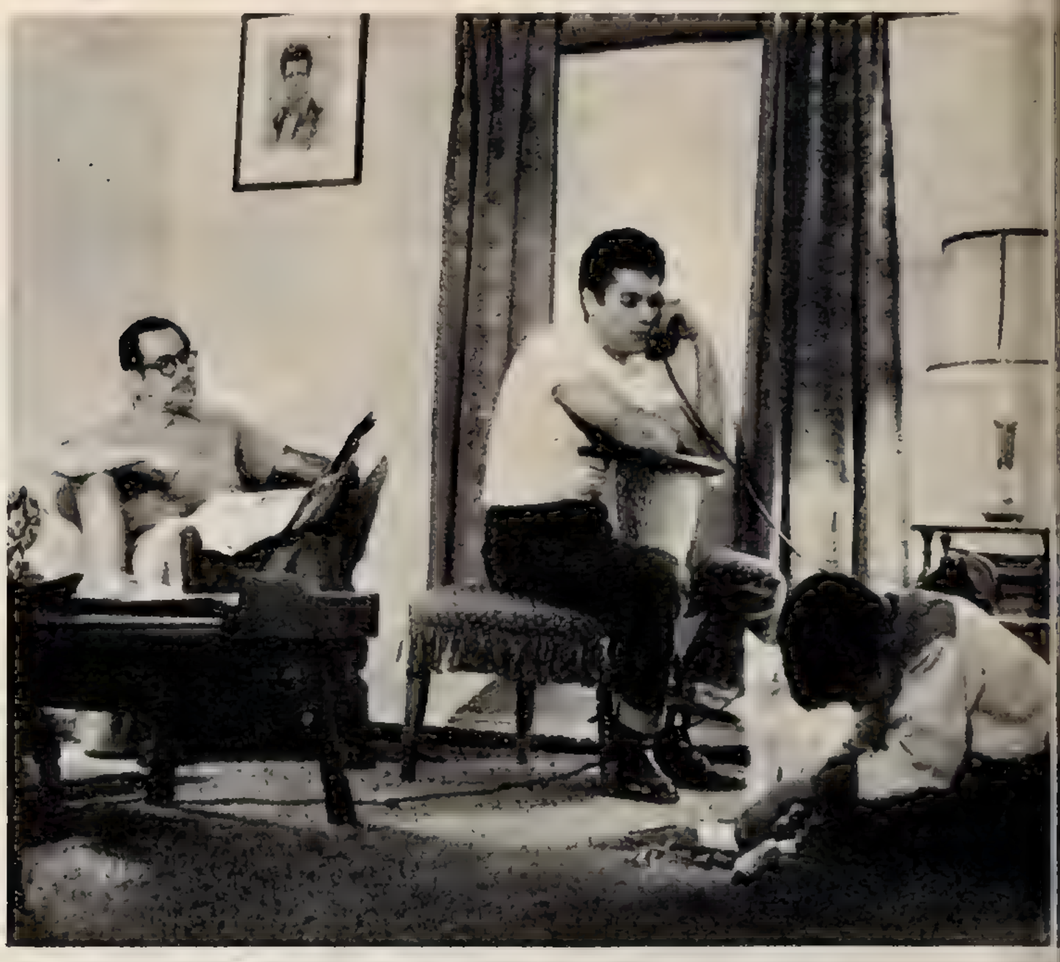
Tony seems headed for big things now that he's made good in his first starring role in "The Prince Who Was a Thief." But he promises, "I'll never be a *schmoe.*"

Tony checks with agent Mike Meshikow on any roles coming up that might be good for him

Warmhearted, down-to-earth Mama Schwartz has to see—and approve—the new jacket

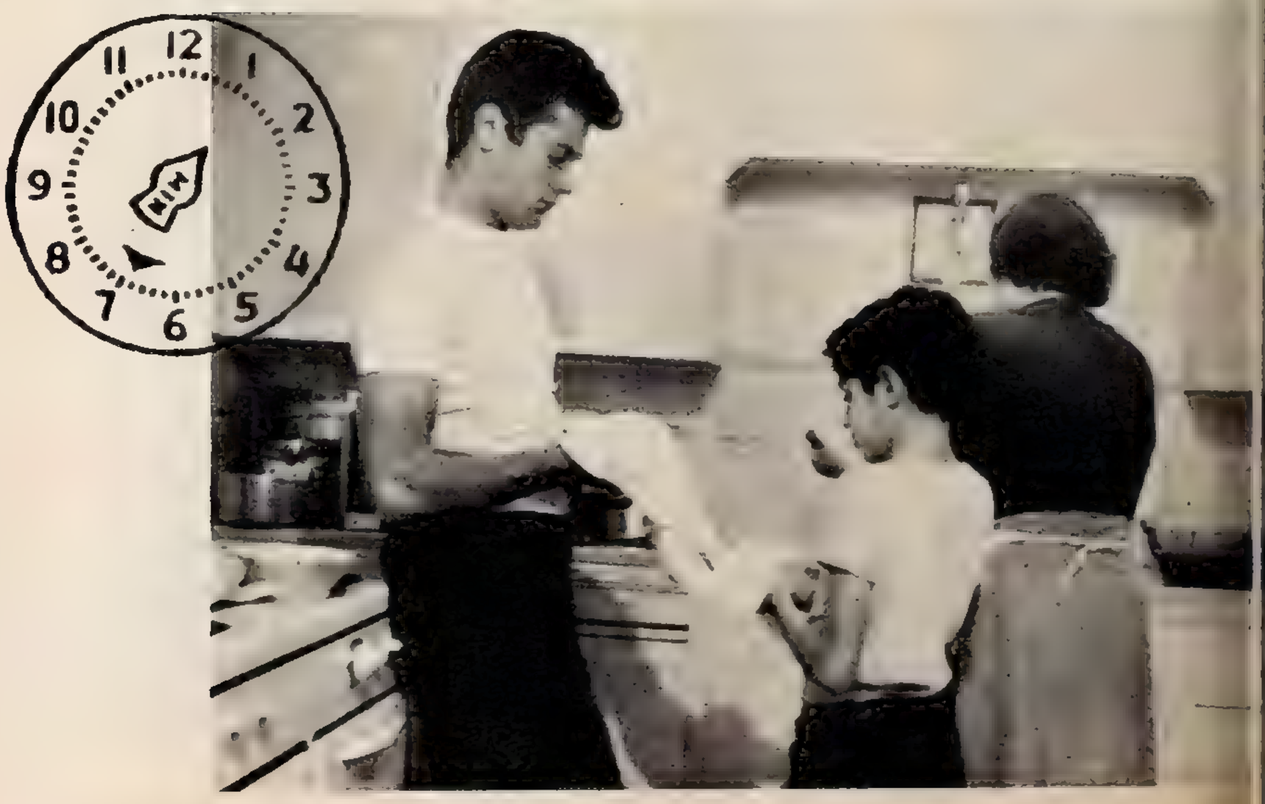
bronx express

Papa Manuel, who works in downtown Los Angeles as a tailor, still advises Tony on business problems



At dinner, Tony tells family about Buick he's buying on time—brought papers home for Papa to see

The kitchen is tiny. Tony, Mama, Bobby are a tight squeeze. Tony is saving to buy family a new house



It's late—but not too late for Janet Leigh to admire Tony's coat all over again as she says goodnight to him at her door. Tony's family is fond of Janet, who laughingly insists she'll get fat on Mama's Hungarian stuffed cabbage

End—of a Curtis day. Family all sleep in big, eiderdown quilts, wrapped around them Hungarian style. Once Janet stayed overnight, slept on couch in one of the quilts—and liked it so much Mama is making one for her

Don't put out the lights and go to bed until you've tried Hollywood's dreamy directions for a real beauty sleep

Eleanor Parker in Juel Park's lovely Angel negligee of nylon net over satin. The net is embroidered with tiny pussy willows

Engstead

Corinne Calvet in green satin housecoat, with long, shocking pink sash, also designed by Juel Park. Plastic shoes have removable straps of shocking pink nylon

Schafer

by Vicky Riley

Goodnight, ladies

Loretta Young, dainty in Flopert's lace-trimmed quilted white crepe peignoir, with pearl buttons

Fink and Smith

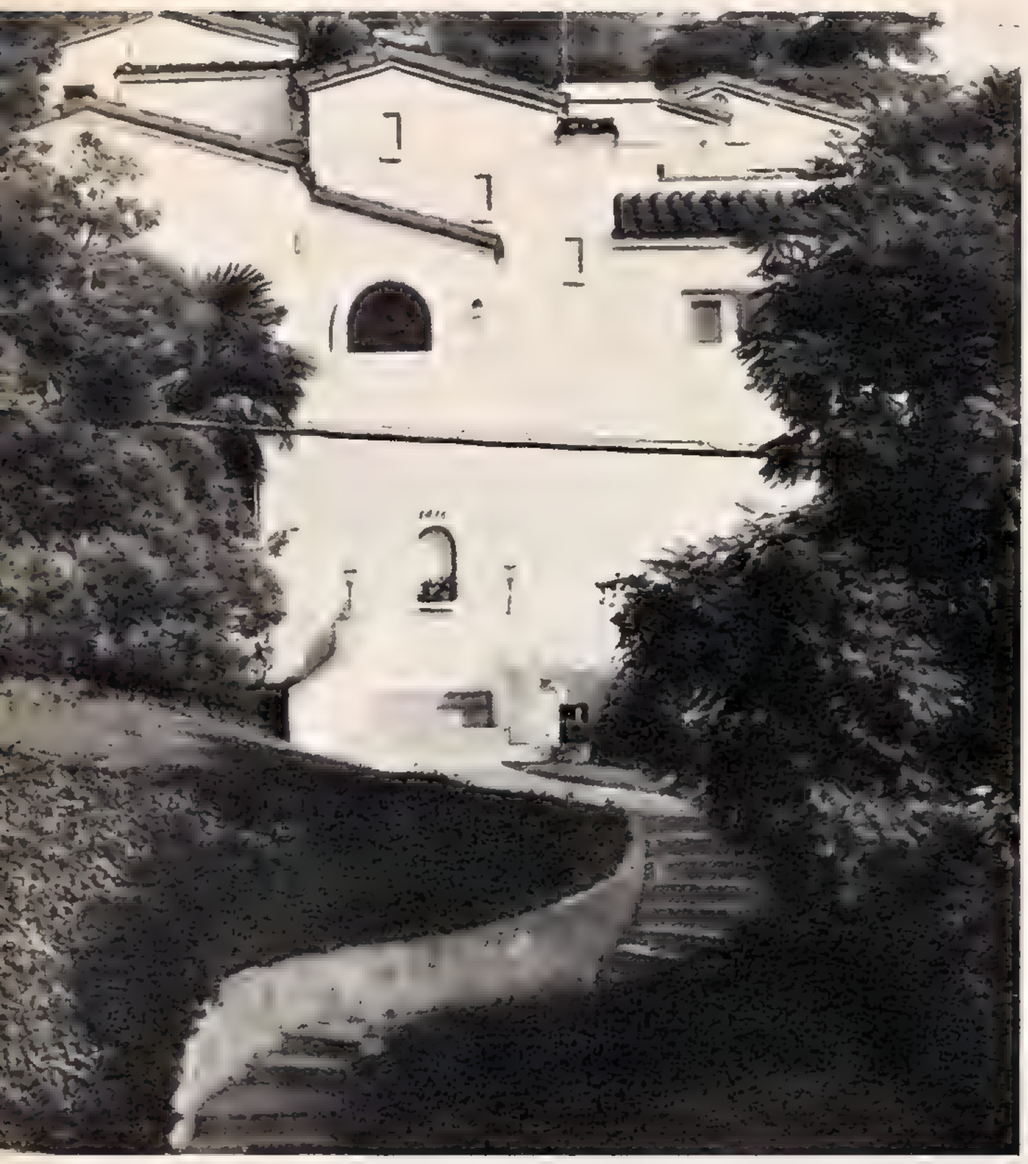
In green and beige striped jersey, Arlene Dahl's housecoat by Irene is tucked at waistline for slim grace

Fink and Smith

No time for beauty? Nonsense. Pursue beauty while you sleep—the way they do in Hollywood. There are a dozen and more things you can do at night to keep you pretty through the day and you don't have to look a freak while you do them. (*Continued on page* 73)

Young and gay is Tommies ensemble worn by Peggy Dow. The quilted denim coat is lined with pajama checks

Fink and Smith



Hillside house where Joan lives with parents. Side entrance leads to her apartment

Joan dreamed up idea for bedroom dressing table, spanned two chests with glass shelf, faced wall with six mirrors

teen-age heaven

Three rooms and bath, a private entrance and decorating ideas galore gave Joan Evans a place of her very own—right in her parents' home!

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

"THERE'S gonna be a great day!" sang Joan Evans. "Our first very own home and me with an apartment in it!"

Many teenagers dream of having their own apartments and many parents view the dream with jaundiced eye. But a girl who combines high school (Joan's a senior) and a career definitely needs more independence than a room in her parents' home would give. Yet a separate apartment doesn't fill the bill either. (*Continued on page* 93)

Living-room fireplace lacked mantel so Joan painted iron border a gay red. She toasts marshmallows, hot dogs at the fire

Photographs by de Gennaro

June Allyson, shown with Frances Bergen, made a quick recovery

Is Farley Granger going ahead with such speed he can't see his old friends as he passes by?

Our reporter takes a

Mink and popcorn go together for Esther Williams, above with husband Ben Gage and Loretta Young

Was Liz Taylor, here with Spencer Tracy, too high up to see the pitfalls of a marriage that was to change her to a disillusioned woman?

There isn't a sweeter character in Hollywood than Dan

BIG-HEAD ACHES

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

level look at some star offenders

who reached the top—

only to lose their balance

Dailey, shown below with Betty Grable, but even he couldn't avoid a success penalty

Alan Ladd let his studio do all the talking—until recently

WHEN Kirk Douglas first came to Hollywood, he had an insecure quality that made you want to help him. He was so friendly, like an eager kid whom you have to restrain from running errands for you. I actually met Kirk before Hollywood did. I answered Kirk's ad to rent his walk-up apartment in Greenwich Village, when I wanted to go back to New York for a month to have my baby.

I didn't take his apartment—too many stairs. But we became chums. And when he did that brilliant job in "Champion" I went to town for him verbally and in print, said I thought he should win the Academy Award.

After "Champion" everyone said, "How Kirk has changed!" Everyone said it, that is, except Kirk. "I've always been like this," Kirk said. And by "like this," he meant brash and confident. Maybe he always was. But the pre-success, modest approach was pleasanter. People believed that Kirk's divorce from his very nice Diana was caused by his success. Kirk himself stated (*Continued on page* 104)

photoplay

FASHION

featuring Debra Pa

star of Twentieth's "Bird of Paradise,"

in designs inspired by the picture

"Bird of Paradise," the Technicolor production filmed in the Pacific by Twentieth Century-Fox, is the inspiration for many of the newest and most exciting colors. Leading designers, influenced by the tropical settings of this picture, have translated them into the colorful, wearable clothes and accessories shown here.

● ***Debra Paget,** left, in halter sun dress with draped bodice. The softly gathered skirt, zippered in back, has wide cummerbund belt. In pima broadcloth, sizes 10-16, it comes in a wide variety of "Island" colors—tenga red, tapu straw, paradise yellow, isle green, kalua blue. Dress, $16.95. Not shown is matching little boy jacket for street wear, $10.95. By Toni Owen at Gano-Downs, Denver, Colo.*

● *High in appeal, low in price is the young dressmaker suit, right, in wilt-resistant rayon shantung. Cutaway double-breasted jacket flatters the neckline with a shawl collar. In all the "Paradise" colors, plus many others, it comes in sizes 9-15, 10-18. $25.00 by Joselli at Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C.; Macy's, San Francisco, Cal., and* *stores listed on page 76*

Photographed by Engstead at Bel-Air Hotel, Hollywood

Left, the "Bird of Paradise" pin created by Coro
Gloves by Dawnelle
Handbag by Jenny

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 76

photoplay's

PATTERN

of the month

• *Inspired by the sarongs of the Island girls, William Travilla designed this figure-flattering dress worn by Debra Paget. Slim wrap skirt suggests the graceful sarong lines. Wear it now with the brief, button-on bolero and, later in the season, show your shoulders like Debra, below, in a smart halter sundress. We suggest making it in one of Burlington's colorful crease-resistant rayon linens*

For detailed pattern drawings see page 76

• *Photoplay Patterns*
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Debra Paget "Bird of Paradise" dress in sizes 9-11-13-15-17

Name ..... *Size* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Age* .....

Put grace in your step...

TOWNER

ELBART

SCHEME

IOLA

for graceful walking

Grace Walker

Grace Walker Shoes help develop the natural charm of a graceful walk. Try a pair of Grace Walkers... you'll thrill at their comfort and style. They're sensibly priced, too. See Grace Walkers at your favorite store, or write us for nearest dealer's name.

Friedman-Shelby Division, International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Missouri

"Bird of Paradise" inspired

FASHIONS

continued

Photographs by Engstead

Island intrigue: Pictured in neutral colored tapu straw, separates with a double purpose— as a smart ensemble or as easy-to-match pieces

- *Two for the money: Enchanting in domestic linen, sleeveless blouse, above, features mandarin collar, colorful "Bird of Paradise" embroidery. Skirt has new trumpet flare. Also in kalua blue. Blouse $5.95, sizes 30-38, matching skirt, sizes 10-18, $7.95. Straw belt around $1.00. All by Dorothy Korby at Sage, Allen, Hartford, Conn.*
- *Just right for each other: In silk pongee, sleeveless blouse, left, has little collar, criss-cross tucking on bosom for handmade look. Skirt has unpressed box pleats. Blouse and skirt about $12.95, both in sizes 7-15. Also in isle green and paradise yellow. Mix Mates by Horwitz & Duberman at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia, Pa. and Jays, Boston, Mass. Aster carnation*

Holeproof's nude nylons
Mademoiselle's shell pump
Betmar's picture hats
For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 76

Patricia's Ring—
a large solitaire and
six smaller diamonds

She's Engaged!

Winsome, young PATRICIA STEVENS is up in the clouds these days! Her engagement to Frederick Abbot Gage of Montclair has been announced. They've made their plans for a Spring wedding to be held in the lovely, old Christ Episcopal Church in Glen Ridge, New Jersey. There'll be five bridesmaids—an adorable bride—a gala reception afterwards.

She's Lovely!

Gay, lively and darling are words that rush to describe Patricia the minute you see her. You can't help being captured by her disarming smile, her laughing blue eyes, her creamy, magnolia-blossom complexion. Her face shows you all the merry charm of her Inner Self—bubbling out to make you *love her* at first sight.

She uses Pond's!

Patricia Stevens has a complexion that's soft and smooth as petals. "I *always* use Pond's," she says.

"You have more fun when you know you look your prettiest"—

Patricia says—

It certainly gives a girl a happy lift of confidence to know she looks her best.

And Patricia feels a pretty complexion boosts any girl's glamour-rating. "I like Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing my face better than anything," she says. "It makes my skin feel fabulously clean and soft. And *cream* cleansing can't be drying."

You, too, will like Pond's Cold Cream care for your face. Do this Pond's treatment every night (for your day face cleansings, too)—*this is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat, to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Isn't it *easy?* And how fresh-as-spring-rain your skin looks—and feels! You'll just *love* this Pond's beauty care!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your best, it gives you an added confidence that makes the real You within *sparkle out*—draws other people to you on sight!

**Start your Pond's beauty care now.
Help your face show a lovelier You!**

P

(*Continued from page* 49) social climber. Fresh air kills him. Deny him the smoky delights of a night club, and you'd find him a dead duck on his doorstep next morning. He makes a career of being a playboy, and luxuriates in loving 'em and leaving 'em. They call him "economical." They say, "Peter reached into his pocket when the check was presented and came up with a handkerchief—"

The Lawford I know is a warmhearted, unaffected young man who picks his friends as he likes them—whether on the beach at Malibu or in the glitter of international society. If publicity were the crown of his ambition, he could improve his own by currying press favor. Night clubs bore him. Before he left for Australia, where he's playing in "Kangaroo" for Twentieth Century-Fox, he spent much of his spare time on a surfboard. He's interested in girls, which hardly puts him in a class by himself—and he's not married—probably because the right one hasn't turned up. As for not paying his way, that's a bunch of horsefeathers.

HOW do these stories get about? Because it's easier to pin a tag on a guy than to delve into facts.

If you want the real story of Peter and money, ask the kids he surfs with. They'll spill enough tales. "I got a chance at a job," one of them said, "but didn't have the clothes. He gave me a whole outfit. This goes on all the time. In his quiet way he finds out who's down on his luck, and takes care of it." The boy looked uneasy. "Only maybe I shouldn't be telling you this. He'd hate to have me setting him up as Santa Claus."

It's almost idiotic to say that when Peter goes out, he pulls his own weight. Given his background and training, you take this for granted. I'm saying it only because the contrary has been implied again and again. He and Bob Walker often double-date. They pick up the tabs alternately. Nor does Peter feel that because his friends, the McLeans, have millions, the party must necessarily be on them. He takes his turn. It's a matter of principle.

There's a man in Hollywood—generous, kind and wealthy—who's a check-grabber. It's virtually impossible to get ahead of him. His sense of hospitality is such that he's allergic to being a guest. I've seen Peter in restaurants with this man. I've seen him arrive ahead of time to make arrangements with the captain. While coffee was being served, I've seen him slip from the table to pay the check. Lots of people wouldn't bother, being less sensitive to the courtesy of give-and-take. Peter's one of the few who's ever beaten Mr. X to the punch.

On the other hand, he won't be the guy who walks into a bar and sets up drinks for the mob, including strangers. He's no Diamond Pete Lawford, and excess isn't in his nature. He remembers quite clearly the years when he shoved cars round a Florida parking lot and ushered in a Los Angeles theater at fifteen dollars a week. Compared with that of the average man, his income is large. Compared with those of many Hollywood figures, it isn't. He's seen plenty of oldtimers working as extras. He's heard plenty about the brief earning years of an actor. So he takes the precautions of any sound businessman (only an actor's supposed to have a soul above business and wind up in a hall bedroom with a hot plate). With his manager, he's worked out a budget that covers house and upkeep, the maintenance of three people, clothes, car, miscellaneous expenses and savings. It's a budget that allows for extravagance. Though he could do with a Ford, he drives a Cadillac because he enjoys driving a Cadillac. He also enjoys good clothes.

How a man spends his money is still his own affair in this country, praise be. But in Hollywood, you sometimes wonder. They poke fun at stars who can't get along without swimming pools. They poke fun at Peter who has no swimming pool, the reason being that he has no use for pool-swimming. For nine years he's surfed at Malibu and San Onofre. They say he consorts exclusively with the wealthy, which makes him a snob. The wealthy do their swimming at beach clubs, yet in nine years he's never belonged to a beach club. But Peter's damned if he does, and damned if he doesn't. *Sure* he doesn't belong, they chortle, he won't pay the price. This is so beautifully inconsistent that it hardly merits an answer.

He'd rather surf than eat. He'd far rather surf than hang around Ciro's. Each Friday or Saturday evening, depending on work, he climbs into denims and T-shirt, sticks a huge surfboard in the back of his jeep, and he's off. Yes, in addition to the Cadillac, he owns a jeep. Which makes him a split personality, I suppose. Some of the gang at the beach work nights, some don't work at all, some are frankly beach-rats. Whatever else they may be, they're boon companions and fellow enthusiasts. They surf all day, dine on hot dogs and hamburgers, fall dead into sleeping bags and wake up to go plunging into the Pacific again.

Not long ago it was printed, "The only Hollywood folk who spend more time in night clubs than Peter Lawford are waiters." If the point was to amuse, the writer undoubtedly made his point. If he was after the truth, his research was poor. Peter goes to night clubs when he's in New York on vacation. So does everyone else. That's one of the things he goes to New York for—to catch up on theaters and new acts in the cafes. It behooves an actor to know what goes on in the entertainment field. Nor does Peter have anything against music and dancing for its own sake. He's a normal, healthy young man. But in Hollywood, where he spends most of his time, the above-quoted reporter missed his boat. Four or five years ago Peter lived in night clubs. Fresh from a period of financial drought, newly introduced into glamorland, this was his first taste of night life and he reveled in it. You and I know men who revel in it at forty. Peter was twenty-four when he asked himself one evening, "Why? What am I doing here? Not having fun, that's certain." From then on, the night club routine was out.

Which isn't to say that he lifted a solemn hand and vowed, "Never again." I've already pointed out that he's too well-balanced to be an extremist. But now he goes only for some special occasion—as when King Cole opens at Mocambo. While Cole's on, Peter has the time of his life. Otherwise, he finds it a dreary evening.

TAKE Lawford and girls. Seems he's committed the crime of dating screen stars: Object, publicity, they say. Look closer, and you'll find the shoe is on the other foot. Certainly Peter's dated screen stars. And doctors date nurses, and shoe clerks date the blondes they spot behind the hosiery counter. It's natural to gravitate to people in your own business. But Peter's also dated UCLA coeds, and little Robin Grigg whom he met at the beach. But these kids aren't news, so the newshounds ignore them. Their job is to pinpoint names and run them into the ground. If Peter's seen with Ava Gardner, it makes all the columns. If he drops into Jack's with Robin, nobody gives a hoot.

Only a few weeks ago they started a whoop-de-do over Peter and Nancy Oakes. These two were kids together in Nassau, where Nancy lived with her millionaire father, Sir Harry Oakes, whose life ended in tragedy. For the first time since childhood, they met at a Hollywood party. As the evening wore on, Nancy said: "Let's get out of here." Peter took her to Mocambo. This was enough to set the town on its ear. The fact that Peter hasn't seen Nancy since doesn't cramp their style. The fact that she's been out with Richard Greene isn't worth a mention.

The next cry is: Why doesn't he marry? Jimmy Stewart waited till forty to have the knot tied, yet I don't recall that the pack bayed after him. With Peter, they seat themselves on the high throne of judgment. He's a flitter, they declare virtuously, he's a wolf, he eats broken hearts on toast for breakfast. One reporter will maintain that Peter was smitten with Hayworth, and that she refused to take him seriously. Another states it was Rita who wanted Lawford for keeps, at which point he conveniently lost her phone number.

LIKE any thoughtful, level-headed young man, Peter will marry in his own good time and without benefit of prodding, once he meets the girl of his choice. He's been brought up to regard marriage as an honorable state, not to be entered into lightly and not to be broken. When he marries, he proposes to stay married.

They call him a social climber. It doesn't seem to occur to them that he doesn't have to climb, that he's the son of an English baronet, born to wealth that was lost through the war, and to the kind of background that can't be lost. When Peter came to Hollywood to work, he refused to allow the studio to make capital of these things. If he was going to be accepted at all, he wanted acceptance—both as a human and as an actor—on our own terms. He liked our American ways, our relative free-and-easiness, our relative absence of class distinctions. He felt and continues to feel at home with them. Tonight he dines with Bob Walker, tomorrow with Dave Rockland, who's a lifeguard. Of the friends who gather at his home for music and games, Walker's is the only name you'd recognize. The rest don't appear either in the Social Register or the Hollywood Reporter. And if people like the McLean boys (their late mother owned the Hope diamond) are also his friends, it might be because they like Peter.

Naturally the baiters had themselves a ball with the Sharman Douglas episode. This was cut exactly to measure. An ambassador's daughter, an intimate of royalty, the toast of two continents—and young Mr. Lawford. Up went the sleeves and bang! flew the brickbats. First, it was name-dropping, publicity-hunting and the rest of the tired stuff. Soon this began to sound a little silly. With a slew of escorts to choose from, Miss Douglas obviously preferred Peter. So the tune changed. The prophets gazed into their crystal balls and came up with the revelation that at last Peter was in love. He *had* to be because Sharman could get him into St. James's Palace. He had to be because "though notoriously thrifty, he had bought an expensive bracelet for his love. Hollywood demanded documentary proof before they would believe it."

Where Hollywood demanded or got the

proof remains a mystery, since Peter never gave Sharman a bracelet. By the code of both, you don't buy expensive bracelets for girls unless you're engaged to them.

Both Peter and Sharman answered questions directly. "Are you going to marry Miss Douglas?" a reporter asked in New York.

"No," said Peter.

"Are you in love with Miss Douglas?"

"No," said Peter.

"What do you think of Miss Douglas?"

"I think she's very nice."

"Is she the nicest girl in the world?"

Peter grinned. "That's a rather large question. I know many nice girls—"

So the story head ran: *Peter Lawford says Sharman isn't the nicest girl in the world."*

But that was amusing. They both laughed at it. It was done without malice, and worked no harm. Peter gets along fine with newspaper men generally. He's capable, as some are not, of seeing their viewpoint. If they lay for him, he knows it's because they've been burned by Hollywood before, and hardly blames them for not believing all they hear. Naturally goodhumored, he maintains his humor, carries no chip on his shoulder and assumes they're okay unless they prove otherwise. If they want to fence, he's ready for them. He enjoys fencing.

LAST year he went out on a ten-weeks' personal appearance tour, and met the boys *en masse* for the first time. Standing around with half a dozen, he was answering questions that went back to childhood. In the course of which, he mentioned that his mother had once been in politics.

"Labor or Conservative?" popped a guy, knowing perfectly well where anyone named Lady Lawford would stand, but looking guileless as a cornstalk.

Peter eyed him thoughtfully. "Where did your mother come from?"

"Texas."

"Democrat or Republican?" inquired Peter.

This brought a howl from everyone, including the questioner, and the meeting proceeded with warmth and goodwill.

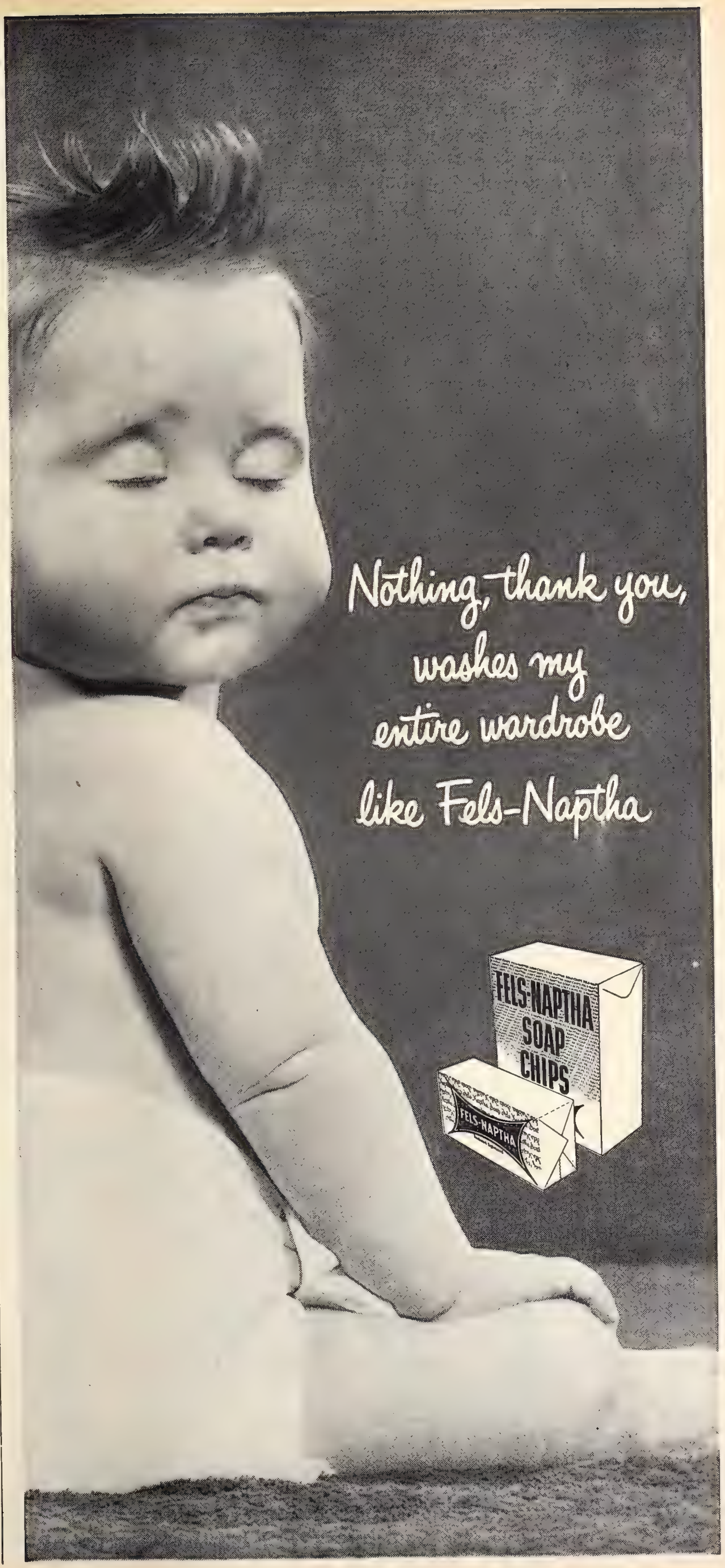
Then how does the Hollywood picture of Peter develop, since it isn't a picture but a cockeyed misrepresentation? I've often wondered, and I think I've unearthed a clue. As I said at the start, it's only a certain section of the press that has it in for him. The ladies and gentlemen of the fourth estate are people, and you'll find all kinds among them. Some are fair, objective and deal only in facts. Others crave buttering up, and get it.

"Buttering up" is a form of attention alien to Peter. It embarrasses him. Among his intimates, he's casual as a breeze. With others, he keeps the English reserve he was born to. If the occasion arises, he's invariably courteous. But he won't go out of his way to make what he considers an exhibition of himself.

At first the barrage from the highly vocal group who don't like Peter bewildered him, then it made him mad. Now he's outgrown all that. He's a well-adjusted person, with an adult sense of values. Go your own way, do your job as well as you can, live by the standards that keep you at peace with yourself, and the rest doesn't matter. Being no ostrich, he's aware of what they say, but he's not afraid of it and doesn't think it's important enough to be worth fighting.

I guess he's right. I guess it's not that important. As a friend of his, though, I've been getting fed up with the wisecracks. And I thought Photoplay readers would like to know him as he is, too.

THE END



ROBERT VIRET

a

b

c

d

e

ON YOUR TOES

• *Shorter skirts spotlight shoes. Photoplay presents some pretty footprints for you.*

a. *Be at ease in the social picture in this smart lattice shell pump with its open toe, made-for-comfort medium heel. By Grace Walker, a mere $11.95.*

b. *A wisp of a shoe to flatter the foot on dress-up dates or dancing evenings. Allied's multi-colored kid high-heel sandal by Twenty-ones is a dream at $12.95.*

c. *You'll really go places with the oblique lines and artful straps that give this shoe its smart barefoot look. By Velvet Step in cherry red or blue calf at a breathless $12.95.*

d. *A graceful V-throated pump for those well-dressed occasions. Perforations give it that saddle-stitch effect. In navy, red or town brown calf by Jolene, it looks expensive but it costs only $8.95.*

e. *Shine in this gleaming black patent leather D'Orsay pump with its foot-flattering vamp and medium right heel. Around $11.95, by Accent, it's also available in blue or red calf.*

Complement your shoes with Holeproof's proportioned nylons in "singing tones."
Rhinestone pin by Coro.
Flower by Heineman.
Chiffon scarf by Glentex.

For stores nearest you see page 76

Good Night, Ladies

(*Continued from page* 59) Arlene Dahl goes in for glamour at night. She doesn't neglect a single rite of bathing, hairbrushing or cold creaming that will make her beauty even more glowing the next day. But she manages to be lovely at night, too.

For instance, on pin curls. Arlene puts her hair up in just a few curls every night. But she hides the clips or bobby pins with her own invention, "The Dahl Cap." Arlene had the cap made in all shades for her personal use. However, the shade that's most flattering to your coloring and harmonizes with your bedroom *decor* would do nicely. It is made up exactly like a baby's bonnet with a beguiling ruffle about the face, a big kitten bow that ties under the chin. The trick about it is that it is elasticized at the back so that it will stretch over your curlers, not lose its shape and really make you look adorable.

Arlene now is working on frilly gloves that will button tight about the wrist to protect your bed linen when you night-cream your hands for maximum loveliness. When you use a particularly heavy night cream or an oil on your face, Arlene suggests you make a pillowslip of terrycloth that will slip right over your pillow. She always protects her face after exposure either to hot sun or high winds. Arlene, who uses a rose-colored terrycloth, points out that this cloth is easily laundered. Get the all-the-time beauty habit, and you'll never look frumpy, Arlene says.

Being French, Corinne Calvet would know that the soap used in men's preparations is much less drying to the skin than that used in women's preparations. So she uses a man's soap, not only for washing her face but also for her showers.

Corinne snorts at the idea of letting husband John Bromfield see her do even so much as one beauty exercise. She would not dream of going to bed at night with a cold-creamed face or with snaked-back hair. She takes a warm tub bath, late at night, and into that tub water she pours just a touch of either bath oil or a slightly oily skin lotion—perfumed. This leaves the skin with the lightest coating of oil, too delicate to be felt, but highly beneficial.

The oatmeal skin treatment which Madame Bromfield recommends she uses only when Johnny is away on location, or coming home some hours after she has completed it. She mixes warm water with

Major Albert Warner buys tickets from little Carlos Crapp at charity premiere of "Storm Warning" for Variety Children's Hospital. Standing by are nurse Mildred Klein, columnist Earl Wilson

The Lovable Girl-of-the-Month

Painted from life by famous illustrator Roy Johnson

...loves her Hollywood Spiral Stitch LOVABLE BRA

...it never loses its shape ...and always flatters hers!

Imagine...a Hollywood spiral stitch bra at *such* a low price! Now, for only $1.50, Lovable brings you this superior style ...cups spiral-stitched to hold their shape for the life of your bra. Ask for Lovable #997...you'll love it too!

Other famous Lovable Bra styles, from $1. Also in Canada.

Any way you figure, it's

YES... only $1.50

#997—Rayon satin
#998—Broadcloth*
#999—Nylon

Sizes 32 to 38 A and B cup

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oatmeal (exactly the kind you eat), coats her whole face generously, relaxes half an hour, then washes it off. It's stimulating, slightly astringent and very cleansing.

Her cornmeal hair trick takes an hour. Take the dry white meal as it comes from the store, powder your head with it heavily, brush it out for ten minutes. Repeat six times. Your hair will shine magnificently—as magnificently as Calvet's.

Loretta Young is a girl to make the professional beauticians gnash their teeth. She washes and curls her own hair. She does her own manicures and her own pedicures. She never wears nail polish, merely using the slightest touch of dry powder on a buffer. But because her hair is straight, she does have to pin it up at night. Also, being the type who never lets her glamour down, she wraps her pin curls so they can't be seen, with broad pieces of crisp tulle. Usually she uses two contrasting colors, ties it at front in a big, big bow. It's so crisp it rarely, if ever, wrinkles but, regardless, Loretta has it pressed come morning so it is always lovely and fresh. (Another girl, who must be nameless, but who is also a glamour doll, follows this same Young trick, only she carries it a step further. She wears false bangs at night which exactly match her real hair. We can't tell her name because she says her husband doesn't know this little item.)

Loretta also wears an eye mask so that she can sleep late on those mornings when she's not working. You can buy these masks in most stores but until we saw Loretta's we'd seen only black ones. Loretta's is black on the inside, but pink on the outside—pretty as a picture. The pink satin Loretta added.

At night Loretta uses a light cologne which her husband discovered and had made up for her. Daytime she uses the perfume made from this same scent. It is the only one she ever uses. Subtle, yes? She also has sachets of it stored in her linen closet—a trick you should copy.

PEGGY DOW, like most of the younger beauties of Hollywood, is strictly a soap-and-water girl. But one beauty problem with which she must cope constantly is her baby-fine hair. Being smart, Peggy's long since discovered the most flattering way to wear her hair is to have it softly fluffed around her distinctive young face. But if you've Peggy's type of hair you know it has a tendency to lie flat to the head, to dry out quickly and to lack luster. Therefore, one night a week at least and two, if she's free, she gives her hair a hot-oil steaming. She rubs baby oil into her hair and scalp, just as hot as she can stand it, then she wraps her head in a big Turkish towel turban, saturated in hot water to make the whole treatment hotter. Whenever the turban cools, she re-dips it in hot water. This, properly done, takes nearly two hours. Peggy also sleeps with the oil on her hair, then, in the morning, gives herself the most careful shampoo. She uses a vegetable-fat soap and, rinsing her hair so clean that it squeaks when she twists it in her hands, she puts just a touch of lemon juice in the final rinsing water, then brushes her hair, preferably in the sunshine, and, as a final glory, touches it lightly with a flower cologne.

Incidentally, while oil-steaming her hair, Peggy gives her feet and legs a beauty treatment, too. A casual, relaxed girl off screen, she likes to go around barefooted in rolled-up jeans. But, being brainy, she knows this dries out the skin of her feet and ankles. So she soaks her feet in a bowl of warm oil, and saturates her legs similarly. Too many girls forget their feet and legs. Don't! Beyond this, Peg's night-time beauty binge is utterly simple: Clean face, clean teeth and always eight—or preferably nine—hours' sleep.

Eleanor Parker's beauty trick is sleep, sleep and more sleep. She's a late-to-bed, late-to-rise girl—except when she's working. Then she reverses it but still she gets ten hours nightly and often more. She sleeps in a room into which no sound can intrude and she sleeps without a pillow as she thinks this is better for her general posture.

However, no matter what hour Eleanor goes to bed she brushes her shoulder-length hair with two hundred slow, careful strokes. She then takes off her make-up with a cleansing cream, scrubs her face carefully with a special astringent soap which she has made up from her doctor's formula and finally applies a night cream. And about once a week she uses a special cream around her eyes.

Eleanor's an eight-toothbrush girl, too. She buys brushes that have pointed rubber tips on the handles, gets them in eight different handle shades so that she can distinguish them from one another and has them in two open glasses on her bathroom shelf. She uses a fresh brush after every meal and a fourth before retiring when she also gives her gums a massage between each tooth with the rubber tip. The second set of brushes she uses the next day. In this way she can be sure the first four brushes are dry and they, in turn, are used the third day and so on.

Eleanor says this meticulous brushing cuts her dentist bills to an absolute minimum. Also, instead of having her teeth professionally cleaned half-yearly, as most of us do, she has hers done quarter-yearly. To insure the teeth's pristine whiteness by this extra careful daily care, plus the quarter-yearly expert care, the lovely Parker says, is real glamour insurance.

Arlene Dahl is in "Inside Straight," Corinne Calvet in "Quebec," Loretta Young in "Cause for Alarm," Peggy Dow in "Lights Out," and Eleanor Parker in "Detective Story."

THE END

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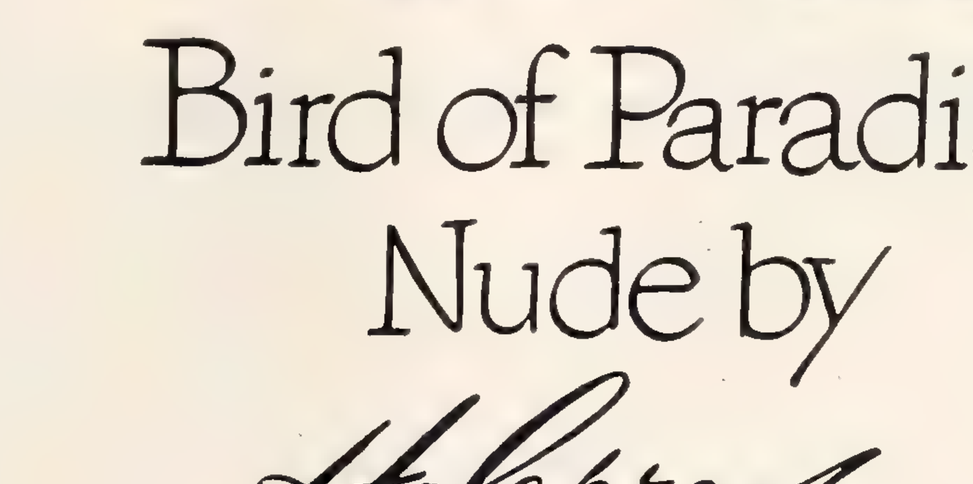

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Detailed drawings (left) of the Debra Paget pattern on page 66

Fabric for Debra Paget pattern on page 66

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Tall, talented and terrific—Carleton Carpenter

Ornitz

uncle STRETCH

by beverly linet

At ten he pulled rabbits out of hats. At 24, Carp is pulling audiences in with his high-powered acting

Back in 1936, clubs, camps and hospitals around New England enjoyed a special sort of entertainment: "Professor Upham and His Magic Act." "Professor Upham" was ten-year-old Carleton Carpenter.

Four years of weekends and summers Carp pulled rabbits out of hats. Then, deciding to explore other branches of show business, he joined a traveling carnival and became a one-man dramatic club, writing, directing and producing shows at Bennington High. Broadway came next and a few days after he left Vermont he was dancing and singing in the chorus of "The Chocolate Soldier."

From then on, discounting eighteen months as a Seabee in the South Pacific, Carp counts only ten days when he wasn't working.

"Where," his friends demand, exhausted by Carp's endless activity, "do you get the energy?"

"I think I'm glandular," is his bland reply.

It was inevitable that Carp should go to Hollywood. Louis de Rochemont, producing "Lost Boundaries" in the East, spotting him in a commercial training film, cast Carp in one of the principal roles. Then, after M-G-M signed him to a long-term contract, continuing his rugged working schedule, in less than a year he was in "Summer Stock," "Father of the Bride," "Three Little Words," "Two Weeks with Love" and "Vengeance Valley." He likes "Vengeance Valley" the best. "It's a meaty acting part, my best to date," he says. "Besides, for two weeks before the picture began I was able to get out to the back lot at the studio and get some terrific riding instructions. It was a real ball—and on the studio pay roll, too."

Evenings, Carp spends with Amanda Blake or Joan Evans. And often when Joan's busy he drops over to her house anyhow for an evening of bridge with her parents.

He's almost too casual about his clothes. When he visits Joan's house he's likely to be wearing a pair of blue jeans and a brown leather jacket, not too new. When he dresses up, his preference is for bow ties.

He eats like a fiend and is a steady customer of Wil Wright's ice cream parlor in Hollywood, but his dynamo pace burns up the calories before they can have any effect on the lanky 6′ 3″ frame, on which he carries only 155 pounds.

This, of course, gives Carp a gangling appearance and he's the first to kid about it. "Just call me 'Uncle Stretch,'" he says. "When my mold was cast, Mother Nature must have been having a taffy pull. All length and no width—that's me." Most of his friends, however, call him Carp. No one that's known him for more than two minutes could possibly address him as Carleton. His good humor, his versatility as a song-and-dance man and his natural flair for acting recommends him to all ages.

Last winter, M-G-M booked Carp, together with Debbie Reynolds, into the New York Capitol Theater. The ovation he got from audiences who packed every performance amazed and delighted him. He'd never pictured himself as a romantic leading man and to get the gleeful applause usually reserved for a Farley Granger or a Gordon MacRae—that was wonderful.

"I had a tough time in New York," Carp says. "My schedule at the theater allowed me no time to look up old friends. So I was happy when one of the gang dropped by backstage without waiting for a formal invitation. I'd tell him to pass the word along to the other kids that this was the only way I could see everybody. I sure didn't want anyone to think, just because I didn't have a chance to call, that I had 'gone Hollywood.'"

Between shows, however, Carp did a little huckstering for "Aba Daba Honeymoon" the number from "Two Weeks with Love" which he recorded with Debbie. "Have you bought your copy?" he'd ask, not quite twisting your arm. The music shop across the street from the theater sold out as a result by the time Carp ended his engagement. He also launched a vigorous campaign for "Ev'ry Other Day," his own composition.

Since there's no new picture scheduled for a couple of months, Uncle Stretch says he's "just going to take it easy." Want to bet?

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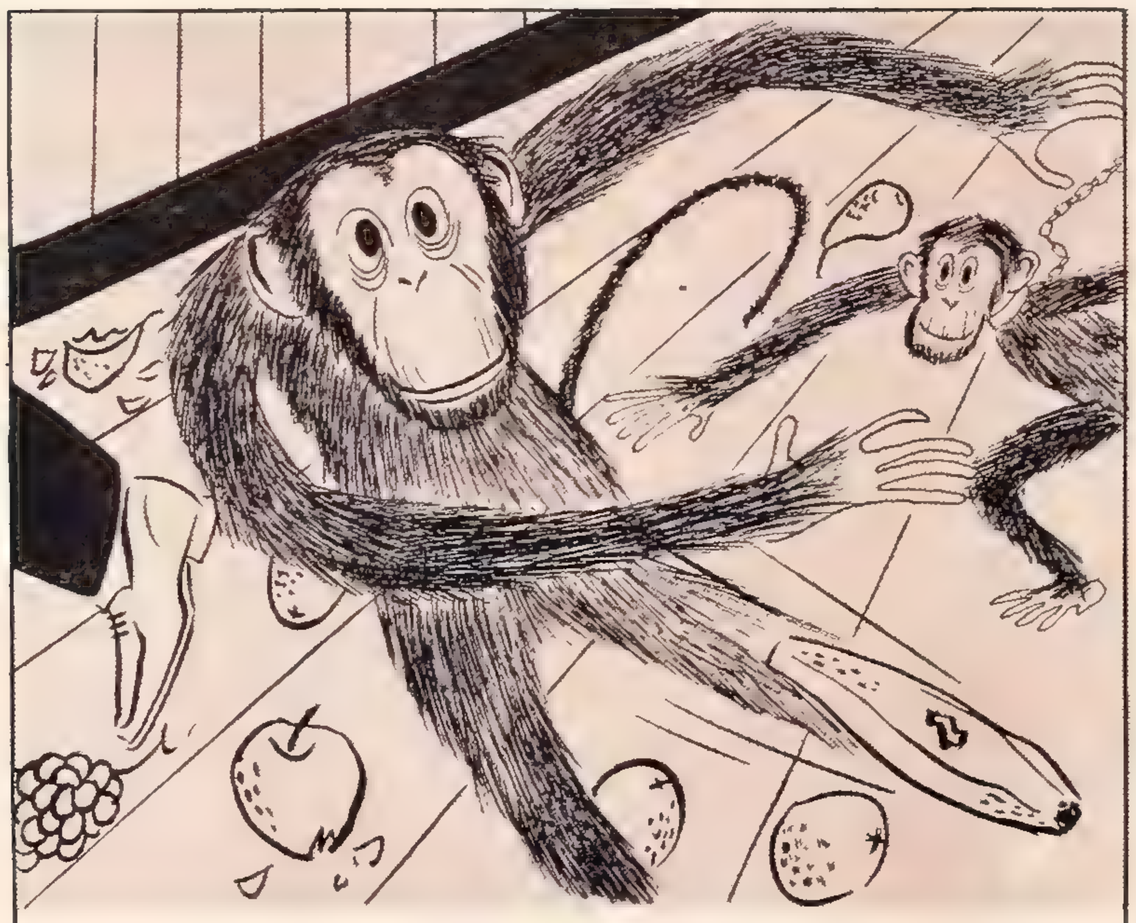
Photo-Plays

All was serene aboard the "Showboat." Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel began their romantic duet. Gazing soulfully into each other's eyes, they sang of their love. Behind them, in a lighted . . .

. . . cabin, was a small monkey. Slyly he helped himself from a bowl of fruit. Then, "Cut," yelled the cameraman. "That fruit . . .

. . . doesn't show up at all. Better use wax fruit instead." The switch was made. Kathryn and Howard resumed their places. Once again they sang, oh, . . .

. . . so tenderly. And once again, the monkey hopped up on the table. He reached for a banana, bit into it —and screamed with rage. Angrily, he pitched the . . .



. . . wax fruit in all directions. His stand-in, chattering with excitement, joined the monkey business. Soon they were throwing everything they could lay their . . .

. . . paws on. Everyone scattered! "What happened?" gasped Kathryn. "Oh" grinned Howard, "the monkey didn't like the 'bit' part the cameraman gave him."

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 6) good comrades and good friends, understanding one another as human beings. These are the things that last.

Mrs. Orin F.

Dear Miss Colbert:

The other day I picked up a magazine when I was waiting to have my shoes half-soled and I read your opinions. Well, I got the impression you think all men are blackguards and all women are angels and I can't go along with that. But then I thought about myself and I thought, yes, she would say I was a blackguard.

This is about me. I had to quit school in eighth grade to take care of my mother and three sisters when my father died. I was thirteen. By the time I was twenty-one, I was out of the Army, my mother was deceased, and my sisters were married. Well, I made friends with a girl, nice, I thought, and saw quite a bit of her. Right away, she started talking wedding bells. I kept changing the subject, but gosh, women can be persistent. Then I found out she had three kids by her first marriage. I should have picked up then and left, but I had my first good job of a lifetime, and it was Christmas time, and so I guess I married this girl to get rid of her.

Ten months later, we had a little girl. Well, the bills piled up, and there was never enough money. My wife was not much of a cook and wasted a lot in the kitchen. She played bridge with the neighbors and kept a tacky house. Kept talking about wanting six kids because a woman's wealth was her kids, and every pay day I could see myself slipping farther and farther behind, what with charge accounts coming due for all the clothes the kids had to have, groceries, doctor's, dentist's, insurance, furniture payments—you know.

When she told me there was another little one on the way, I thought about it for a month and decided that this wasn't for me. Five kids, a shiftless wife, a rough job, debts, debts, debts. So I lit out.

Lady, I'm two thousand miles from home, and that suits me fine. I got a little job. Got a little apartment. Do my own cooking. Keep things neat and clean. Sometimes take a nice, proper girl out to a show or a dance. Nothing serious. I don't aim to be caught again. But here is what I want to say: There's something wrong in the scheme somewhere. Women have ruined marriage, or else it was never no good in the first place.

A Happy Bum

No, I don't consider you a blackguard and I'm sincerely sorry if I have given that impression of my general attitude toward men. And, incidentally, neither do I consider all women angels.

First of all, you were brave and self-sacrificing to give up your schooling in order to support your mother and sisters. Your letter gives me the impression that you are highly intelligent and that you would have made good use of both high school and college training. Incidentally, I hope you are now going to night school or in some way working toward a better future for yourself.

Although you have made several mistakes (we all do, you know) your greatest was in marrying this woman in the first place. You did it out of gallantry, of course, but that was wrong. No man should allow himself to be edged into marriage by courtesy, by convention, by family pressure, by tears and hysterics, if that man has taken no advantage of the girl before marriage. In our society, the man has the privilege of choosing his mate; he should exercise that privilege with wary wisdom, don't you think?

Many a man, in your place, has looked at the horizon and wondered what it would be like—over the hill. You have found out. I know that your freedom seems sweet, but I know also, from your letter, that you suffer from a sense of guilt.

You can overcome the sense of guilt to some degree by sending your wife a money order each month. Two of those youngsters are your own, and you will be happier if you do not abandon them entirely, leaving them to bear the burden of your mistake.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a college senior and for two years I was engaged to a marvelous girl. We were both extremely happy, or at least I thought we were. Last summer I was working out of our home state on a good paying job in order for us to be married next June. You can't imagine how I felt when I came home to find that she had just eloped with my best friend. When I look back on our happy months I realize that he was always with us, but I was too exalted to realize that he was jeopardizing our love.

Here at the university I see them quite often. In fact, she and I have met on several occasions, "accidentally," except that I don't think the meetings were accidental. She has hinted that she still loves me and does not want her marriage to interfere with our relationship. I still adore her and it is a great temptation to be with her, but her husband has been my lifelong friend and I am torn by my loyalty to him, although he certainly didn't have qualms about me.

I have only one semester left before I graduate, but I cannot bear to be in university with this girl. Would you advise me to continue our relationship, or drop out of school?

Manfried N.

I have the uneasy conviction that no matter what I say, you will do exactly what this girl wants you to do the instant she makes her wants clear.

Your letter was too long to print, but much of what you said tugged at my heart. Although you are a senior in college, you are only twenty-one and still without the firmness of character which makes it possible to bear up under romantic blows. However, you are obviously highly intelligent, so perhaps your mind will save you from your own tender spirit.

First of all, if this girl had been as much in love with you as you were with her, she would have waited for you, wouldn't she? Next, if you had married this girl, you wouldn't think of meeting an ex-girl friend and suggesting that some sort of clandestine relationship be established, would you? Honor is a part of your nature, and honor is clearly not even a name to this girl.

I can almost hear you say, "Maybe this girl is worthless. I still love her."

However, there is one fact which should make you leave this girl utterly alone. Your triangle is exactly the sort of thing which often ends in tragedy. This foolish girl's life may rest squarely in your hands. You can save her from a possibly vengeful husband by avoiding her, thinking of her as little as possible, completing your college work and taking a job as far from her as possible.

Claudette Colbert

Angel Face

(*Continued from page* 40) Pat to shop for her at the neighborhood drugstore "for a nice bright shade of nail polish." Given this unusual opportunity, Uncle Pat had decided to pull out all the stops, go all the way. A shade called "Barnyard" he refused as not being "red enough," and finally came home with one called, "Where's The Fire?"

Off screen, however, Ann has a Victorian quality. She walks through life serenely. Ugly emotions or angers, she works off in the deeply dramatic roles she portrays on screen, where they cannot hurt or harm another. "In the nine years I've known her," recalls Frank MacFadden, who works with her daily at the studio, "when she isn't before the camera—I've never even heard her raise her voice."

AN intriguing little paradox, Ann Blyth. As Scott Brady says slowly, "At times Ann's a child you feel you should take by the hand and lead across the street. Then again, she has the wisdom of the ancients." Her director adds, "When you explain to Ann what you want in a scene you sometimes think she doesn't understand what you're saying. But when she gets before the camera!!—she breaks the bank, gives you everything you asked for —and so much more!"

Ann lives in a white stucco bungalow in Toluca Lake with her beloved Aunt Cis, her pink-cheeked, white-haired Uncle Pat, a terrier named "Timmy," a "very independent" black and white Persian "Mickey Cat," and "Caruso," an ambitious canary who's so happy there he sings all the time, uncovered or no.

Right now Ann is on what she calls an "earring kick." She says, "I come home and my Auntie says—'Oh, *no,* not *another* pair.'" She has a ravenous appetite, forever munches on chocolate bars. She's learning to do a spirited Charleston and she likes to knit and crochet while she listens to mystery stories on the radio—"When" says Uncle Pat, "you daren't even go *near* her or make any noise." Without doubt, she's the greatest living authority on roller coasters, their rise and descent. She can even spot them from the air. If she even flies over one and discovers it's within a reasonable radius of where she's going, somehow she figures out a way to get back there.

She treasures every sentimental keepsake from the past for its memories. There's a little wooden trick box somebody gave her as a kid—"Nobody can even open it now," says Uncle Pat, "but Ann won't part with it anyway." Her "sides" from "Watch on the Rhine"—they're getting yellow—but she still has them and the autographed picture of Bing Crosby inscribed, "To My Dear Friend, Ann," is on the mantel of the fireplace. Some of her dolls are gradually going AWOL to various orphanages now, "but it hasn't been easy," her aunt laughs. "Just let her suspect a departure and she rushes in with, 'Oh, please don't give away *that* one.'" There's a medal her aunt gave her when she was eleven. And to be treasured until eternity is the diamond and ruby ring her mother gave her in her teens. "It was my first really big jewelry," she says now, eyes shining. Then shows you the big bottle of exotic perfume on the bureau in her bedroom. "She gave me this for my sixteenth birthday. I wanted it so badly then, I felt I *must* have it—and Mother understood," she says softly.

She's less sophisticated than her twenty-one years. She holds her own with Hollywood's top stars, enacting such challenging roles as that of the brat in "Mildred Pierce," and a girl falsely accused of murder in Universal-International's "Bonaventure," with Claudette Colbert. Hers is a talent that inspires David Miller, who directed her in "Our Very Own," to refer to her as a "young Helen Hayes," and to add, "there's *nothing* Ann can't do. She makes any director look very good, let me tell you."

To act was ever her burning dream since childhood, when, poor though they were, she amused herself and her mother in their walk-up flat on 49th Street in New York, by "dressing up" and by imitating every song she heard on the radio. Her mother ironed clothes and pinched pennies to earn Ann's tuition at Ned Wayburn's school. And Ann wore proudly any hat made by her of a bit of lace and ribbon and a flower bought in a dime store.

Despite her popularity with such eligibles as Scott Brady, Richard Long, Roddy McDowall and others—and the long line of wishfuls who don't know her but who say, "Before I get married—I've *got* to have a date with Ann Blyth," her dedication to her career has left Ann little time thus far for serious romance.

Hollywood, parentally protective concerning its favorite daughter, wonders whether any man could ever really qualify. Columnists, on the other hand, keep worrying via print about the lack of love in her life, and look forward to her being "awakened by romance." Of these, Ann laughingly says she's sorry she can't "arrange that just now." It is her hope the man she will some day marry will have the gift of understanding, of kindness and a sense of humor, "and I hope he enjoys sports like I do. It would be wonderful to find someone who would be able, too, to understand how much this business means to me. How long and how hard I've wished and worked to get somewhere in it. And how it wouldn't be easy to just stop tomorrow and never act again."

In view of her devout faith and religious and charitable activities, it is to be expected rumors would arise from time to time that Ann will enter the church some day—but her denial is simple. "That is a calling God reserves for certain people. I don't think I am one of them. There are so many other ways of doing good in this world. Each of us has a certain job to do." Then she adds quietly, "And I have mine."

SHE has never allowed any publicity to be cooked up about her that's untrue, and when a very big national magazine wavered from the facts, far from being happy about the space break, Ann's reaction was a tearful, "But it isn't *me.*" It took months to prevail upon her to cut her hair for the screen—even a few inches, to the still-long bob she wears now. Ann, who personally avoids plunging necklines and any nail polish more daring than a faint opalescent pink, has always refused to pose for cheesecake art. It was weeks before she could be persuaded to let them take a couple of shots for publicity for "Katy-Did-It," even when the studio insisted, "This time it's legitimate," pointing out that, after all, she did play an artist's model in the picture and have scenes in a bathtub.

For Ann's life as an actress, too, is motivated by her fervent faith, her desire to make the most of whatever talents God has entrusted to her, and her belief that His gifts should be shared with all whom one can reach, and in whatever needed way. A belief co-inspired by her late mother, the gentle, gracious lady who smiles down on her so warmly and approvingly from the large oval-framed picture on her bedroom wall now. Almost as though she's saying of her beloved daughter—and actress—"Well done, my darling, I'm so very, very proud of you!"

THE END

Hollywood's Busiest Phone Numbers

(*Continued from page* 38) There are climbers all over the place. The Hollywood star can never be sure that the young man dancing with her at Mocambo likes her for herself. At least girls in Peoria don't have *that* problem.

Shelley Winters fairly lives on the telephone—gets nearly thirty calls a day. She isn't the shy type about calling the boys. When Farley Granger was in Europe last summer, Shelley says that she supported the phone company. Some men like a girl who goes after what she wants. Some men don't. Evidently, Farley does.

When Farley, who is very clever about disguising his voice, calls Shelley he loves to pretend that he is an editor or a columnist. "Miss Winters," he says pompously, "you have just won our popularity contest." Or, "Miss Winters, is it true that you made insulting remarks to a glamour queen and gave her a shiner at Mocambo last night?" After one of these sessions with Farley, Shelley will shun the phone for all of a half-hour.

She isn't exactly a beauty, Shelley, but she has plenty of youthful bounce, and gobs of that old s.a. Besides Farley, Marlon Brando calls her for dates. So do Jerry Paris, writer Stanley Roberts and writer Al Bykes.

ONE of the most eligible and attractive bachelors in town is Bob Stack. Bob has youth, good looks, social position, money, charming manners and shares billing with Peter Lawford as being a marvelous dancer. Moreover, Bob, who doesn't tablehop when he takes a girl to a night club or a restaurant, has a way of making a girl feel that she is the most important woman alive.

Bob probably gets more phone calls from girls than any young man west of the Rockies. His youngish, gracious mother, Betsy Stack, says, "Our phone rings constantly." Betsy doesn't mind acting as Bob's secretary when he isn't there. But she does object to those three-o'clock-in-the-morning calls (Bob sleeps right through them) and nothing annoys her more than to answer the phone and have someone hang up quickly.

Last year it looked as if Bob and socialite-heiress Irene Wrightsman were headed for the altar. Then Kirk Douglas appeared at a big party with Irene—the same party to which Bob took Evelyn Keyes, who previously had gone with Kirk. Now Kirk and Irene, in spite of their coy denials, are expected to marry. However, Bob's heart isn't broken—regularly he's been dating Evelyn Keyes, Pat Neal, Rhonda Fleming, Wanda Hendrix and Claudette Thornton, the beautiful starlet to whom he is supposed to have given a very handsome ring.

Undoubtedly one of the busiest Hollywood phone numbers is Ann Miller's. Annie is a wonderful dancer—and a wonderful listener. And there is nothing so flattering to a man as a girl, particularly a beautiful one, who is willing to listen. Very few men in Hollywood ever get a chance to take center stage. But Ann always gives it to them—doesn't even pull out her compact while they tell her about a big deal.

If it isn't Connie Hilton, the fabulous hotel man, who is calling Annie, it's Charles Isaacs, a millionaire once married to Eva Gabor, or the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, or William O'Connor, now an important Hollywood legal eagle. Manhattan playboy Herbie Klotz (who has rushed Hedy Lamarr, Ginger Rogers, Paulette Goddard, Margaret Lindsay and millionairess Barbara Hutton) is a frequent caller from New York and a devoted flower sender. Frank Ryan, head of the Jules Bache Co., calls from Europe and John Gillen, a Texas oil man, calls from Texas and, at the drop of a sombrero, flies in to take Ann to La Rue for dinner. Also in the line-up are producer Eddie Grainger, actor Philip Reed and those aviation tycoons, Alvin Adams and Sherman Fairchild. However, I have a hunch Annie would chuck all her millionaires and tycoons for a quiet dinner with Bill O'Connor.

Recently, when I was in New York everyone asked me, "Who is this Greg Bautzer? And why do all the movie queens fall for him?" Greg Bautzer, I told them, is a well-known Hollywood lawyer, tennis player superb, and eligible. And in Hollywood an eligible bachelor is worth the Aga Khan's weight in diamonds.

Greg, who's been romancing Hollywood's "name" girls for years, starting with Dorothy Lamour and Lana Turner, was ringing Joan Crawford's phone last year. Then he discovered Ginger Rogers. But he and Ginger broke off last August, heaven only knows why, and Ginger moved to New York where she entered, and held her own beautifully, in tennis and golf tournaments. Meanwhile, in Hollywood, Greg was calling Jane Wyman.

During Greg's romantic romp with Janie one of my spies reported to me that at one party he kept his eyes glued on the front door, not on Jane. Presently he slipped away to the telephone and called—well, whatdoyouknow—Joan Crawford, demand-

Thrift with a lift

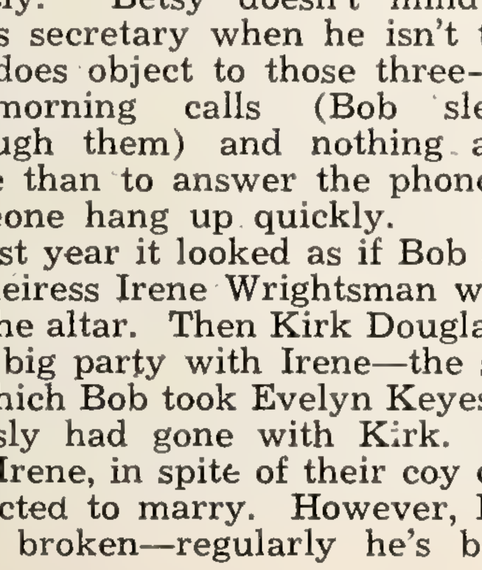
You'll thank Stardust for *instant allure* at a wee small price! *NO* other bra does more to give your figure that firm rounded look, with flattering separation. You'll prize the dainty shirring that helps shape and mould . . . you'll appreciate the clever elastic inserts that assure comfy fit and action-ease! In luscious rayon satin that's *actually* wear-and-wash guaranteed for an *entire* year! *Yours for only $1* . . . other glamorous styles $1 and $1.50.

"The bra that made $1.00 famous!"

STARDUST INC. - EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1

P

"Why, that's my problem..."



exclaimed one amazed listener when she heard the refreshingly different radio program, "My True Story." She's not the only listener who says this, either, for "My True Story" presents real-life dramas of real-life people, direct from the files of True Story Magazine. They're stories that could be your own, your neighbors', or your friends' . . . everyday loves, hopes, fears and problems of *real* people.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

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glamorous and unpredictable. Men love to be seen with Hedy. At the moment she's up to her pretty nose in New York millionaires, including Herbert Klotz, Woolworth Donahue of the dime store bundle and a real nice guy named Joe Mailman, who is said to be a Canadian tycoon with vast iron and hotel interests.

Her favorite beau's the writer, Liam O'Brien, Edmond O'Brien's brother. And no one who writes can afford to keep Hedy in jewels in the manner to which she is accustomed.

Howard Duff kept Ava Gardner's phone buzzing on the hour by the hour—until Frankie-boy barged in, and followed luscious Ava to Spain. Ava really has sex appeal. In fact, to keep off the wolf pack she subscribes to a telephone exchange. Only a few of the boys, including Frankie, of course, know her private number. And her friends tell me that when Frankie calls she wishes it was Artie Shaw, her former husband.

As far as the dating department goes, Howard Duff insists he always does the calling. This I doubt. I know one girl, however, who never calls him, though he dates her frequently. Marta Toren. Swedish Marta is the independent type. She possesses great dignity. She wouldn't call any man. But lots of men call her. Howard had a date to take Marta to the premiere of "Harvey." But at the last minute she called it off. Howard, who escorted Piper Laurie at his studio's request, was considerably miffed when Marta arrived with Scandinavian actor Kell Henning, whose family in Stockholm is loaded with kronen.

Not that Piper's studio needs to supply her with an escort. Vic Damone, who's been described as "Valentino with a voice," seems to be her number one boy friend right now. But Scott Brady, Dick Long, Roddy McDowell and Hugh O'Brian also know her telephone number by heart. Piper, however, keeps casting longing eyes in the direction of Howard Duff and Bob Stack—who call her a child and tell her to go back to kindergarten.

They have the busiest telephones in Hollywood, these stars.

But talking about telephones, I'm willing to make a small bet that I too have one of the busiest numbers in Hollywood. Only mine doesn't ring for dates. Complaints!

THE END

what's the truth about liz taylor?

before you judge, read Ida Zeitlin's appealing story in may photoplay

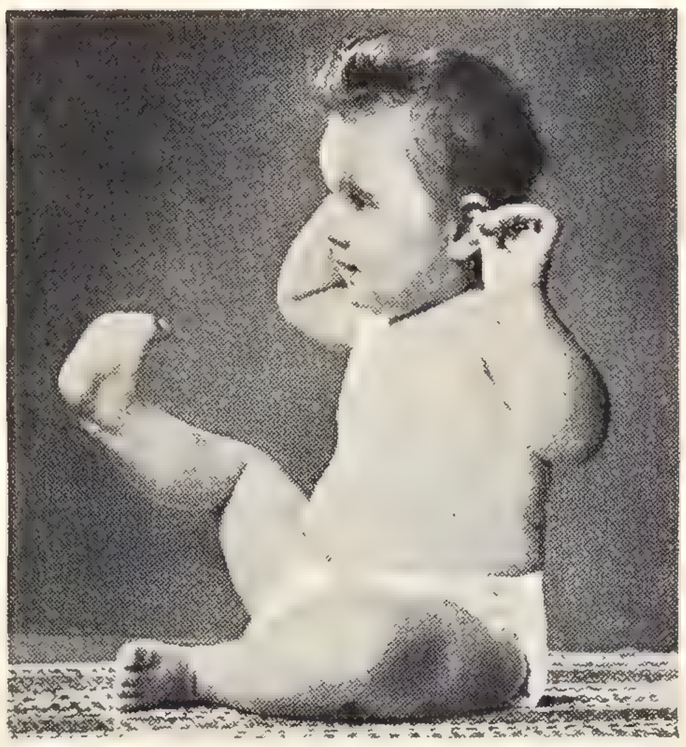
FAMOUS NUDES

WHICH TYPE IS YOUR BABY?

BEETHOVEN . . . brings down the house with that pretty pink satin skin! Gets Mennen Baby Oil smooth-downs after baths, at diaper time too. It's your best buy, Mother!

BOSS MAN . . . doesn't talk, doesn't need to. Mom knows that "bring my Mennen Baby Oil" expression. Soothing, cleansing . . . more economical, too.

THE FLIRT . . . charm by the armful! No diaper rash for this dumpling. Mennen Baby Oil with soft, soft Lanolin protects every last crease and dimple . . . keeps skin dewy-fresh.



HIGH-KICKER . . . look who's on top of the world; look who's had Mennen Baby Powder! Wonderfully soft, fragrant, refreshing—the finest made. And fun! There's a Built-in Rattle . . . entertaining Mother Goose pictures on can!

Buy your baby both...today!

Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN

BABY PRODUCTS

if you want to be

CHARMING . . .

SURPRISED meeting me here? Then let me explain:

I know what it means to feel insecure. I came from nothing, had no education to speak of and am not even a natural beauty.

But this didn't stop me. And it need not stop you. Any girl who is willing to work at it can be attractive, popular and can make friends. All she needs is the know-how.

I think I can tell you a few things that will help.

Don't stoop if you want to conquer

A few girls are just naturally beautiful. They're born that way. Maybe it's because I've never had that kind of beauty myself, that I think such natural beauty can sometimes be more of a handicap than an asset.

Almost always the attractive girl men turn to look at in the street is the girl who has worked at it, who has faced her bad points and learned to play them down, recognized her good features and made the most of them.

Take me, for instance.

When I was seventeen I was awkward and much too thin. I also had to learn how to sit, how to walk, how to carry myself. And my face? No "Miss America" looked back at me from my mirror.

I had to learn—after a lot of early mistakes—to style my hair away from my face, and simply, so that my eyes were what people would see. I had what people call good facial bone structure; but I had to toss the rouge box into the ashcan before anybody knew this.

Some girls go through life wearing their beauty problems like neon lights—for everyone to see.

One of my good friends is a salesgirl at Magnin's. I've known her for fifteen years, I guess, since she was a tall, gangly, shy teenager. But until just the other day, I didn't know that besides being a sweet, warm and generous human being—she was very attractive. She hadn't even known it herself.

A few days after Christmas, I lost my cook and my nurse in one fell swoop—and found myself with a big house to keep clean, and three meals a day to prepare for four hungry children, on top of all ordinary duties.

This friend, full of sympathy, came to the house to stay with me and help out until I could hire new servants.

As I have said, she's unusually tall and has a tendency to stoop, probably because she is self-conscious about her height. It had never occurred to me that she had even a passably good figure.

That night, after we had tucked the children into bed, we half-crawled wearily to my dressing room to have a shower and get ready for bed ourselves.

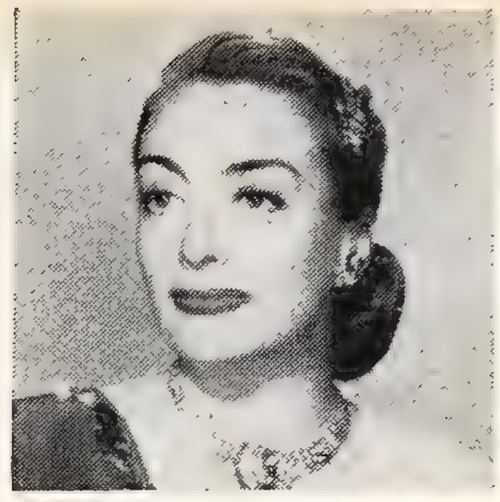
As my friend stepped out of the shower, I was amazed to see that she had a perfectly lovely body—slim, neat little waist; full, young-girl breasts, long, graceful legs.

"Where have you been hiding that handsome figure?" I blurted out. "All six feet of it?" she laughed.

That was it. Because she felt too tall, she had fallen into a habit of "shrinking" herself, pulling her neck down into the shoulder cradle and her diaphragm down onto her hip

Ladies aren't always first

Something new. One of the most glamorous women in the world gives you the benefit of her experiences to help you find your brighter self



by Joan Crawford

Why put your date in the deep freeze!

bones. What resulted was not a prettily petite figure, as she had unconsciously hoped, but a sagging, old-lady slouch.

Tired as we both were, I said we had to do something about that posture—give that wonderful body of hers a chance.

"Stand up against that door," I told her.

Then I had her press every part of her body firmly against the door frame—heels, calves, thighs, small of the back, between the shoulder blades, middle of the neck, back of the head.

"Now," I said, "pull your head up straight toward the ceiling as high as it will go. Feel as though your whole body were suspended. Now, walk away from the wall. And don't sag."

The change in her carriage was miraculous. She felt stiff and awkward at first, of course. Everybody does, trying anything for the first time.

But, as I told her, if she'll practice that back-against-the-door routine every night—walking away straight and tall, the good posture will soon become second nature.

When I first came to Hollywood, one of my major worries was my ignorance about etiquette. Most young girls worry a lot about this, I think—probably because the word seems somehow to imply that to have it you must have been to the manner born or at least "polished" in some fashionable finishing school. This isn't true. Any girl can learn to conduct herself charmingly in her social life if she learns a few simple rules. The American word "manners" isn't quite good enough. If what you want to know is which fork to use and when or how to introduce people correctly, any up-to-date book on etiquette will tell you. But more than "good manners" is involved in real social know-how. You can have a whole bag of tricks—know how to hold a knife and fork and how to rise when an older person comes into the room—and still be rude and selfish.

It's much more important to learn not to push ahead of someone at a counter in order to be served first, than it is to know which fork is meant for which course.

Real politeness comes from the way a person feels. Genuine friendliness will prompt consideration for other guests at a party, it will indicate the gracious good-night and thank-you to the hostess, the appreciative telephone call the next day or the warm little note of thanks.

Manners are catching. There is contagion in the pleasant greetings you give your boss or your co-workers when you arrive at work in the morning, and in the "excuse me" which springs to your lips when you have been momentarily thoughtless of another's rights or feelings.

***You're* uncomfortable? Look at him!**

Also, believe me, awkwardness and embarrassment in social situations will disappear as you shift your concentration from your own comfort to that of the other people around you. Good breeding, like beauty, is more than skin deep.

I hope, as these articles get under way, a lot of readers will be prompted to write me about the charm problems which they find disturbing. I won't be able to answer every letter personally, but I will read the letters carefully, analyze (Continued on page 88)

YOUNG WIVES! READ HOW TO get these extra advantages in INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE

Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors are one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They provide a modern scientific method of *continuous* medication—so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of the most effective methods. So *powerfully germicidal* yet so *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues.

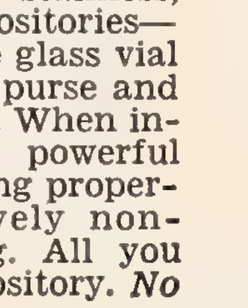
How Zonitors Work...

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—each sealed in a separate glass vial—so easy to slip in your purse and carry if away from home. When inserted, Zonitors release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties *for hours*. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. All you need is this dainty suppository. *No extra equipment.*

Destroy Offensive Odor

Zonitors actually destroy offensive odor. Help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

FREE: Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank, intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZPP-41, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Name_____

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*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

(*Continued from page* 87) the mail with an eye to determining which problems are most common, and then devote the succeeding articles to those subjects.

Meantime I want to borrow a problem which turned up in this morning's fan mail.

"My girl friends think I'm the prettiest girl in our crowd," this letter read, "but the boys don't like me. I can't talk to them. I just freeze up when I go out with a boy . . . and no boy has ever called me up for a second date. . . ."

There's a lot more in this letter, but the crux of this girl's problem, of course, lies in that one phrase, "I can't talk to them."

But she can lick this problem. First, she must quit worrying about what *she* is going to say, about the impression *she* is going to make—shift her attention from herself for a moment, and concentrate on *him*, try *listening* for a change.

In suggesting listening, I don't mean to imply that a girl can make a hit with her date by spending the whole evening in rapt, respectful silence. No tongue-tied girl has ever been the belle of the ball. If your date is going to be interested enough to call again he has to find out enough about you to know that he's interested.

What will attract him most, though, will be the discovery that you are interested in *him*.

Psychologists have discovered that teen-age girls are more mature socially than boys of the same age, that the girls have a major responsibility in setting up lines o communication between the sexes. I hav the feeling that the girl who wrote to m so unhappily would be tremendously re assured by the knowledge—scientificall sound—that the new boy who is makin her so uncomfortable is probably more un comfortable than she is.

This first date is a testing ground for hi social competence, even more than fo hers. It is up to the girl to let her bo friend know that he makes the grade.

"But I never know what to say," my cor respondent tells me.

If you were introduced to him by mutua friends you have them as a starting poin for your conversation, I would advise he Then ask him about his job, or if he i still in school, find out what he is studying what sports he likes, what books he enjoyed recently. And then *listen* to hi answers—maybe you'll find you have mu tual interests, or, just as good, mayb you'll wind up in a friendly argument. I any case, you won't "freeze up." An your new friend, secure in the feeling tha *he* has made a hit, will call you agair

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If you have a charm problem write t Joan Crawford, c/o Photoplay, 321 S Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal. She wi answer as many questions as possible i her columns, but cannot make persona replies by mail.

THE END

Casts of Current Pictures

BEDTIME FOR BONZO—U-I: *Prof. Peter Boyd,* Ronald Reagan; *Jane,* Diana Lynn; *Prof. Hans Neumann,* Walter Slezak; *Valerie Tillinghast,* Lucille Barkley; *Babcock,* Jesse White; *Dean Tillinghast,* Herbert Heyes; *Lt. Daggett,* Herburt Vigran; *Knucksy,* Harry Tyler; *Foskick,* Ed Clark; *Policeman,* Ed Gargan; *Mr. De Witt,* Joel Friedkin; *Chief of Police,* Brad Browne; *Miss Swithen,* Elizabeth Flourney; *Policeman,* Howard Banks; *Fireman,* Perc Launders; *Students,* Brad Johnson and Bill Mauch.

CALL ME MISTER—20th Century-Fox: *Kay Hudson,* Betty Grable; *Shep Dooley,* Dan Dailey; *Stanley,* Danny Thomas; *Capt. Johnny Comstock,* Dale Robertson; *Billie Barton,* Benay Venuta; *Mess Sergeant,* Richard Boone; *The Kid,* Jeffrey Hunter; *Sergeant,* Frank Fontaine; *Gen. Steele,* Harry Von Zell; *Jones,* Dave Willock; *Ackerman,* Robert Ellis; *Brown,* Jerry Paris; *Dunhill Dance Team,* Lou Spencer, Art Stanley, Bob Roberts; *Little Soldier,* Tommy Bond; *Big Soldier,* Frank Clark; *Specialty Singer,* Bobby Short; *General's Aide,* Fred Libby; *Chief of Staff,* Ken Christy; *Major McCall,* Russ Conway; *Sergt. To Chief Of Staff,* Robert Scott; *Aide To Colonel,* Dabbs Greer; *Col. Edwards,* Mack Williams; *Kimona Sales Girl,* Maylia; *Lieutenant,* Steven Clark; *Tennessee,* Robert Easton.

CAUSE FOR ALARM—M-G-M: *Ellen Jones,* Loretta Young; *George Z. Jones,* Barry Sullivan; *Dr. Ranney Grahame,* Bruce Cowling; *Mrs. Edwards,* Margalo Gillmore; *Hoppy (Billy),* Bradley Mora; *Mr. Carston, Postman,* Irving Bacon; *Mrs. Warren,* Georgia Backus; *Mr. Russell,* Don Haggerty; *Superintendent,* Art Baker; *Lonesome Sailor,* Richard Anderson.

ENFORCER, THE—Warners: *Martin Ferguson,* Humphrey Bogart; *"Big Babe" Lazich,* Zero Mostel; *Joseph Rico,* Ted De Corsia; *Albert Mendoza,* Everett Sloane; *Capt. Frank Nelson,* Roy Roberts; *"Duke" Tiano,* Lawrence Tolan; *Sgt. Whitlow,* King Donovan; *Herman,* Robert Steele; *Teresa Davis,* Pat Joiner; *Thomas O'Hara,* Don Beddoe; *Tony Vetto,* Tito Vuolo; *Vince,* John Kellogg; *Zaca,* Jack Lambert; *Olga Kirshen,* Adelaide Klein; *Nina Lombardo,* Susan Cabot; *Louis (The Barber),* Mario Siletti.

GENE AUTRY AND THE MOUNTIES—Autry-Columbia: *Gene Autry,* Himself; *Scat Russell,* Pat Buttram; *Marie Duval,* Elena Verdugo; *Pierre LaBlond,* Carleton Young; *Terry Dillon,* Richard Emory; *Inspector Wingate,* Herbert Rawlinson; *Raoul Duval,* Trevor Bardette; *Batiste,* Francis McDonald; *Jack Duval,* Jim Frasher; *Sergeant Stuart,* Gregg Barton; *Hogan,* House Peters Jr.

GROOM WORE SPURS, THE—U-I: *Abigail Furnival,* Ginger Rogers; *Ben Castle,* Jack Carson; *Alice Dean,* Joan Davis; *Harry Kallen,* Stanley Ridges; *Steve Hall,* James Brown; *Dis. Atty.,* John Litel; *Ignacio,* Victor Sen Yung; *Mrs. Forbes,* Mira McKinney; *Ricky,* Gordon Nelson; *Bellboy,* George Meader, *Killer,* Kemp Niver; *Jake Harris,* Robert B. Williams.

I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN—20th Century-Fox: *Mary,* Susan Hayward; *William Asbury Thompson,* William Lundigan; *Jack Stark,* Rory Calhoun; *Jenny Brock,* Barbara Bates; *Mr. Brock,* Gene Lockhart; *Mrs. Billywith,* Lynn Bari; *Glory White,* Ruth Donnelly; *Mrs. Brock,* Kathleen Lockhart; *Salter,* Alexander Knox; *Mrs. Salter,* Jean Inness; *Dr. Fleming,* Frank Tweddell; *George Salter,* Jerry Vandiver; *Bill Salter,* Richard Wilson; *Martha Salter,* Dorothea Carolyn Sims; *Pike Boys,* Thomas Syfan, Grady Starnes; *Martin Twins,* Ka and Fay Fogg.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—Warners: *She ley,* Ruth Roman; *Trevelyan,* Richard Todd; *Liz* Mercedes McCambridge; *Harvey,* Zachary Scot *Nolan,* Frank Conroy; *Myra,* Kathryn Givne *Father Paul,* Rhys Williams; *String,* Darryl Hic man; *Pedro,* Nacho Galindo.

ONLY THE VALIANT—Warners: *Capt. Richa Lance,* Gregory Peck; *Cathy Eversham,* Barba Payton; *Cpl. Timothy Gilchrist,* Ward Bond; *L William Holloway,* Gig Young; *Trooper Kebussya* Lon Chaney; *Sgt. Ben Murdock,* Neville Bran *Joe Harmony,* Jeff Corey; *Trooper Rutledge,* Warn Anderson; *Trooper Onstot,* Steve Brodie; *Lt. Jer Winters,* Dan Riss; *Trooper Saxton,* Terry Kilbur *Col. Drumm,* Herbert Heyes; *Capt. Jennings,* A Baker; *Capt. Eversham,* Hugh Sanders.

QUEBEC—Lemay-Templeton-Paramount: *Ma Douglas,* John Barrymore Jr.; *Stephanie Durossa* Corinne Calvet; *Charles Douglas,* Patric Knowle *Madelon,* Barbara Rush; *Jeannine,* Nikki Duva *Father Antoine,* John Hoyt; *Racelle,* Arnold Mos *Germaine,* Patsy Ruth Miller; *Col. Durossac,* D Haggerty; *Malbeuf,* Howard Joslin.

RAWHIDE—20th Century-Fox: *Tom Owens,* T rone Power; *Vinnie Holt,* Susan Hayward; *Zi merman,* Hugh Marlowe; *Yancy,* Dean Jagger; *Sa Todd,* Edgar Buchanan; *Tevis,* Jack Elam; *Gra* George Tobias; *Luke Davis,* Jeff Corey; *Tex Squir* James Millican; *Fickert,* Louis Jean Heydt; *C Scott,* William Haade; *Dr. Tucker,* Milton R. Cor Sr.; *Wingate,* Ken Tobey; *Gilchrist,* Dan Whit *Miner,* Max Terhune; *Billy Dent,* Robert Adle *Callie,* Judy Ann Dunn; *Chickering,* Howard Negle

ROYAL WEDDING—M-G-M: *Tom Bowen,* Fr Astaire; *Ellen Bowen,* Jane Powell; *Lord Jo Brindale,* Peter Lawford; *Anne Ashmond,* Sar Churchill; *Irving Klinger, Edgar Klinger,* Keen Wynn; *James Ashmond,* Albert Sharpe.

TARGET UNKNOWN—U-I: *Capt. Jerome Steve* Mark Stevens; *Sergeant Al Mitchell,* Alex Nic *Col. Von Broeck,* Robert Douglas; *Lt. Webster,* D Taylor; *Nurse,* Joyce Holden; *Capt. Reiner,* G Young; *Pvt. Russ Johnson,* James Young; *Pvt. Ral Phelps,* James Best; *Pvt. Crawford,* Johnny Sand *Theresa,* Suzanne Dalbert; *French Entertainer,* Ma Gatica; *Brooklyn,* Richard Carlyle; *Jean,* Stev Geray; *Gundlach,* Tony Christian.

THIRTEENTH LETTER, THE—20th Centu Fox: *Denise,* Linda Darnell; *Dr. Laurent,* Char Boyer; *Dr. Pearson,* Michael Rennie; *Cora Laure* Constance Smith; *Mrs. Simms,* Francoise Rosay; *S ter Marie,* Judith Evelyn; *Robert Heiler,* Guy Sor *Rochelle,* June Hedin; *Postman,* Paul Guevremo *Dr. Fletcher,* George Alexander; *Dr. Helier,* J. L Gagnon; *the Mayor,* Ovila Légaré.

THREE GUYS NAMED MIKE—M-G-M: *Mar Lewis,* Jane Wyman; *Mike Lawrence,* Van Johnso *Mike Jamison,* Howard Keel; *Mike Tracy,* Bar Sullivan; *Stewardess Instructor,* Pug Wells.

VENGEANCE VALLEY—M-G-M: *Owen D bright,* Burt Lancaster; *Lee Strobie,* Robert Walk *Jen Strobie,* Joanne Dru; *Lily,* Sally Forrest; *H Fasken,* John Ireland; *Hewie,* Carleton Carpent *Arch Strobie,* Ray Collins; *Herb Backett,* Ted Corsia; *Dick Fasken,* Hugh O'Brian; *Mr. W loughby,* Will Wright; *Mrs. Burke,* Grace Mil *Con Alvis,* James Hayward.

A Toast to Love

(*Continued from page* 42) disposal and an intercommunicating phone system. In the halls were shiny buttons which connected with the furnace and could be pushed to heat any room you wished.

It was wonderful, so far.

It became even more wonderful. It was such a particularly exquisite California night, warm and full-mooned, the Grangers stood in the open doorway and looked out across the gardens at their swimming pool. The inventiveness of America enchanted them because the surface of the pool water was unmarred by so much as a leaf, on account of a wonderful invention called a skimmer that prevented such things.

Then they returned to the living room, tenderly took the vintage champagne out of the cooler, and settled down on a couch before the blazing fire.

AT THE stroke of midnight, they toasted themselves and their love, first of all. Then they toasted Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer —because of "King Solomon's Mines" which made Stewart a star overnight, and because of his terrific contract and the happy fact that three action pictures were lined up for him, one right after the other, and that in the first one, "Scaramouche," he plays three distinct characters.

Then they toasted Michael Wilding, who had been best man at their wedding in a little Methodist church in Tucson, Arizona, and who is Stewart's best and oldest friend; also their many Hollywood friends, particularly Cary and Betsy Drake Grant, whom they see constantly, and who are a delightful example of a newly married pair with two careers, which they hope to follow.

It wasn't until they left the fireside and went upstairs that they noticed the house was really pretty chilly. And it wasn't until the next morning that they discovered, when they started to phone out their New Year's wishes, that neither of the phones was hooked up.

However, they didn't let any of this upset them. They stabbed on all the furnace buttons at once, decided to take baths in two of their eight bathrooms and then planned the fun of fixing their first

losing your

man power?

HOLLYWOOD

MEN REVEAL THE THINGS

THAT SCARE THEM

AWAY IN THE

MAY PHOTOPLAY

ON SALE

APRIL 11

Dry skin. "My skin had been dry, before I tried the Noxzema Home Facial," says beautiful Mrs. Ellen Sloan of Raleigh, N. C. "This beauty routine helped my skin look so much lovelier, I follow it daily now!"

LOOK LOVELIER in 10 DAYS with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations ...no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

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NOXZEMA

breakfast in the lovely new home together.

But the bath water ran stone cold, and they did not know how to fix the heater. And later, downstairs, suffocated with the furnace heat, they could not turn it off.

Fortunately the gas stove in the kitchen worked magnificently and they ate eggs in the quantity that only the English, egg-starved by years of rationing, could have consumed. When they finished they put the dishes in the washer and turned on the water. Moderately, they thought.

They were wrong. The water flooded not only the dishes but the whole kitchen. They were so soaked, they decided they might as well get into bathing suits and go the whole way in the pool.

They did—and found that while the "skimmer" had skimmed the surface all right, it had ignored the depths of the pool which was full of everything from dead bees to old birds.

"It slowly seeped in as to why we should have waited for the agreed-upon date of occupancy," Stewart explains. "Apparently the departing owners hadn't had time to check up on details. The only thing Jean and I could do was to laugh, and we took that as an omen of the New Year—that we were, we hoped, to be in on things so pleasantly hilarious."

This is one of the keys of his character—to search out the funny side. Currently he's the hottest thing in Hollywood. Glamour girls sigh for him, producers cry for him, publicity pursues him and Mr. Granger, who actually isn't a Mr. Granger at all but a Mr. James Stewart, carried it off blithely. He's as debonair as he's tall, which is plenty at six feet three. He's so witty that you have to be careful or you'll trip over an unwary question.

As for instance, when I told him how good I thought him in "King Solomon's Mines," he said, "How on earth could you distinguish me from those other animals?" As for instance, when I said Photoplay was being deluged with inquiries about him, he said, "Am I actually known as anything but that dreadful man who married Jean Simmons?"

The truth is that he can't keep away from the subject of Jean Simmons, but you can't exactly blame him. They were married only last December twentieth after a wait of three years, and he is definitely a man in love. A man in love with a beautiful bride, and a man in love with life, and his profession and excitement generally. He uses his wit to conceal the intensity of his emotions—but the tension of his temperament stands out all over him, in his quickly flashing dark eyes, his expressive hands, his over-all, very male handsomeness.

His parents had hoped he would become a doctor. They sent him to Epsom College, with this in mind. "When I couldn't become a specialist, for financial reasons," he says, "I decided I wasn't bright enough to be a G.P." He insists that he became a movie extra, not for any love of the drama, but because it seemed the easiest way to meet beautiful girls.

That's when he met Michael Wilding, who shared the same lofty ambition. Their friendship has remained constant and they both still like to meet beauties.

He did some amateur boxing along about then. He still loves to watch fights so much that, recently, when M-G-M sent him to New York for a week, he never went near a legitimate theater but saw Joe Louis fight, caught three baseball games and nine movies. Jean is as ardent a movie fan as he. She will next be seen in "Androcles and the Lion."

In those starting days of his, Stewart drifted into the legitimate theater professionally, in what the English call "repertory," which means playing all sorts of parts, night after night, and he must have been very good at it because he became a member of the Old Vic Theater, which is absolute tops in that class. He did some eighteen films, during which interval, with one eye on Hollywood and *our* James Stewart, he changed his own working title, by pushing his last name forward and adding his grandmother's maiden name—Granger.

It was "Caesar and Cleopatra" with Vivien Leigh which brought him to the attention of the large American audiences. He is really keen on "King Solomon's Mines" and of his British films he prefers two that haven't been seen here except in the art houses—"Blanche Fury" and "Madonna of the Seven Moons."

It was nine years ago when he and Jean first met. She was only thirteen then and he was married to an actress named Elsbeth March. On this subject he gets serious. As he discusses it, his voice conveys deep emotion.

"It's been whispered about," he says, "that Jean had something to do with the break-up of my first marriage. That is absolutely not true. She was a child when I first met her. The next time I saw her was two years later at a film premiere. She was trying very hard to be dignified and grown-up, and I couldn't resist waving across the theater at her in a way that

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made her giggle. This embarrassed her greatly, quite shattering her poise, and after that, when I'd occasionally run into her at some theater or other, I'd try to set her laughing again. Then I went into service and everything else was forgotten."

He dismisses his war record. "Mine was like everyone else's," he says. "I did what I could. Then I was invalided home, during the worst of the buzz bombing."

"It was peace that broke my marriage," he told me, plainly picking his words carefully. "The reason may be difficult for an American to understand. I hope this country will never have to know what it is to live day in and day out, night in and night out, under bombing—and then suddenly to have it stop.

"My wife was a very fine girl and I can sincerely say that to this day—and I believe for the rest of our lives—we are and will be particularly good friends.

"During the war, we had been very brave and bright about the bombs. We didn't let them stop us. We went to the theater and out dancing. We never hid out and we seldom went to shelters.

"But when peace came, there was the most tremendous nervous reaction. It was as though all the fears, the resentments we had stored up during those years together, were suddenly loosened, and we knew we could no longer live together. We had a small son, Jamie, and a baby daughter, Lindsay. But we still could not go on.

"It was nearly a year after our separation that Jean and I were cast together in 'Adam and Evalyn.' She was no longer a giggling little girl. She was a superb, instinctive actress but she was still less than twenty. So we waited three years to be sure of our feelings—and, well, you saw the result the night we became engaged."

I HAD indeed seen it and let me tell you that I think the result is as bright and right as sunshine. The night they announced their engagement they had a lavish dinner at Romanoff's for Louella Parsons. They returned to Louella's after dinner to see a movie, which I was going to see, too, and they were really aglow.

I've never seen a girl more prettily in love than Jean that night. She was proudly displaying her "ring." Like the house in Bel-Air, the "ring" had gone a bit wrong, for again Mr. Granger was making a grand gesture. It wouldn't do for his fiancee to have just a regular diamond in regular old platinum and gold. No, siree. He had to order one especially designed—the same one on which, later, the British were to demand a duty of $8,000, so that Jean had to leave it in customs while she was in her native land, though she picked it up again on her way back to Hollywood.

But on their engagement night the ring was not finished. So debonair Stewart had tied a string around her finger. Many a man would have thought of that, of course, but it takes a gentleman with real flair to also think of getting heavier string and tying a huge knot on top, to represent the stone.

"Jean is forever asking me if I would love her if she weren't an actress," her husband says. "She assures me that she would love me regardless. But I can't honestly answer her in that same sweeping way. I tell her that the beauty and temperament that compel her to act are the very qualities that endear her to me." He laughed suddenly. "I like her being so different from me," he said.

"In what way?" I asked.

"I adore her being a woman," he said.

Well, the understatement of that is just why the feminine audience is going to go for him—and big. He knows his job and he's very much man, a fact of which, I'm sure, he is not in the least unaware.

THE END

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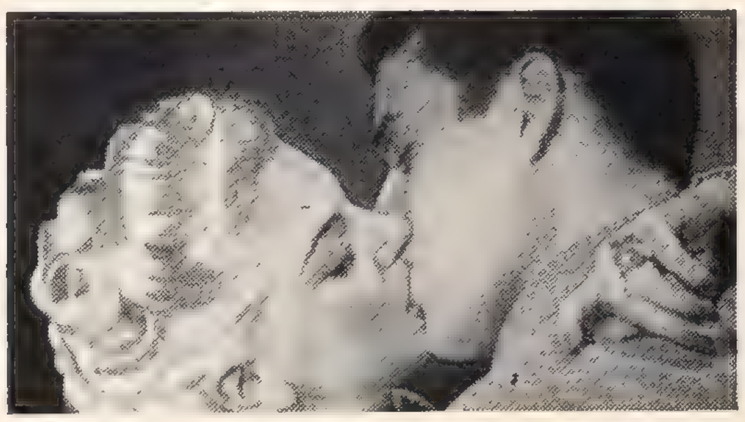

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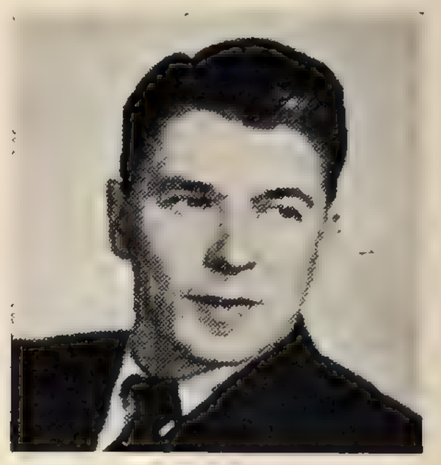
This letter, addressed to Ronald Reagan, is interesting proof that some people can see beyond those Hollywood headlines

dear MOVIE STAR



Ronald Reagan is in "The Last Outpost"

You've been having an unjustly rough time of it these last few years what with lurid headlines, and self-styled "investigators" who, try as they will to make much of a few bits of scandal, will never make us lose our respect, admiration and affection for you. Perhaps, therefore, my openly expressed belief in you—shared by most of the movie-going public—may help to repay in some small way the debt of gratitude we all owe you, and everyone who makes movies possible. It's a debt far and above the modest price of admission we pay at the box office.

Speaking for myself, I've been going to the movies for more than two decades, or most of my life. I still remember the streaky film of silent pictures—as though it were raining indoors—the scratchy, tinny tone of the first "talkies." How we howl today at those "hammy" gestures and the jerky movements captured by the early cameras. But, in the fairly short time it took us both to grow up, the motion picture industry became almost a miracle of perfection in its every phase.

The fascination that movies held for me as a child became an ever-widening world of wonder and delight. In my early teens, the movies instilled in me a deep love of music, which will enrich my life for as long as I live. MacDonald-Eddy operettas opened the door to a world of music of which I'd been unaware.

For me the movies have brought to glowing life the dull pages of history and the great moments in the lives of statesmen, presidents, scientists. They bring back to the twentieth century, the long-ago and far-away events that took place in Biblical times. We even visit the moon from a theater seat. Thus pictures have conquered, in imagination at least, the barriers of time and space.

The movie industry has attacked with telling force our shameful race hatreds and injustices through such stirring films as "Gentleman's Agreement," "Pinky," "Home of the Brave," and so on. As movie stars, you are aware of the importance to your public of sheer entertainment, but eagerly accept assignments that will make us all aware of the wrongs we must correct.

Along with the millions of other fans who go to the movies each week, I go there to seek other things, too. For those whose lives creep along in the same dull groove from day to day, the motion picture is an antidote to the often killing boredom of daily routine, and the strains and irritations that fray the nerves. You help us to widen our knowledge of people and places; you bring us the needed release of laughter in rollicking comedies; you sometimes give us a throat-tightening thrill of heavy drama. Not a cure, no, for all our ills, but a respite from them, and renewed strength to face them with higher courage.

You are good citizens away from the camera, too, and your records during the war on battle lines or home front is something we've not forgotten, and never will. Your continued efforts in the sale of bonds, and the entertainment of war vets, your generous expenditure of time, money, and energy in aiding various charities, your work on religious programs, all earn our deep respect.

With all these things in mind, the unthinking and malicious back-fence gossips of the nation will never convince your fans—and friends—that the cinema capital of the world is a "city of sin," as they would have us believe.

I realize that in my dull but blessed anonymity, I can go out and paint my town red, in peace and privacy, should I so desire. (I've wanted to, many times.) But let George or Gloria Glamorpuss get even slightly squiffed, and the greedy-for-gossip wire services of the whole nation erupt like a volcano.

Being human, you probably resent your responsibility (far greater than that of your fans) to observe all rules of decorum and dignified conduct, with nary a misstep allowed. When your every sneeze finds its way into print, your actions and words (often distorted and misquoted) have a powerful influence on hero-worshipping bobby-soxers. Even adults will ape you when it comes to clothes, hairdo, speech—or even suicide. Such is your power over the lives of your audience, and though you never meet us face to face, we think of you as friends.

I'm not one who thinks that a star's life is all gay and glamorous events. It's quite likely you sometimes grow weary of your jobs, too, and perhaps even the California sunshine palls. I know, too, that you've a hazard in your profession that's unique, even in spite of devotion to your job, and that is a possible fast, greased slide down the long ladder it took years of work and effort to climb.

Therefore, in return for all that you have given me throughout the years, I offer you as actors and as human beings, my faith, respect and warm affection. I also give you my promise that I will always raise my voice against those who would use you as a scapegoat for their own failures, or as a target for their malice. Multiply me by millions who feel the same way, and you will find you've a huge army of very loyal friends.

Lynn Scott Redd

(*Continued from page* 60) Happily, Joan's family found the perfect combination. From the exterior their home appears to be a single family dwelling, and it probably was, originally. It's a stone's throw from Sunset Boulevard, on the side of a hill and in California Spanish style. You walk up a flight of stairs to the entrance and find that Joan's apartment is located directly below with its own separate entrance at the side.

Joan is ecstatic about her apartment, which comprises a large living room, bedroom, bath and kitchen. Her apartment already had dark green walls in the bedroom and gray walls in the living room and she loved them both. Colors were reversed in the carpeting—green in the living room, gray in the bedroom—to tie the two rooms together.

Some of the furnishings came with the house, some came from her family's apartment and a few were purchased. The arrangements and selections, however, were all Joan's. And Joan proved a good point: With a good sense of color and taste you can put together a good room without taking any course in decorating. Besides, since you have to live in your home, it's better that it reflect your taste.

This doesn't mean that everyone should eliminate the services of a decorator. Decorators can help you achieve the effect you want when perhaps you cannot accomplish this yourself. But Joan, with the wall and floor colors decided upon, did a fine job of decorating her rooms.

It wasn't, "I'll take this, this and this," but instead to her mother: "Katherine, are you going to use all those mirrors? I have a good idea." And "Don't you think that sofa would look good in my place?"

Since the house was partially furnished, and the Eunson family had brought their things from New York, Joan, though young, with her sensible attitude agreed they should use the furnishings at hand as much as possible. For the few bare spots that needed filling, she bought a chartreuse love seat to go in front of a window, and a desk.

THE desk is a story in itself, and one to which you homeowners should pay heed. It was an unfinished piece but Joan liked the lines and decided to finish it herself. It took her a week. Each morning, before leaving the house, she applied a coat of varnish to it. She repeated this for four mornings. On the fifth morning, she rubbed it down with steel wool, and the sixth morning, she completed the job with a rub-down of paste wax.

Much of the unfinished furniture available today is well styled. To finish it, follow Joan's procedure or use clear shellac rather than varnish, if you prefer.

Joan put the desk, modern in style, on one side of her fireplace. Then, feeling something massive was needed on the other side of the fireplace, she put two black bookcases side by side. One of these cases would have been too narrow. But, together, they are important and they balance the wall arrangement perfectly.

Though Joan loves her apartment, there was, in her opinion, one tiny flaw. The fireplace had no mantel. Someday, Joan vows, it's going to get one. In the meantime, she used her imagination and painted the iron band, which outlined the fireplace opening, a bright red.

So often we get a good idea but are afraid to carry it out, worry that it may not be good taste or that it isn't "being done." Nonsense! Your ideas may not work out as happily as you anticipated, but in trying them you learn something and your ideas get better all the time. In Joan's case, that extra touch of red outlining the fireplace spiked the whole room scheme.

Pieces that came with the house included a modern coffee table, glass-topped with a black lacquered base, three end tables of the same materials, two textured green lounge chairs and an armless red chair with shag cover. Joan flanked the fireplace with the two green chairs, the coffee table between them, in the center of the room, and tied all three together on a large, white shag rug.

To offset the weight of this grouping, she placed a gray corduroy Charles of London sofa against the wall opposite the fireplace, an end table on each side, and the red chair nearby. Joan knows that a room must have balance in order to achieve harmony, not only in each grouping, but in arrangements of the groupings. Notice how she worked out the fireplace wall, with heavy objects on either side, a grouping in front, and another grouping opposite. To complete the room, the love seat is in front of the windows at one end of the room, and at the other end is a gray shag studio couch with red shag pillows.

If you're in doubt about furniture arrangement in your home, get the room measurements, and mark the outline on graph paper, using an inch to the foot. Then make a set of small paper squares to scale to represent the furniture pieces and move them around (*Continued on page* 95)

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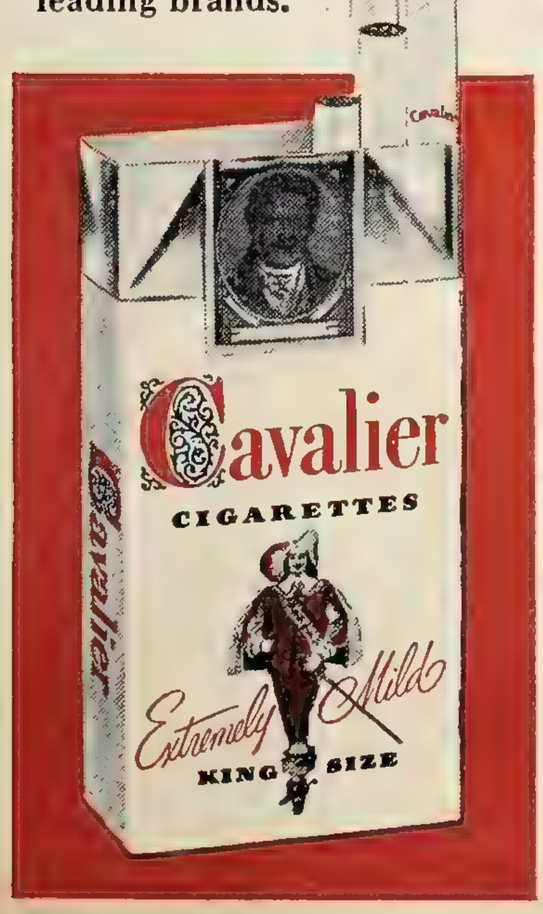

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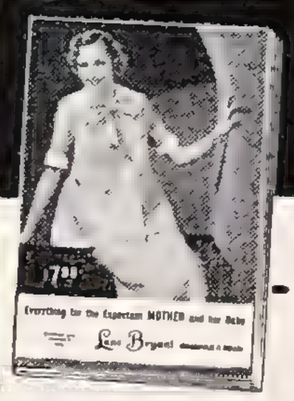

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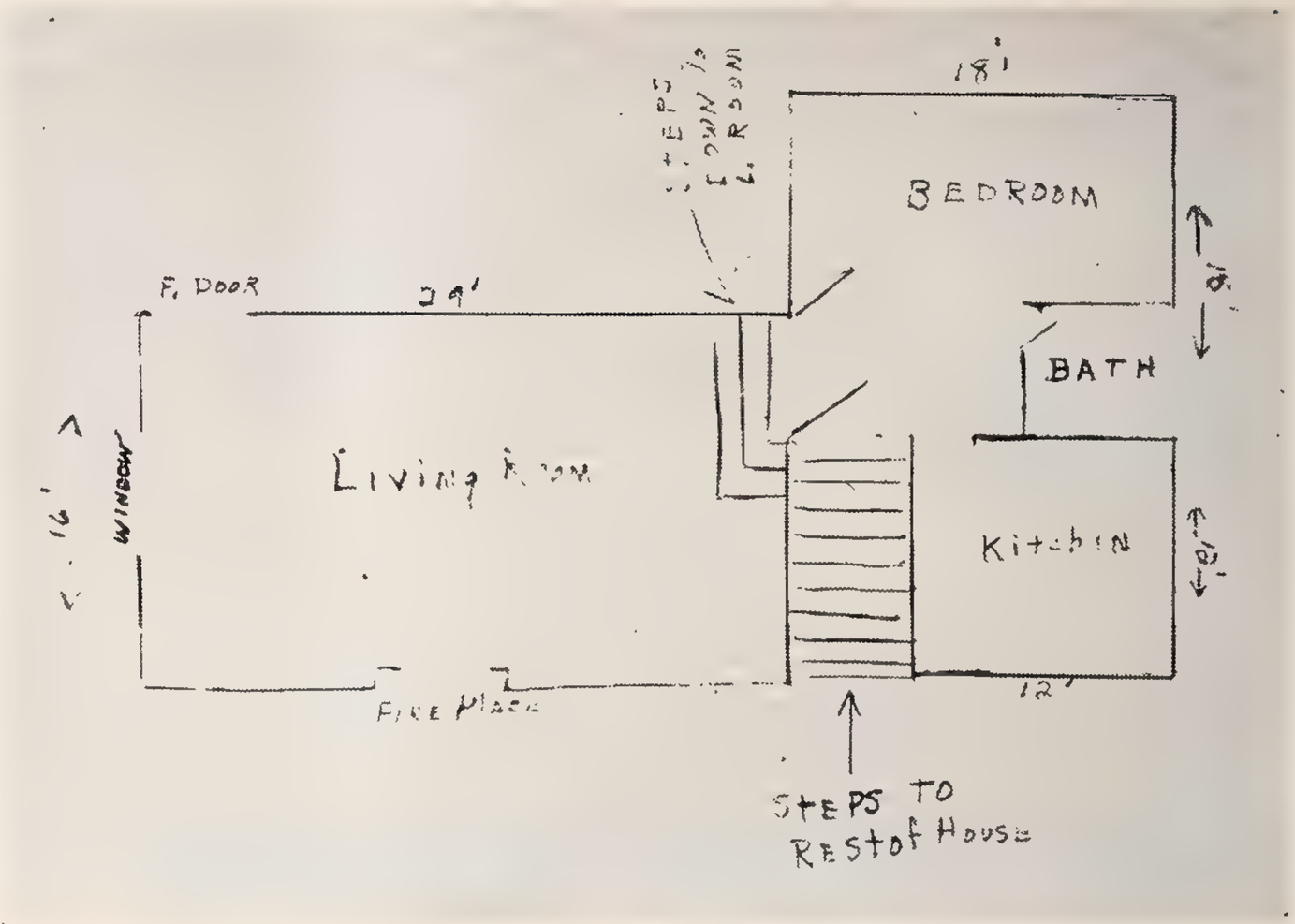

Joan Evans drew floor plan of her apartment, above, to guide her in decorating. Left, Joan tacks her treasures on cream-painted beaver board

Red lamp shades, chair and sofa pillow accent gray living-room walls, sofa. Black framed pictures have green mats to match rug

(*Continued from page* 93) until you have the comfort and effect you want.

Joan relied on another decorator trick to make her apartment attractive—an idea you'll want to borrow if you have not used it already. Although the large windows were centered in the wall at one end of the living room, Joan had the draperies extend from floor to ceiling and from one side wall to the other, so that when the draperies are closed, they cover the entire wall. This creates an illusion that windows cover the entire wall too, also make the room seem larger. Had Joan placed draperies just over the window, it would have been a spot of pattern in the middle of the wall, breaking it up to no good advantage.

She chose material wonderfully suited to the room, for its design, in panels, creates the effect of a mural. Stylized flowers in green, red and gold seem to grow on a gray background, and the fabric is shot with gold thread, not easily seen during the day, but glinting under the evening's artificial light. The draperies hang from a green cornice, and the French-pleated heading creates deep folds which are pressed in—a treatment not often seen and most successful here.

Another idea of Joan's is a bulletin board for treasured mementoes and pictures of friends. It's big, made of beaver board for easy thumbtacking, and painted cream color for a neutral background. On this board are highlights of her young life . . . an autographed picture of her godmother, Joan Crawford, for whom she was named; a large picture of Lucille Ball, and another of Aileen Pringle, both close family friends; a key to a city, various awards, and pictures of Joan's mother and grandmother, treasures all.

"What good would they do me, buried away in drawers and boxes?" said Joan. "I want them where I can see and enjoy them."

"Green and yellow are my two favorite colors," Joan said. "Wasn't I lucky that they worked out so well in the apartment?" She *was* lucky, but because they are her favorites she would have worked them in somewhere, somehow. That's a good tip to remember. Always try to use your favorite colors in your home. No doubt they are flattering, whether you realize it or not.

SINCE the living room featured green with gray and red, Joan put yellow in her bedroom, charming with the gray shag carpeting and the deep green walls. The bed came with the house, but lacked a headboard. So Joan had one made and had it covered with quilted yellow satin, which is repeated in the bedspread and on the cornice above the two windows on either side of the bed. Joan put pattern in the room with her draperies, a floral design in rayon satin combining red and green on a yellow ground.

When it came to a dressing table, Joan had another brainstorm. Her bedroom has only two free walls for furniture. Closet doors cover one wall, and the doors to the kitchen and to the upstairs take most of the second wall. Obviously the headboard had to go between the windows on the third wall, and that left only one wall for twin chests and a dressing table. When they were placed in a row, it looked like an assembly line. That's when Joan had her inspiration.

"Why not let the two chests be part of the dressing table?" she asked her mother. "Separate them about thirty inches, and use a piece of glass to span them, like a shelf, and that will be the dressing table top." A piece of molding, an inch down from the top of each chest, holds the glass in place, and Joan has a dressing table that just about fills the entire wall.

But that created a problem. Even an average sized mirror looked 'way out of proportion in relation to the chests. Joan solved this dilemma by putting together six mirrors, so that they extend from dressing table top to ceiling. So Joan has practically a wall of mirrors, which makes the room seem larger, too.

Two final pieces in Joan's bedroom came from New York: a chaise longue in champagne color, and a rattan stool, tailored in design, to go in front of the dressing table. The room still lacked something so far as color was concerned, a solidarity, so Joan selected a brown velvet to cover a pillow for the chaise and the dressing-table stool.

Joan's kitchen doesn't get much use. But it's handy for parties. There's no stove, but there's a hot plate to keep prepared dishes hot until serving time. The kitchen's done in gray, to go with the rest of the house, gray linoleum, gray formica, and touches of red to relieve it.

A girl's first apartment deserves a bang-up celebration, and Joan had one. Her mother makes divine chili, Joan says, with cheese in it. That was the *pièce de résistance,* with plates and plates of it. Since Joan doesn't plan for meals regularly, no provision was made for a dining area. It would be a waste of space. So for parties she sets up card tables along the wall and serves buffet style. Then guests perch on chairs and couches, and the overflow take over the floor.

In planning this way, Joan hit upon another rule for successful interiors. Above all, decorate to fit your way of living. For it was in doing this that she created her teen-age Heaven.

THE END

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(*Continued from page* 37) man this would have been all right. But with Nicky Hilton, the indulged scion of a hotel magnate, who at least fancies himself as the most cosmopolitan and sophisticated of young gentlemen, it was no go at all. Elizabeth's girlish notions soon seemed to bore him. And his all-night sessions at the Casino at Monte Carlo crucified her. I used to see her and a girl friend on the beach in the morning and always Elizabeth looked lonely and unhappy. Her marriage never had a chance of surviving long enough to come to grips with the problems which crack up many marriages and forge others into mature relationships—such problems as another man or another woman, money worries, an increasing incompatibility and later in life a frenzied search on the part of one or both for someone who will make them feel young and exciting once more.

This last state of affairs offers, I think, the true story behind the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor separation, the Bob Montgomerys' divorce and the Gary Coopers' recent difficulties.

All these couples had, to put it bluntly, come to the dangerous years. Every couple does. But the restlessness of the stars is not curtailed by any problem of rent or this week's grocery bill. How many men and women, I wonder, work out their marriage so that it endures, even though less romantically, simply because their finances make a divorce impractical. Movie stars, fortunately or unfortunately, do not have to do this. Moreover, stars have egos which make them especially susceptible to the romantic dangers to which they constantly are exposed.

When the stars marry they give up, as all do, the admiration of many. For a time their love is sufficient. Far too often, however, within a year or two—as a marriage settles down into a calm every-day affair and a husband ceases to kiss a star's hand or a wife ceases to hang on a star's least word—there is trouble. This, I think, is the real reason for the divorces of Joan Crawford and Joan Fontaine and Hedy Lamarr, of Mickey Rooney and Paul Douglas and Errol Flynn, to name a few.

But Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, the Bob Montgomerys and the Gary Coopers weathered this "settling down" period. Their break-ups came only when the "boys" (courtesy of Elsa Maxwell) found their hair getting thinner and their breath getting shorter and started looking around for youth. For in all of these marriage failures—the Coopers must be counted a marriage failure temporarily, until they have somehow, some way rewoven the fabric of their marriage—it was the boys who wanted "out."

The break between Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor had been brewing for long time. But it took the linking of Bob name with a young Italian actress imm diately after Barbara had spent six swe tering weeks in Rome, where Bob w making "Quo Vadis," to bring the rift its breaking point.

Barbara, I think, wanted to keep t marriage together. Otherwise, after worl ing as long as she had and as hard as s had she would have holidayed in a plea anter spot than Rome—a frying pan su rounded as it is by the hills to which good Romans flee in the summertime.

It is pointed out in Hollywood th there always has been a great divergen of interests between Barbara and Bo that he loves to hunt and she doesn't; th he adores flying which frightens her, th he loves to go out and see new peop while she better enjoys having a fe friends to the house for talk. This wou have been a breaking point for many, b it took more than this divergence of i terests to bring them to the place whe they no longer wanted to go on.

Barbara apparently is content with h maturity. No one ever has been able get Barbara to touch up her hair. She lik it gray, as she should, for it is flatteri to her and it permits her to go about wit out being recognized. With physical m turity, you see, Barbara came to a men maturity too. Too bad this doesn't happ to more people.

As for the Coopers, I must say I su pected Gary had a new interest long b fore I read the first rumors about h and Pat Neal. Always when Gary gets romantic gleam in his eye he sees h tailor. Back in the 'Thirties when Ga was first a star he used to wear the m awful clothes with a heavy watch-cha strung across his middle. Then he m Countess Dorothy di Frasso. And how did spruce up. During the Lupe Velez e he wore, as you might guess, gayer soc and ties and tweeds. Later, with the a vent of Rocky, he went Brooks Brother And now his grooming, having picked again, is more casual in tone.

I think Gary and Rocky will stick it o Because she is a good Catholic and becau both she and Gary are devoted to Mar their thirteen-year-old daughter.

It's all too bad. This was a real lo Gary met Rocky before he went to t African veldt in 1932 on his great hunti expedition. While he chased lions a rhinos and cheetahs she remained deligh fully in his mind. When he returned th announced their plan to marry. Rocky, w once sought a film career under the na of Sandra Shaw, comes from a New Yo family of better than average means. B she is not the socialite the columni

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would have you believe. It was for love, not ambition, that Gary married her.

Incidentally, the problems the Cooper marriage faces today are not all of Gary's making. There have been rumors about Rocky too—and a ski instructor and a young man of Manhattan. She too, it seems, has reached a restless age.

Betty Montgomery, divorcing Bob when she believed he was truly in love, that his feeling for Elizabeth "Buffy" Harkness was more than a passing fancy, is touched with sadness. No one, I think, ever doubted Betty's devotion to Bob. Many of us, however, have occasionally wished she would act less possessively. Through their twenty-two years of marriage Betty saw to it that life was arranged to Bob's liking. At friends' houses or at restaurants she would supervise the making of his cocktail so it would have exactly the dryness he preferred. It got to be a habit with Betty, making Bob's life pleasant; such a habit that she stuck to it right up to the time she went to Las Vegas to give him his freedom.

PEOPLE who have never been to Hollywood, who have never met a motion picture star, who have no comprehension of the lack of privacy that besets those in the public eye, insist that movie people care nothing about marriage. They couldn't be further from the truth.

The Taylors, the Coopers, the Montgomerys all fought for their marriages. Otherwise they would have not survived so many years, with all the strain and stress to which stellar marriages are exposed.

Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, too, fought for their marriage—at the risk of seeming ridiculous with their off-again-on-again didoes. Those who are fond of Betty will tell you that Ted didn't measure up as he should have, that he was too willing to let Betty shoulder the major responsibility. Maybe! But I suspect no one could measure the ambition and drive and force of Hutton. For these qualities were generated within her to an abnormal degree during those years when she fought poverty and forged her performance into one that would carry her to the top. This has been a big year for Betty. She won Photoplay's Gold Medal Award and got the starring role in Cecil B. DeMille's "The Greatest Show on Earth." Only a man whose life pattern had been like Betty's could be expected to equal her ambition and drive and force. And two such dynamos, of course, wouldn't get on at all—probably never would be attracted to each other in the first place. All of which doesn't mean that Betty, like any other woman, doesn't long to be married to a devoted man upon whom she can lean. But the lack of such a marriage is, in all probability, the price she will pay for having attained all those things she, long ago, set her heart upon.

Linda Darnell and Pev Marley, goodness knows, have fought for their marriage, have parted a dozen times only to try it again. Linda married Pev, who always warned her he was too old for her even though he loved her, because he represented security. Linda was a little girl from Texas, who knew nothing. Pev had been around. But now Linda has been around too and learned a lot. And, now, secure herself, I suspect her subconscious urges her to have a fine young whirl while the whirling is good. But I won't believe this phase in Linda's development is to be the breaking point for her and Peverell until they're actually divorced.

Headlines about Hollywood break-ups are cold and misleading. They do not tell the human stories of strengths and frailties which are part of all marriages, even those that never reach their breaking point.

THE END

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by VALDA SHERMAN

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My Guiding Star

(*Continued from page* 46) people have lots of money, they are usually either very old, or titled, or something unique like that. The people in Hollywood, however, are young, just ordinary people like you and me. They've made their own names and money. But that money, more often than not, brings them misery.

Until Gordon came into my life I was all set to guarantee my own misery in later years. My name was Sheila Margo Stephens, and I was a member of the Millpond Stock Company, mostly made up of ambitious amateurs like myself. We were, all of us, nice normal kids from nice normal families.

I was wildly ambitious. I meant to be a great stage star. I read, dreamed, thought theater. The only other thing I ever thought about was myself and how talented, sensitive and wonderful I was.

I met Gordon when the Millpond Stock Company held an audition for new actors. Gordon, instead of being impressed with the Millpond Company and the seriousness of our ambitions, laughed. While he was waiting for the try-out of his talents, he hummed gaily and tapped out a dance. So when he, together with one other fellow, were chosen to join the troupe, I didn't like it. The other chap's name, by the way, was Ira Grossel. He's in Hollywood now, too, and one of our best friends; only now he's been re-titled Jeff Chandler.

Almost immediately Gordon began trying to date me, but I turned down all his bids. The director of the company was more to my taste. He was very serious, very highbrow and he told me about suffering for one's art.

But Gordon would not take my brush-offs seriously. He kept trying to date me and I kept turning him down, until the night when he told me there was a girl in his home town he was fairly serious about. That, I should be ashamed to admit, sparked my interest in him. That made me know he wasn't entirely lighthearted. I told him about my great, great love while he discussed his. Before I knew it I had spent the whole evening with him.

Just at that moment my director friend got a chance to go to California. It was a much better opportunity for him and, dedicated to my career as I believed myself to be, I couldn't very well ask him to give up his career for me. So I bade him a tearful, brave farewell. I was sure I would never love again. As the most frivolous way of trying to forget I invited Gordon two days later to meet my family at my own home.

Now my mother and father are naturally very reserved but, to my amazement, they took to Gordon at once. So did my sister, and as for our family dog, he went mad over him. We played games and sang. It was, I later had to admit, very pleasant. I felt it wasn't highbrow—but it was more fun than I'd had in a long, long time.

After that, my parents kept asking why I didn't bring that nice boy around again. So I asked Gordon to the house frequently while I alibied to myself that I invited him because of my folks. I discovered I liked to listen to him sing and that I was beginning to think he was handsome. Of course, it annoyed me that he still kidded me when I read sad poetry. When I argued that real art and life were based on suffering, he hooted with laughter.

WHEN autumn came and our company broke up, Gordon went to New York and became a page for the National Broadcasting Company. That's how he got his first big break. He was hustling around, at his page duties, but while he hustled he was singing happily at the top of his healthy lungs. Horace Heidt heard him and asked him if he'd like to be with his band. Gordon honestly hadn't thought of singing professionally until that moment but, offered the super-colossal sum of fifty dollars a week, he quickly said yes.

What's more, he telephoned me this thrilling news immediately, asked me to help him celebrate his good luck by having dinner and going to see a show with him. We were both theater-crazy, of course, so I rushed downtown, feeling both excited and a little panicky at the thought of his going out on the road with Mr. Heidt.

It wasn't yet six when I got to NBC and Gordon had a sort of funny look on his face. He said, "Sheila, darling, there's a little shop here in Radio City I wish you'd come into with me. I'd like your advice."

It was a jewelry shop and Gordon headed for the ring section. It was just about the smallest diamond in the place that he chose—and he was months paying for it even at that. But it is still the most beautiful jewel in the world for me. That day in 1941 we came out of that shop treading on air. I must admit I had completely forgotten my absent director. And Gordon apparently had forgotten the girl back home.

Gordon went to Cleveland for his first engagement with the Heidt company. We wrote one another every day. Gordon telephoned me every Sunday (when the rates are cheapest).

A couple of months later Mrs. Heidt telephoned my mother. "I promise to chap-

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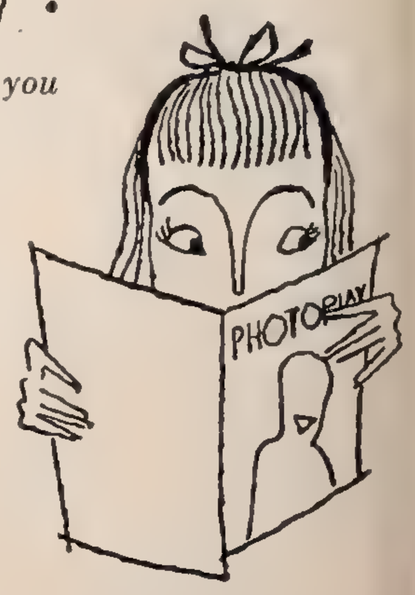

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erone your daughter most carefully if you will let her come out here to visit," she said. "You mark my words. This Gordon MacRae will be famous some day—if only you'll let your daughter come here long enough to get him back to eating and sleeping again."

It was spring in Cleveland, and I was eighteen and Gordon twenty. I sat in the night club where the Heidt band was playing and my dreams grew roseate again. I decided I could no longer put off marrying just to get my career started.

Then into my life came the Reverend Clark, the white-haired darling who married us. He took me into his study and said he had to talk to me.

I'll never forget his words: "My child, no couple I have ever married has been divorced. I'm a little worried about how serious you are about this marriage."

"I'm madly in love," I said, almost angrily.

"You have to be more than that," he told me. "You have to make sure that you will give up every other thing to make this marriage succeed, that your young husband will come first in all your thoughts, that you are prepared to serve and cherish him all the days of your life."

I PROMISED. I was so sure our life together was going to be flawless. Less than two months later I was thinking about leaving Gordon. Less than four months later I was sure I would.

My first reason was our quarrels. They were numerous and long. Today I know that they were almost entirely my fault. That was because I was moody and proud of it. When I was blue, I was bluer than the ocean. When I was gay, I was giddier than a butterfly. Gordon, bless him, had the most even disposition. He still has.

I didn't know anything about running a home and certainly nothing about how to make a cheap hotel room look homey. And out on the road as we were, we lived in a dreary succession of hotel rooms. But the real cause of our quarrels was Gordon's habit of making friends wherever the band went. He just liked everyone, which I thought was half-baked of him. I boasted that I liked so few people.

Yet we always patched up our quarrels—or rather Gordon patched them up, because he knew so much more abut living than I did. It took me years to learn that first truth about happiness which Gordon always knew instinctively. That is, *when you like other people you have made your first step towards living with the world instead of against it. When you like people, they like you. When you hate, you get hate in return.* It seems childish now that I had to learn that, slowly and painfully.

Then came my big temptation; an offer for a play in Chicago that would have paid me $350 a week. I was out of my mind with joy at the idea.

"I'll miss you, darling," Gordon said, "but I won't stand in your way."

Right there was the second thing Gordon had to teach me about happiness: to think of others first, not one's self. He was doing it automatically on that occasion, not complaining that his salary would be only a seventh of mine; that he'd be lonely; or that our lives would be broken up. No, he thought of me, my chance, my fame.

The difference in us was that I thought of that, too—and that only.

It was that angel, Horace Heidt, who saved me. "Sheila," he said, "if you take this offer you'll grow away from Gordon and he from you. So make up your mind right now whether you want this show or a divorce."

I turned the show down. I got a reward. Almost immediately Gordon was asked to replace Frank Sinatra on CBS. [illegible]ushed

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madly back to New York. We took a one-room apartment where we could finally unpack our trunks. There was only one thing the matter and it was the matter with the whole world. The war. Gordon couldn't bear to stay out of service so he went into the Air Corps.

When peace was declared we discovered that competitors had sprung up everywhere. We went through a rather rough two years. We even got to the point where we had to take our first baby, Meredith, back home to my folks to live. Gordon and I struggled along, though. Again my career called me. In fact, at this time we needed the money I might earn. But just then I discovered that I was going to be a mother again and late in 1946, Heather was born. All of a sudden Gordon had four sponsored radio shows at once and we lived like kings. We rented a ten-room apartment on Park Avenue, had a limousine, servants and ate in the grandest restaurants.

Oh, yes, we became quite a couple, we MacRaes. Then, business being what it is, all the programs were dropped at once and, instead of earning in the thousands weekly, Gordon and I were back again, scratching for five bucks or less.

But Hollywood and a man who has now become one of our closest friends, Bill Orr, recognized Gordon's talent and signed him to a contract for Warner Brothers.

Then we came West—but this time we got a business manager who wouldn't let us spend every cent we got our hands on. We moved into a quiet English-type of house. And I, Sheila MacRae, found that without doing it consciously, I had finally come to the point where *I automatically thought first of what was good for my husband and my children.* Another thing—*I found that now I really liked people too.*

It was thrilling to meet Gary Cooper and Cary Grant and Joan Crawford and other famous stars, but having come at last to see life through my husband's eyes, I knew that it was just as exciting to talk to the doorman or the gateman.

I became aware, too, that wonderful as symphonies were, jazz also was music, and beautiful as poetry is, you could learn more about life in the daily newspapers or in the love of your children. And suddenly I also became aware that I hadn't had a mood in months and months and months—no mood, that is, except the happy mood of love and its fulfillment.

Finally Gordon and I had our son, who is now just beginning to walk and talk. And then one day what was practically an accident happened. A part was open in a picture called "Backfire" at Gordon's studio. They asked me if I'd like to play it. Gordon was very joyous at the idea. "Darling, you'll be right on the lot with me," he said, "and it isn't fair to let a talent like yours go to waste."

I had a great time making the picture—but I'll tell you the truth: I don't give a hoot whether I make more or not. They are fun, yes—but, as for a career for a career's sake, that's out. I can't even think of it as being in the same class as my home—my babies—and my husband, who has, at last, taught me that by forgetting yourself you find yourself—and live happily ever after.

THE END

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Make Hers Old-Fashioned

(*Continued from page* 50) she preaches as Mrs. Ben Gage every moment that she is free from being Esther Williams in front of the cameras.

Take a little vacation without Ben? Unthinkable! What's the fun in going anywhere without the person you love best in all the world?

Flirt a bit at dances with some other man because that's supposed to keep a husband on his toes? That's fatal! Esther doesn't even like to dance with anyone else unless it's an old friend of both hers and Ben's such as M-G-M music director Johnny Green, himself happily married to Bunny Waters, Esther's close friend.

A luncheon date with a business manager or even with her agent? Ben advises her on all her business affairs—so why shouldn't he come along for lunch if business *has* to be discussed while eating?

Well, God love her—you can't help but admire her stand in this day when matrimonial bands are too loosely tied and too many married couples live like bachelor girls and men-about-town.

I WISH I could have taken some of the doubting Thomases who can only see Hollywood as the scene of broken homes and many divorces right into the new home of Esther and Ben with me. They wouldn't believe what they saw.

I arrived on the day that the children's nurse was "off" and Esther was taking care of the babies.

It was the first time I had been to the Gage home into which they had moved one day before the birth of their second son, Kimmy. My first impression was that no one would ever think it belonged to a woman star recently voted second only to Betty Grable for drawing ticket buyers to the box office and whose salary is in four figures a week.

An old-fashioned cradle stood in front of the open fireplace which was crackling cheerfully in the long living room that also serves as a dining room. The baby slept peacefully except for several moments of wakefulness at which times Esther took him up, changed him, gave him his bottle and patted his little behind before putting him down again.

Esther, in dark blue slacks and matching shirt, might have been any housewife just back from a hurried trip to the market. And she continued to bubble over with her housekeeping chores—doing this, straightening that—as we talked.

"All the things in this room are antiques," she said, "I have been collecting them for years and we never really had a place for them until we bought this house. The cradle was in my collection and has served both for Benjy and Kimmy."

Kimmy, who arrived two months ahead of schedule, is being given very special care, although I must say he didn't look like an ailing baby nor did he act like one. There's just fourteen months between Benjamin Gage, Jr. and Kimball Austin Gage.

"You might say," said Esther confidentially talking girl-talk, "that Kimmy was an *accident*. We didn't expect to have a baby that soon. I don't want to have another baby now until Kimmy is about two. I feel I owe that to my health—and to my studio. They have been good to me even though, of course, I have lost a lot of time having two children so close together. But career or no, I wouldn't give up my children for anything. And I mean *anything*."

"That sounds as if you have something special on your mind," I prompted.

"I have," she nodded. "For instance, I suppose you know that I was almost nom-

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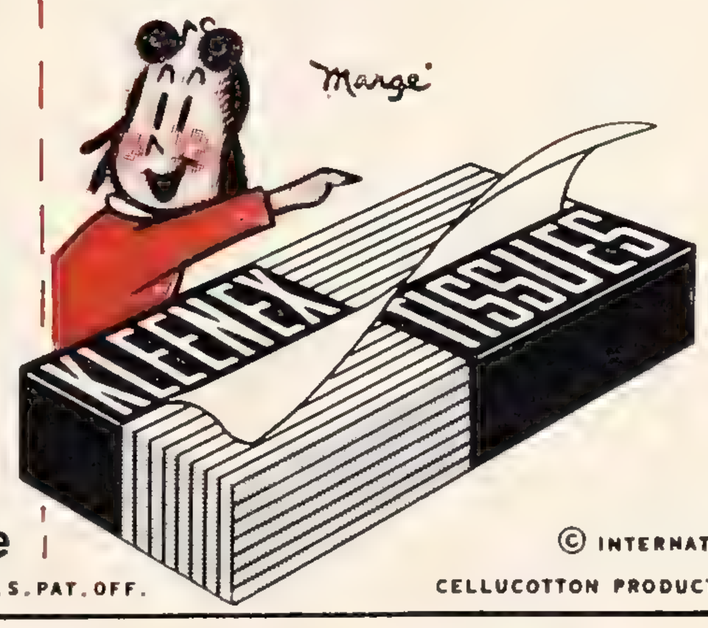

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inated by the Hollywood Women's Press Club as one of the 'uncooperative' actresses of 1950.

"I believe that had its basis in one particular thing that happened on several occasions: I had to break interview and portrait-sitting appointments at the last minute—and each time it was because Benjy had become suddenly ill.

"I remember one particular time; I was half out the door on my way to the studio when he started vomiting violently. Do you think I would have left him for one moment until the doctor got here and said he was all right? Never! I wouldn't leave a sick baby of mine, Louella, for the best publicity break in the world—I just couldn't!"

She shook her head vigorously. "Before I was married and before the babies came—it was different. You see, I was free then to be helpful in every way possible. As an actress, I realize how very valuable publicity is. As a mother, well—there are many problems. Do you understand, Louella?"

Being a mother and a career woman myself, I said I most certainly did—and I meant it.

THROUGH the window I could see the tree-shaded lane that serves as the driveway to the house. Big oak trees, the kind you see in northern California, line the lane. When I remarked about the beautiful trees, Esther said, "They helped sell the house to us—but it was the kitchen that really did the trick. I'll show it to you."

That kitchen! It's just wonderful—like the old-fashioned kitchens that belonged to our great-grandmothers. A whole corner was taken up by a brick fireplace and there was also a comfortable window seat with cushions covered in chintz. Plants were growing gaily and colorfully in every window.

"But where do you cook?" I asked, not seeing any visible stoves.

Then she took me to a place partitioned off by a gate where two stoves, electric and gas, stood side by side. "I have to have the gate there," Esther explained, "because Benjy is old enough to get into everything and I love to cook."

The Gages use the kitchen for their breakfast room, in fact they eat most of their meals there. "I hate a regular dining room," Esther laughed.

The house has two rooms upstairs, as I found out on our tour—Esther's and Ben's apartments. The nurseries are on the first floor so the nurse doesn't have to wear herself ragged running up and down the stairs all the time.

"You know," went on Esther, "we always keep the children with us. I honestly believe a baby gets lonesome living in shut-up nurseries as far away as possible from its parents so they won't be bothered by crying. Not ours! As you see—the baby stays down here in his cradle all day with Ben and me when we are home."

I wondered out loud what a pediatrician would say to that arrangement? Most of them think tiny babies are made less nervous by absolute quiet.

"Oh, it's all right with our pediatrician," Esther assured me. "He is a young, unmarried man, and when Ben and I went to Acapulco to sell our vacation home there, he stayed right in the house looking after the babies and keeping them with him as closely as we do."

And I had already noticed that this modern Mrs. with the old-fashioned ways also believes in picking up a baby when he cries. When she did it for about the third time, I laughed and she knew what I meant.

"I don't care," she argued. "Every woman wants to hold a baby in her arms—and

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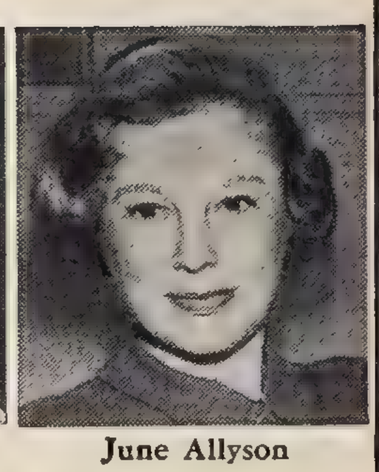
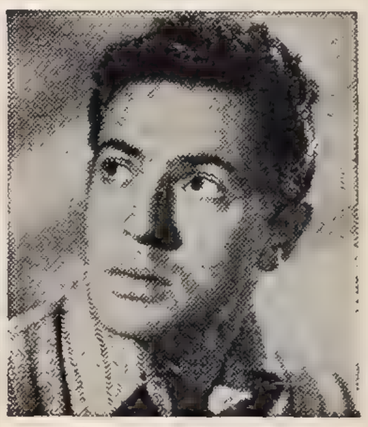
Elizabeth Taylor



June Allyson



Farley Granger

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will you give me one good reason why a baby shouldn't be held and *loved.*"

I couldn't. I had done too much of the same thing with my own daughter.

The babies even attend the parties Esther gives. I suppose that will keep them from being shy and self-conscious as they grow older. She told me that at the Christmas party she and Ben gave there had been twelve adults and ten children celebrating in one room!

"Both my mother and father are still alive," she said proudly, "and they were at the party. Just think—they were the grandparents of *all ten* of those children. I have two sisters and a brother and they all have children and I am going to have many more, believe me."

Esther and June Allyson are very close friends and their babies—Esther's second and June's first—were expected within a few weeks of each other. Esther beat June by a week or two because Esther's Kimmy was two months premature.

"I'm going to make it up to M-G-M," Esther said, like the good conscientious business woman she is, "by doing some extra pictures. But the doctor says I must not swim until Kimmy is at least three months old."

At that rate, by the time you read this Esther should be at work on "Texas Carnival," her next with Howard Keel.

AS YOU might expect, the swimming pool of Esther's is next in importance to that cradle in the living room.

"The pool is heated," she explained, "and even on Christmas Eve Donna and Tony Owen (Donna Reed, she meant, and it's typical that she referred to her friend by her married name), Betty and Larry Parks (Betty Garrett) and all our guests went in swimming. You know, that was a funny evening. There we were, all the girls in pictures—but not once were pictures discussed. We talked formulas and babies."

"Just as you and I are doing," I couldn't help saying and then wished I hadn't because Esther might have misinterpreted it as a "crack."

But she didn't. Apparently she believes that there is nothing more important in the world for women to talk about than children—and perhaps she is right.

The only time she even faintly veered from the subject of her children was when she told me about the success of the cafe the Gages own, "The Trails."

"Ben has given up all his radio work to manage it—that's how much money it is taking in," she enthused, "It's going so well we are now going to add on drive-in service and a private room for parties. I guess I'm just a lucky girl. Could anyone have more than a husband she loves, two beautiful babies, a career—*and* a successful business on the side?"

She was joking about the cafe, of course—but what she said is all so true.

It is so true that I do not mind in the least that this sounds like a very sentimental story about a movie star without a single "hot" item. No heartaches. No heartbreaks. No problems. No divorce. No torch. No neurosis.

Instead, it is just a story about "folks"—two young people who fell in love and married and had babies perhaps a little too close together. That the heroine happens to be a movie star, the glamorously beautiful Esther Williams acclaimed for one of the most beautiful figures in the world, doesn't change the happy circumstances at all. I wish I had many, many more stories like this to write.

Indeed Esther is lucky. She is one of the few celebrated women in the world living and loving and treasuring life just as though the gold dust of fame had never been sprinkled over her name.

THE END

"Wonderful"
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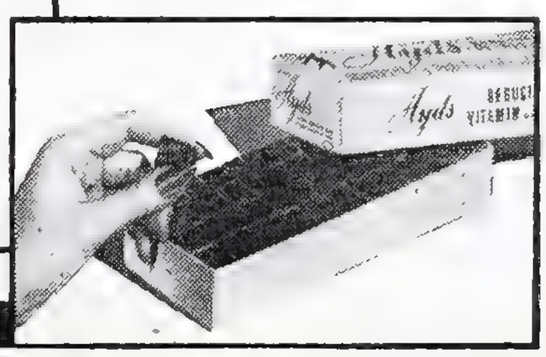

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Big-Head Aches

(*Continued from page* 63) the break was because Diana wanted an acting career of her own. And I can well believe there wouldn't be room in the Douglas home for *two* careers. With Irene Wrightsman, there will be no career-conflict excuse.

And here's an odd P.S. on Kirk. He won the award for the most cooperative actor of the year from the Hollywood Women's Press Club during the time he campaigned for the Oscar. One year later, at least two of the members told me they considered Kirk the *least* cooperative actor.

Olivia de Havilland, this year's "least cooperative" actress, is accused by the Hollywoodites who used to be her friends in pre-Oscar winning days, of behaving like an obedient Victorian daughter. Only Marcus Goodrich is not her father, he's her husband. Olivia didn't see much of her own father. Her parents were divorced when she was young. But it is such a pity that Olivia is no longer the happy-go-friendly girl who used to drop in on her friends with chocolate cake—"because I know you like chocolate cake." And who used to walk in the hills with a pal or two reading her own poetry.

OLIVIA hasn't really been the same since her two years' fight with Warners, which damaged her health and hurt her deeply. Now she and Marcus are so ambitious for her, I don't believe she will be able to relax until she has out-Helened Helen Hayes on the stage. And even then they will find some other goal for her to reach.

The more successful Farley Granger becomes, the less available he appears to be to his former friends. When, for instance, a war buddy of Farley's got a three-day acting job on "Our Very Own," Farley used to give him only a brief "Good morning." Also, Farley doesn't return telephone calls the way he used to.

Well, how many stars can stand the dizzy pinnacle of success without having their heads turned? . . .

Here's one! Remove the mask from Jane Powell and you find the same sweet, gentle girl who began her career seven years ago in "Song of the Open Road." I was in a shop in Beverly Hills this past Christmas. At a near-by counter, Jane was buying a shirt for hubby Geary Steffen. She was worried to the core of her cute being. "Do you think he'll like it?" she asked the patient salesman. "You're married to him—you should know," flipped the fellow. Then Jane had a new worry—the size—was it right? I left her still fussing and figuring. And I thought—I hope you always stay as sweet as you are, Jane. If she doesn't I'll give up believing in Santa Claus.

The only change in Alan Ladd from the day he was signed in 1939 to do "Rulers of the Sea" to December 19, 1950, when he won the Women's Press Award, is that now he has a private press agent. The latter will have to be very ingenious to be as good for him as Paramount Studio has been. Alan is living and lovely proof that a guy can travel from obscurity to top fame and still remain modest, hard-working and completely regular.

They used to call Ava Gardner the "stepping stone girl" because she made Hollywood ask, "Who is she?" by marrying Mickey Rooney. I had lunch with her at Metro in those early days. And all I remember is a tall girl with friendly eyes who seemed unsure. Success hasn't made Ava more sure. Just made her more elusive and less talkative. I'm told that not even her bosses can reach her direct. They have to use a telephone call service.

It's going to be even harder to talk to Ava in the future. She plans to live away from Hollywood between pictures. Ava is

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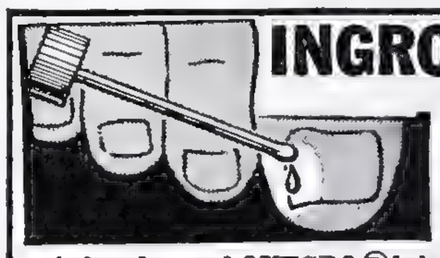

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not career crazy. I still think she'd drop the fame and the glamour for a good marriage. There's talk that Frank Sinatra will get a quick Mexican divorce to marry Ava. I wonder.

Then take Gordon MacRae, who was runner-up for the uncooperative title this year, won (or "lost" might be a better way of putting it) by Robert Mitchum. I honestly have not noticed any difference in Gordon from when I met him during his first picture at Warners two years ago. But these press girls know their onions and they know their difficult actors. The one change I see in Gordon is the difference in his style of living. I guess he's feeling pretty confident about the future or he wouldn't have bought a $65,000 estate.

And for contrast there's Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh's current adorer, who I believe is going to be one of our top palpitators. Tony, just as wide-eyed and naive as when he first came to Hollywood, tells pals: "Seventeen more payments and the car is mine!"

Success and Sir Charles and Lady Mendl changed Arlene Dahl for the better. She was always beautiful. But Sir Charles and Lady Elsie rubbed Arlene with some of their own polish. She never forgets the amenities. I remember a party recently given by a top Hollywood star and his gracious wife. It was a small soiree but with really big names, like the Ronald Colmans, Jack Bennys, etc., etc. Arlene was the one guest who penned a "thank-you" note the next day, and she also sent along a little gift with it. She will, I'm sure, make a very charming wife for Lex Barker, whose family is socially prominent in New York.

I could ask, "What has success done to Elizabeth Taylor?" It's more to the point to write "What did *marriage* do to her?" It made her wary, more reserved, and destroyed her dream that life was a beautiful bowl of peaches and cream, invented just for her.

Loretta Young has always been friendly and cooperative, regardless of whether she's up for an Oscar or not. So has Joan Crawford. And it pays off. During Joan's two-year career fade-out before "Mildred Pierce," Hymie Fink, Photoplay's ace photographer, regularly took Joan's photograph at any shindig she attended and regularly pestered magazines and newspapers to print them, and this kept Joan's morale from dropping to zero. Without

The effects of fame on Loretta Young, Gordon MacRae, put them on opposite sides of the fence with the press

"There's just no holding George since I've been starching his shirts with **LINIT!"**

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this great loyalty from Hymie, I wonder if Joan could have made the great comeback. She's never forgotten Hymie's loyalty, however. Any picture Hymie wants of her or her children, Hymie gets.

I like Paul Douglas better now that he is well established in Hollywood. At first Paul had a couple of man-sized chips on his broad shoulders. His early scowl used to scare me. I've found out he's the cautious kind—he has to be sure he can trust you before he lets down the bars. I guess Jan Sterling is smarter than I am. She always knew he was a big-hearted softie.

WHEN Ruth Roman failed to give a certain lady columnist the news of her impending marriage to Mortimer Hall, the columnist called Ruth on the set just before a big scene and caused a bigger scene on the phone. In my opinion this was abusing the privilege of the press. This was one case where success had changed the columnist, not the client. Ruth has always been ambitious. To make a bad pun, I think she might even be *ruth*less to attain her objective. Time will give the complete answer.

What success has done to Dan Dailey shouldn't have happened. It sent him to the Menninger Clinic to get un-confused. You won't find a sweeter character in Hollywood than Dan, unless it's Bob Hope or Victor Mature. But Dan allowed himself to be hemmed in by too much work, and too much zest for fun maybe. Whatever it is, I hope with all my heart he finds as much happiness ultimately as he has found success. Sadly enough, he was happier as a failure.

People keep writing to me, asking, "What are Judy Garland's plans?" Judy tells me that Bing Crosby wants her to be his co-star in "Famous." She can appear on his radio show any week, just for the asking. But as I sat on the set some weeks ago with Judy—we were watching Vincente Minnelli (from whom she's now separated) direct new star Leslie Caron in "An American in Paris"—I could have wept for Judy. She would be a happier woman today, I'm sure, if she had remained Frances Gumm, a girl absent from the limelight.

Esther Williams has changed little with the change in her fortunes from swimmer to top star. Only she is more of what she was. More confident, more lusty, more uninhibited, more herself. It was amusing to watch Esther and her husband Ben Gage at the veddy swank "Born Yesterday" premiere. Like the other stars, Esther was dripping with blue mink and bright diamonds. "Get me some popcorn, Ben," said Esther in the lobby. He bought a huge bag and they chewed noisily and happily all during the show. No other star in Hollywood would have had the nerve.

Esther has kept every friend she ever had, and these friends don't merely give lip service. There was the time when Malvina Pumphrey, Esther's Metro press contact and also her matron of honor at the wedding to Ben Gage, went back to her Metro office after visiting Esther on the set. Mal suddenly put her head on the table and burst into tears. Of course, everyone assumed she had had a quarrel with Esther. "No," wept Mal, "I've just been watching Esther swim a South Sea Island number and she swam with so much feeling I just had to break down." When you can make your press agent cry, sister, you have something!

How about June Allyson? For a little while 'way back, I thought June couldn't take success, but she's now as finely balanced as a watch spring. And the friendliest, happiest girl in Hollywood. All of which goes to prove that it *can* happen here—success and well balanced happiness, I mean. And it very frequently does.

THE END

"They're All Darlings, Every One of Them"

The unpredictable Tallulah Bankhead who has given a new meaning to Sunday night radio listening really lets her hair down and tells what goes on behind the scenes with Margaret Truman, Jimmy Durante and the many fabulous guests appearing on her "Big Show."

Read this rollicking article, written by the great Tallu herself

Exclusive
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RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR

NOW ON THE NEWSSTANDS

Movie Masquerade

(*Continued from page* 53)—so he could introduce her to the others as they arrived.

At a great big party, of course, it's perfectly proper to speak to anyone by whom you are standing or sitting. At a big party a host or hostess simply can't get around to introduce everyone. But at a small party, like Rod's, especially when a new wife is being introduced (or even a guest of honor who is a stranger) it's essential that introductions be performed carefully and immediately.

One of the cleverest costumes was worn by K. T. Stevens (Mrs. Hugh Marlowe). K. T. held an apple. Her blouse was made of newspaper. Her skirt had printed pages pinned on it with headlines that read: "Trouble with Paradise," "Stork Club," "The Last Time I Saw Her," "Great Little Girl," and "He Knew About Women." You've guessed it—a plug for her husband's latest success—"All About Eve."

Hugh carried a carpenter's kit with a blueprint very much in evidence. He was "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House."

Adele Mara arrived in a bright red costume with a tall red pointed hat, riding a broom. She represented "Wake of the Red Witch," her first big success.

There had to be a double bill! Michael Rennie wore a huge red quill pen across his shirt. And tied on his head was an alarm clock, the hands pointing to twelve. A marquee for his double bill would have read "The Scarlet Pen" and "Twelve O'Clock High." The first named was the movie Michael came from London to make, only now it's being called "The 13th Letter."

Paula Raymond's dress had playing cards pinned all over it. With some guessing Hugh came up with "Inside Straight," which he remembered was the title of Paula's new picture.

Angela, still waiting for her trunks, had tied the lid of a pan on her head, beret fashion and represented "Undercover Girl." And Rod who wasn't able to dream up an idea to represent his own picture, "Stage to Tucson," wore his wonderful

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authentic Indian costume—which everyone guessed immediately—"Broken Arrow."

Mona Freeman's costume, however, stumped everyone. She looked just like Mona Freeman dressed in a blouse and skirt, a cardigan sweater, low heeled shoes and bobby-sox. K. T. guessed "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer." Rod suggested "The Youngest Profession." And Michael on a desperate try came up with "Sweater Girl." But always Mona shook her head silently. At last, realizing the party wouldn't be much fun for Mona if she had to spend the entire evening in silence, Rod broke his own rule of not letting anybody speak until his or her costume was guessed. Whereupon Mona explained that since she had worked at the studio until the last moment she had had to dash up to wardrobe and borrow the outfit she wore in "Dear Brat." Her husband Pat Nerney had picked up his costume at the last minute, too. With a bucket in one hand and the jack out of the back of his car in the other, he represented "Jackpot"—which the gang identified in thirty seconds flat.

When Rod planned his party he called on K. T. Stevens for help. "I can't serve such masculine fare as spaghetti or tamales with chili—as I did in my bachelor days," he protested. "That's no way to introduce a bride." Whereupon K. T. came to the aid of Rod's party with more than suggestions. She sent her cook over to help—with festive and delicious results.

Following are the recipes (each for six servings) for the dishes served:

LOBSTER AU VIN

Combine in a bowl:

- 1½ cups cooked or canned lobster
- 1½ cups cooked or canned shrimp
- 2 cups chopped celery
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1¼ teaspoon pepper

Mix together:

- ¾ cup mayonnaise
- ⅓ cup white wine
- 3 teaspoons grated onion

Mix lightly into fish with a fork. Spoon mixture back into half lobster shells, if available, or use any fancy dish. Place filled shells on platter. Garnish with pimiento slivers and stuffed green olives.

POTATOES AU GRATIN

Cook and mash: 6 medium potatoes
Add:

- ⅓-½ cup hot milk
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Mix until well blended. Spread in greased chafing dish. Then sprinkle with:

- ¼ cup buttered soft bread crumbs
- ½ cup grated American cheese
- paprika

Cover chafing dish and cook over low flame about 20 minutes or until lightly browned.

HOT PINEAPPLE DIXIE BISCUITS

(Makes 1 dozen [2-inch] biscuits)
Sift together into a bowl:

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon sugar

Add: ¼ cup shortening

Cut shortening into flour using a pastry blender or two knives until mixture resembles coarse cornmeal.
Add about ⅔ cup buttermilk

Stir in quickly with fork. Form into ball. Turn out onto lightly floured board. Knead gently 10 strokes. Roll out ½ inch thick; cut with 2-inch biscuit cutter. With tip of

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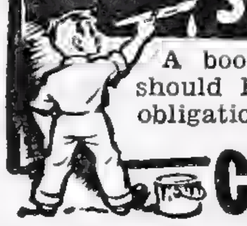

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teaspoon make a hollow in center of each biscuit; fill with 1 teaspoon drained crushed pineapple. Place 2 inches apart on an ungreased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) about 15 minutes or until lightly browned.

NORMAN SALAD

Arrange leaves of red cabbage, slices of green bell peppers and tomatoes on platter. Have Norman Salad Dressing in the center of the platter for dunking.

NORMAN SALAD DRESSING
(Makes about 1 quart)

Combine in a large jar:
1 can condensed tomato soup
2 cups salad oil
1 cup wine vinegar
⅓ cup sugar
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1 clove garlic, mashed

Shake until thoroughly blended. Store left-over dressing in a covered jar in the refrigerator. Shake again before using.

APPLE DUMPLINGS

Combine in a mixing bowl:
2 cups biscuit mix
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup milk
¼ cup melted butter or margarine

Stir lightly with a fork until well blended. Knead gently 10 strokes on lightly floured board. Roll dough ¼ inch thick; cut into 6 (6 inch) squares.

Peel and core: 6 medium apples

Place each on a square of biscuit dough. Mix together in bowl:
½ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
⅓ cup raisins

Fill centers of apples with sugar mixture. Sprinkle apples with lemon juice, dot with butter. Bring opposite sides of dough together on top of the apples. Moisten edges; seal; prick with fork. Place close together in greased baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 to 40 minutes or until apples are tender and pastry is brown. Serve hot with cream or hard sauce.

THE END

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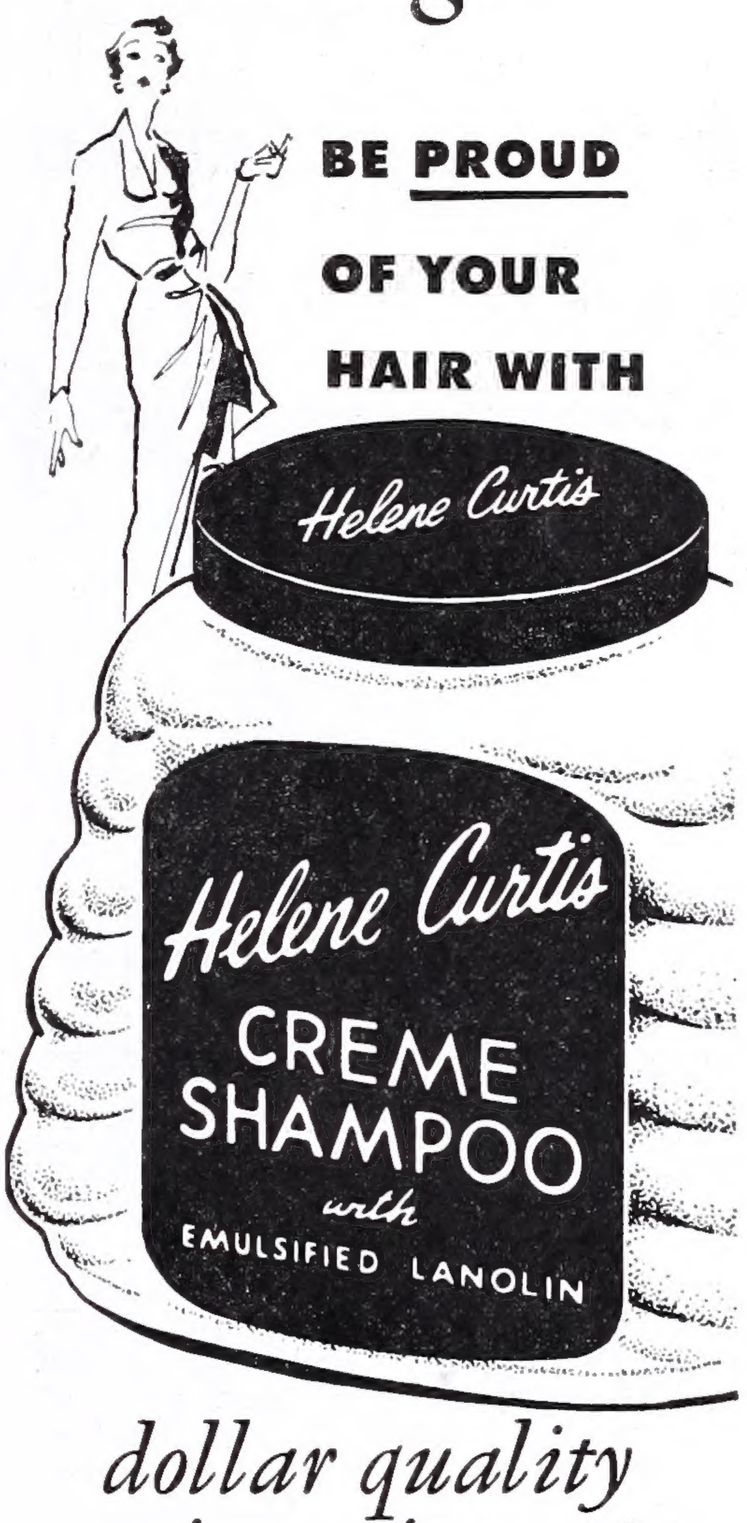

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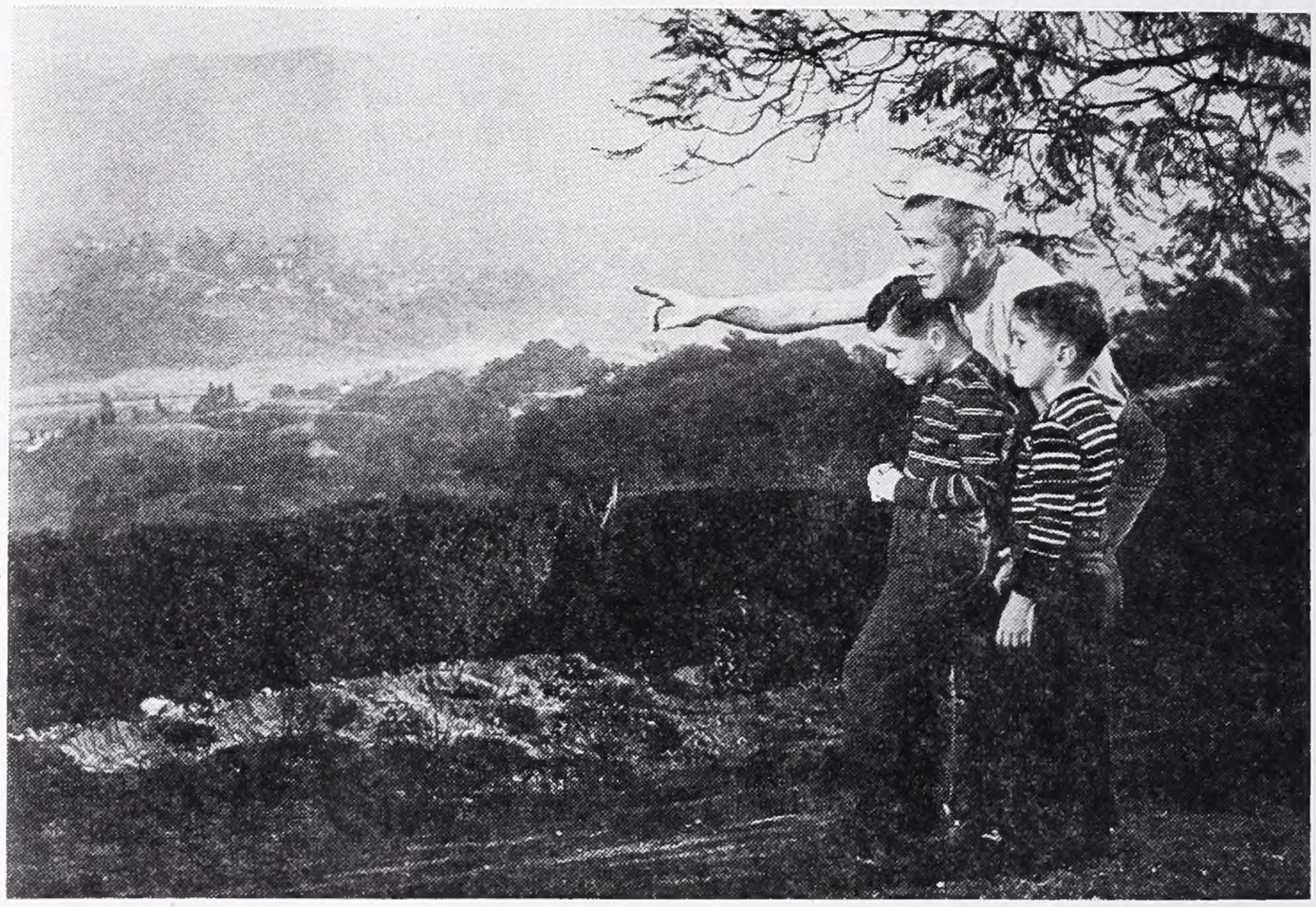
THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

Seeing is believing. Here are Dan Duryea's figures to prove what taxes do to star salaries



Dan Duryea budgets his salary, has made sure sons Peter and Dick will be well educated. Dan's next in "Al Jennings of Oklahoma"

WHENEVER income-tax time comes around there are certain to be a great rash of stories with the general theme, "Pity the poor movie stars!" A lot of people refuse to believe the government takes as much money from the stars as they claim. This is for them.

Last year was a typical year for Dan Duryea. He made three pictures, "Winchester '73," "The Underworld Story" and "Al Jennings of Oklahoma." For each he received $60,000, totaling $180,000. Out of this money he pays Uncle Sam $96,264. (This sum is based on the old tax rate. He undoubtedly will have to write out a check for a considerably larger sum this year). He pays the State of California $10,930. His agent, Mitchell Hamilburg, gets ten per cent or $18,000. His public relations expert, Bev Barnett, receives $4,800. These are mandatory expenses. After they are paid, the balance to Dan is $50,006.

That's a lot of money. But Dan has other business expenses. Male movie stars wear their own clothes on the screen, unless it is a costume picture. Last year Dan spent about $1,800 for his wardrobe. And, since he is a free lance player and no studio foots the bill for his fan pictures, he spent $2,500 for photographs, postage and mailing while $3,000 went to his part-time secretary who handles this. Besides, there were union dues, a press clipping service, Christmas business gifts and more "hidden expenses" than anyone but a star would believe possible; entertaining on a luxury scale, the generous tips movie stars must give or be branded as "cheap skates"; the additional costs that those who sell a movie star anything—from domestic service to dental work to a diamond ring—ask for these things, almost always.

Actually Dan stands in a unique and wonderful position in Hollywood. He's financially secure. If he never made another picture he would not have to worry. He would be able to live well and educate his two sons, Pete, eleven and Dick, eight. For Dan has been acting for a good many years. And before taxes were what they are today, he invested his surplus dollars wisely.

The figures at right further attest to Dan's business sense. They were taken from the records he keeps regularly so the annual computation of his income tax will not be too nightmarish for either him or his tax consultant.

Income	$180,000
Business Expenses	
Federal tax	96,264
State tax	10,930
Agent	18,000
Public relations	4,800
Ads in trade papers	2,530
Business gifts to studio crews (customary)	1,558
Secretary's salary	3,000
Wardrobe	1,800
Entertaining for business	1,200
Fan photos, postage and mailing	2,500
Fan club magazine (printing only)	225
Accounting	100
Trade magazines	168
Union dues to Equity, American Federation of Radio Artists and Screen Actors Guild	113
Transcriptions and press clippings	105
Stationery and office supplies	92
Gifts to stand-in	150
Christmas business gifts	480
Business gifts while in New York	90
Expenses of New York trip, including airline fare, hotel, meals, theater, taxis, tips, etc	1,800
Location expenses	400
Investment program	5,000
Rental of films for study	350
Personal Expenses	
Accident and health, life insurance premiums	2,400
Fire insurance on two houses	200
Boat insurance	125
Other insurance, including personal, floater and liability	150
Auto insurance	250
Auto expenses—repair, new top, polish, gas, etc	700
Contributions, including churches	6,228
Gardener	1,500
House painting	500
Telephone	600
Heating	225
Water (household and lawn)	120
Electricity	180
Maid	1,800
Household expenses: Dry cleaning, laundry, rug cleaning, plumbing, window washing, food	5,200
Doctor and dentist	1,500
Total	$173,333

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Have a Toni with Permafix today and *tonight* discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally beautiful, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! Eloise Sahlen, at the left, has the Toni.

Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (at the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

TONI REFILL ONLY $1

Toni *the wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair!*

He wears the cleanest shirts in town

...his "Missus" swears by TIDE!

He wears the cleanest shirts in town!
There isn't any doubt
That all his shirts are washed with TIDE
'Cause when TIDE's in—dirt's out!

Tide GETS CLOTHES CLEANER THAN ANY SOAP!

YES, Tide WASHES CLEANER

. . . cleaner than any other washing product sold throughout America! And we do mean *any* other —*old or new!* Just *try* Tide in your washing machine. Wring out your clothes, rinse them, and, lady, you'll hang up the *cleanest* wash in town!

NOT ONLY CLEANER—WHITER, TOO! In *hardest* water, Tide will wash your shirts, sheets, curtains *whiter* than any soap you can name! They'll be so *shining* white . . . so radiantly *clean*, you'll say there's *nothing* like Tide!

AND BRIGHTER! Just wait till you see how your wash prints *glow* after a Tide wash! The colors look so crisp and fresh . . . the fabric feels so soft . . . ir[illegible] *beautifully!* Get Tide today—for the cleanest wa[illegible]!

P.S. PREFER TO SKIP RINSING?

With Tide you *can* skip the rinsing, and save all that time and work. Just wash, wring out, hang up. Tide will give you the cleanest possible no-rinse wash!